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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

TREMAINE
MISS MARIE
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TORONTO 5
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Photo by Karsh.

ack from a successful Brazilian tour, Sir Ernest MacMillan, renowned conductor of the Toronto ymphony Orchestra, this month takes his organization into its greatest season yet — 66 concerts.

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THE FRONT PAGE

Penology Is a Science

THE Fourth Canadian Penal Congress, which was held in Windsor this week, certainly made more noise, and probably made more penological history, than all its predecessors put together. It drew the attention of the Canadian people, for the first time in any effective manner, to the fact that there exists a science of penology, with well established principles, the result of the psychological research work of the last two generations. And when the Canadian people come to realize that fact, they cannot fail to realize the further fact that the Canadian penal system, unchanged in its fundamentals since 1867, is operating in flat defiance of every one of those scientific principles.

It is true that the Archambault Report of 1938 is the charter of scientific penology in Canada. But that Report was most unfortunate in its nativity. It was put before Parliament, which has never paid any attention to it, and before the Canadian people, who have paid very little, at a moment when the gathering war-clouds were darkening the sun and obscuring every other question than that of the preservation of the main liberties of the human race. In comparison with the menace of Hitlerism, the menace of an antiquated treatment of convicted criminals seemed a very minor matter. Today, with Hitlerism disposed of, and with the army of convicted (and re-convicted) criminals showing such a terrible increase, it is among the most pressing of our problems.

When the Canadian people become fully seized of the fact that the proper treatment of offenders is not a matter of guess-work nor of a clash between ruthless severity and soft-minded sentimentality, but is determined by well-tested principles which can be known and applied by skilled experts, they will refuse to tolerate any other kind of treatment. The day of high penological officers being appointed for purely political services will be at an end. Canada will begin to treat the problem of its offenders as it has long treated the problems of wheat-growing, its transportation, and the development of its mineral resources. A thousand citizens redeemed from crime to social usefulness are at least as important as a new gold mine.

Woolly Language

AMONG the woolly language which is getting into currency in the sphere of labor relations, one of the woolliest terms is "bargaining in good faith." It has no definition and no meaning. Each side to a dispute always claims to be bargaining in good faith, and to be unable to get anywhere because the other party is not doing so.

One of the essentials of bargaining is that the parties shall not be under compulsion to reach an agreement. An employer who can obtain labor only from union must be free to refuse to buy it, and to shut down his works, or there is no true bargain; yet every time he does so he is accused by the union of not bargaining in good faith — which actually means no more than he stands out for something which the union is unwilling to concede.

There can be no right to strike without the correlative right to resist the strike. If there is no breach of agreement involved there is no lack of good faith. The charge of bad faith is merely an insult, of the kind which flies pretty freely in such disputes, and the public will do well to take notice of it.

Refugees and Politics

IN THE very significant and successful American play, "The State of the Union," the most impassioned passage is that in which the heroine — played in the Chicago production by our own Canadian Judith Evelyn — denounces the cold-blooded scheme of the nation's politicians to utilize the miseries of war-torn Europe as a means of corralling the votes of American citi-

(*Continued on Page FIVE*)

New Brunswick Gives Boost to Handicrafts

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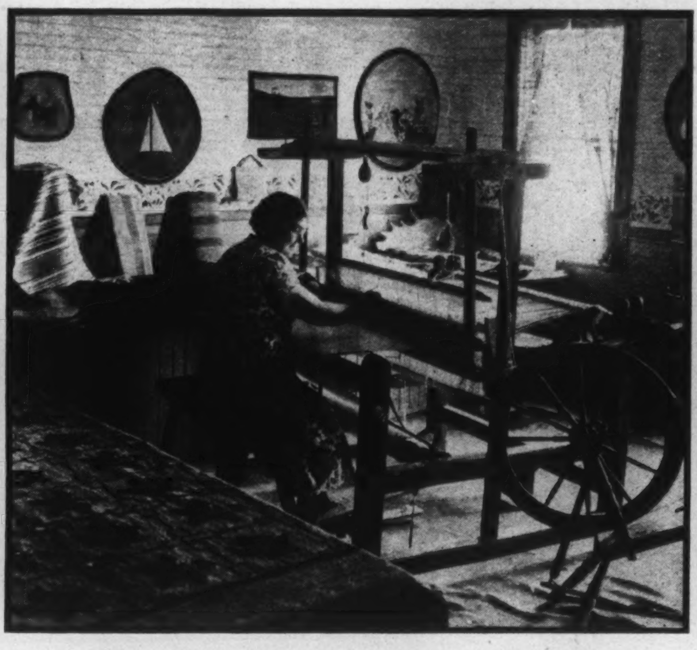
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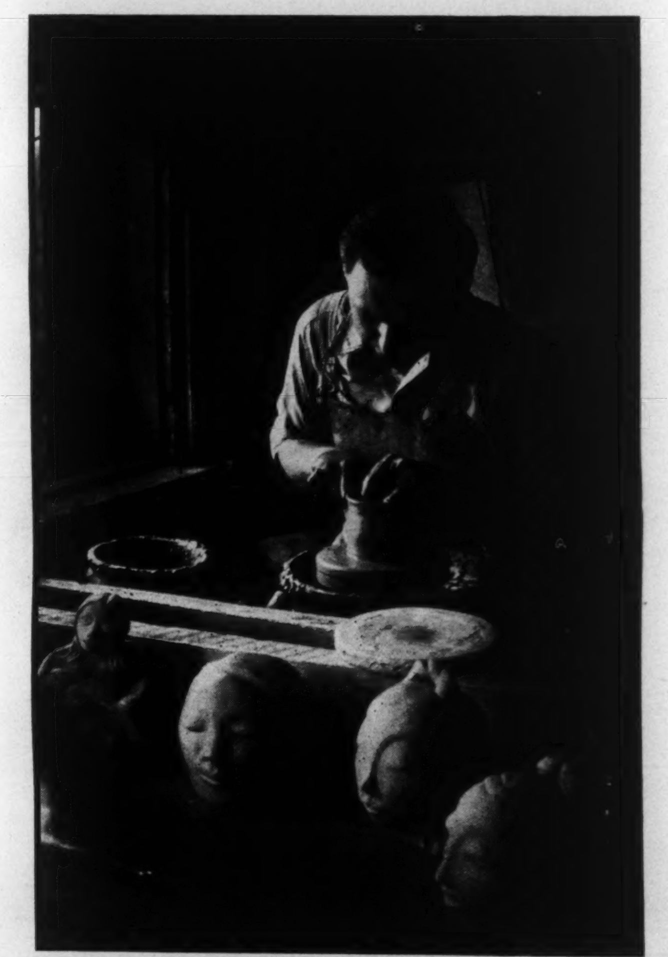
At the Andover Trading Post, whole families of Indians may be seen at work on the terrace making baskets.


The heads that Deichmann is shaping here will be regarded as "prizes" in leading gift shops.

By D. P. O'Hearn

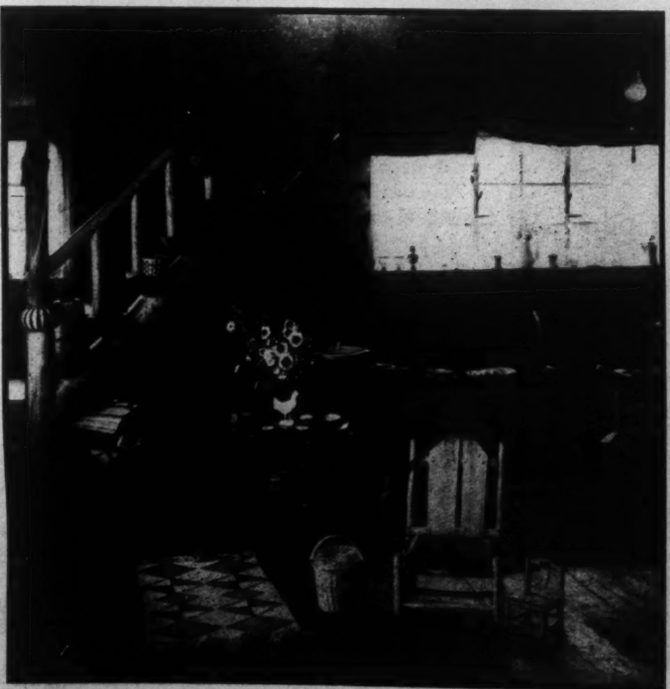
KJELD Deichmann, seen at work in these pictures, is probably Canada's most famous potter. His work is widely known throughout America and Europe, and his "Dykelands" pottery, near Saint John, N.B., is such a centre of attraction that it has had to be closed to visitors except for one afternoon a week. The weaver shown above is representative of a small number in New Brunswick who are turning out some of the finest hand-loomed woollens and linens produced in Canada. These and a few other handicraftsmen, such as Miss Sollows of Saint John, who works with sea shells, and Indian basket workers scattered throughout the province, form the nucleus of what it is hoped will one day be a thriving handicraft industry in New Brunswick.

THE latest governmental body to recognize the important asset that our Canadian handicraft industry is becoming both as a tourist attraction and as a very valuable source of rural income, the New Brunswick Government announced a short while ago the appointment of Dr. Ivan H. Crowell, Director of Handicrafts, Macdonald College, as director of a handicraft branch of its Department of Industry and Reconstruction. As Quebec, Nova Scotia and Ontario have already done, the Government will thereby encourage the spread of handicrafts throughout the province. In addition to providing training in native and new crafts, it will give assistance in the purchase of more costly equipment, will help in obtaining supplies, assist in marketing, and give advice and aid in design.

ALTHOUGH production of handicrafts in New Brunswick now is small, the quality of work being done is excellent. There is a long tradition of fireside industry within the province. It wasn't so long ago that no New Brunswick farm girl could marry until she was able to weave a piece of cloth, and her fiancé couldn't lead her to the altar until he had made a pair of wheels. While much of this activity has lapsed, it has left what should be a fertile field for development.

Firing the kiln is important at Deichmann's "Dykelands"; its pottery is renowned for glaze.

Basketry in ash, chokecherry and fragrant sweet hay is another traditional New Brunswick craft.


At the Trading Post is one of the finest stocks of handicrafts, native and imported, in New Brunswick.

The tradition behind much of the handicraft industry dates back to the days of French Acadian settlers.

This unusual artist, Miss Atlanta Sollows of Saint John, makes ornaments and souvenirs from sea shells.

This English School Runs On An "Honor" System

Compulsory Study One Hour A Day

THERE is no hurrying home from the "do-as-you-please" school at Prestolee, England. The children, in fact, like it so much that they ask their friends round in the evening to share their books and musical instruments.

This Lancashire school is the realization of a dream of the headmaster, Mr. Teddy O'Neill, whose own childhood was so unhappy that he determined to run an establishment one day where the pupils would be free of irksome lessons and discipline.

All the restrictions and punishments Mr. O'Neill underwent during his own schooldays have been eliminated from Prestolee. Rules are of the briefest: the children must learn to read, write and count; after this they may spend their school life doing whatever they wish.

THE day begins with the children doing the tasks allotted to them at the beginning of the year. Some boys sweep the floors, others dust books or take stock of the library; one girl changes the daily newspapers, another washes tablecloths and dozens tend the garden and look after the toys.

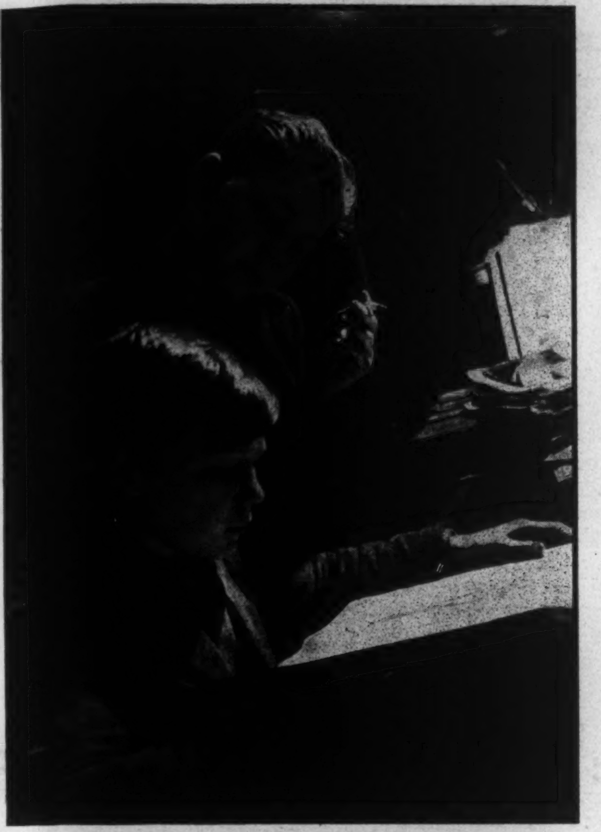
During the day every boy and girl must attend one hour's lesson, then the time is their own. Sometimes the classrooms are crowded with children studying magazines, picture books and encyclopaedia, but more often they are quite empty. Most of the walls are lined with bookshelves stocked with novels, fairy tales and medical dictionaries. When the teachers go home at 4.30 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill throw the school open to anyone. It is their home and in it they entertain children who have unhappy home lives, lonely parents and any stray animals which happen to wander in.

Nearly all the Prestolee pupils themselves stay on during the evening. The school closes at 10 p.m., and hardly any go home before they have to. They invite children from neighboring schools to share their recreational facilities, and to make use of the soda fountain which opens in the school hall after supper.

AFTER seeing boys and girls embracing in doorways and along dark lanes, Teddy O'Neill and the older scholars converted a large upstairs classroom into a lounge-ballroom, with a partly-concealed balcony for young lovers. Huge swinging sofas, pink shaded lights, and a gramophone with piles of modern and old-time records complete the room.

Punishment is found to be unnecessary at Prestolee school once children learn to relate the cause and effect. If they go to school with dirty necks, for instance, the other children shun them; if they are too lazy to learn to read they soon discover how much they are missing when they see their friends enjoying books and hear them discussing them with each other. No one is punished for talking during a lesson; children can run and climb wherever and whenever they like, and if they wish to do something for which there are no facilities at the school, then arrangements are made for them.

In short, the children are allowed to run their lives exactly as they please. Mr. O'Neill believes that they learn more by his methods, that they are happier and more adaptable, less likely to be social misfits, and capable of making a success of whatever careers they choose.



After work in the local mill, Harold Garner, 16, studies Van Gogh with Albert Harrison.

Principal Teddy O'Neill looks in on Margaret Farrel and finds her enjoying a quiet chat.

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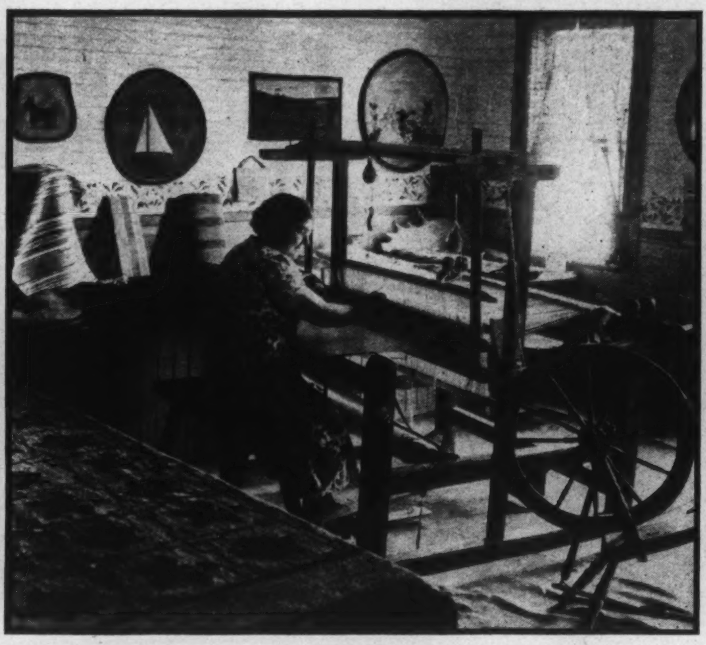

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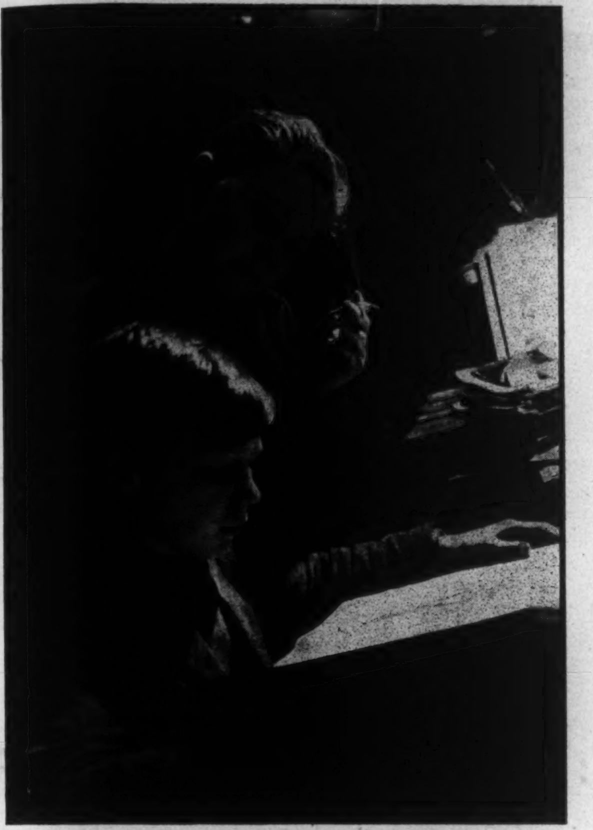

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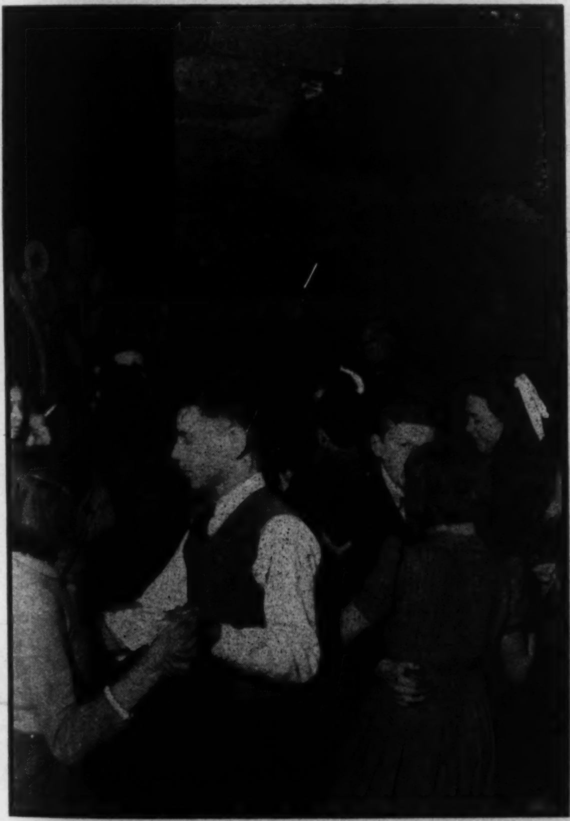

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

"Improving" the Architecture of an Outstanding Architect

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ACCORDING to an Ottawa newspaper, the inscription on the cornerstone of the Peace Tower on Canada's Parliament Buildings remained unfinished for twenty-seven years until the Department of Public Works (in whose files lies the mystery behind all this delay) saw fit to add the year "1919" only recently.

"There it stands, '1919' in nice, clean granite, a marked contrast to the rest of the weathered stone inscription," says the news item in its concluding sentence.

Despite all claims to the contrary, it should be known that when Edward, Prince of Wales, laid this stone, the year was embodied in the inscription in the form of a chronogram. Some zealous but not over-bright member of the Department of Public Works has now desecrated Canada's Shrine.

Even an ordinary citizen would hesitate to believe that a man who could originate such a memorial would deliberately leave the date off its cornerstone.

THIS STONE WAS LAID BY
* - * * *
EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES
* * * * *
SEPT. 1st
*
IN THIS YEAR OF VICTORY
* * ** *
FINIS CORONAT OPVS
* * * *

Certain letters of the inscription, which in themselves may be considered as Roman Numerals, had small dots carved just beneath them. When these numerical values are added they total "1919," the year of Victory referred to. There are nine Roman I's, three D's, three C's, two L's and two V's, making up the sum: 9, plus 1500, plus 300, plus 100, plus 10=1919.

It would be interesting to know whether or not this latest act of "efficiency" was performed with the approval of the Chief Architect of the Department of Public Works. If so, he lacks knowledge desirable for one in his position; if not he is lax in his duty. The Department should be capable of discriminating between "improvement" and "desecration." There is no excuse for ignorance. This particular chronogram was illustrated and described in a booklet entitled "The Peace Tower and Memorial Chamber, Parliament Buildings, Ottawa," published by the Mundy-Goodfellow Printing Co. Ltd., Toronto, Oshawa, Whitby, in 1935, and widely sold even in Ottawa at a price of fifty cents.

The chronogram (now ruined) was one of the finer touches given to our Parliament Buildings by the architect, the late Dr. John A. Pearson, who needs no finer memorial than the work of his hands. Looking down on the cornerstone is a grotesque of this master of his craft. No wonder it wears a grin.

As a matter of decency and fairness, arrangements might well be made by the Department of Public Works, to obliterate the offensive "1919" from the stone where it is a superfluous insult, and possibly to add, either there or in some other suitable place on the building, the small tribute "John A. Pearson—Architect."

Toronto, Ont. JOHN DAVID MURRAY

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Mountain Controversy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. ROWED of Jasper seems to claim that I have insulted you and him and the Rocky Mountains. If he refers to my letter he will find that I never said Waddington and Logan and Fairweather were in the Rockies, and if he refers to your front-page caption in the August 10 issue he will find you said Robson was *Canada's* highest peak, not the Rockies' highest.

Since you failed to point this out in a footnote to his letter, I am now held up to ridicule, hatred, and contempt. I shall not sue you and Mr. Rowed for libel, however, but content myself with ridiculing this correspondence, hating the Rocky Mountains (which are much inferior to the Selkirks and Coast Range in every way), and expressing my contempt for heights of mountains, depths of error, and sideways jumps to conclusions.

Mr. Rowed says I made him mad. No, Sir. He did that himself. People in Jasper, Banff, etc., have hated the Coast Range like poison ever since it suddenly got higher than the Rockies, and consequently imagine insults when we sleepy coast-dwellers are merely trying to be sympathetic . . . . *we* don't make our living out of lumpish rocks, which, as John Buchan pointed out, are architecturally wrong.

Another sad thing about the Rockies is that the base of each peak is already far above sea level, so that the actual visible mountain is not nearly so high above the beholder as the Rocky Men would like it to be. One of the noblest sights in the world, equalled only by Nanga Parbat in India (not in the Rockies either), is Mount St. Elias in Alaska rising 18,000 feet or so almost straight out of the sea. And please note that I do not claim Nanga Parbat to be on the sea.

West Vancouver, B.C. DAVID BROCK

Veteran Civil Servant

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SOME days ago I read an article in your paper which referred to a gentleman who had for a period of 55 years given exceptional service to his community in various kinds of public service. You asked if there was any one in Canada who had a record which would compare favorably. In answer here is a brief sketch of the career of L. B. MacMillan, M.B.E., I.S.O., Deputy Minister of Public Works in the Province of Prince Edward Island.

Mr. MacMillan, now 72 years of age, entered the employ of the Provincial Government on August 8th, 1890, as a messenger. He served in this capacity for a two year period, was then promoted to the position of clerk in the Department of Public Works, served in various capacities until 1900, was then appointed Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways. He is still at work with as much keenness as ever. As you are aware Prince Edward Island entered Confederation in 1873 and Mr. MacMillan served as a junior with officials, members of parliament, and ministers who had held office during Confederation years. Thus, he is, in all probability, the only active connecting link in this Province with the fathers of Confederation.

Following is a list of some of his activities.

Secretary Board of Trustees of Falconwood Hospital, 1900-1946; Board of Management Charlottetown Hospital since its construction in 1924. Organized drive for funds to build Charlottetown Hospital which when completed cost approximately $300,000.00. Board of Management of Provincial Sanatorium 1941-1946. Charter Member Canadian Good Roads Association formed in 1914. Member Board of Directors Canadian Good Roads Association. Member of Executive Curling Association. Fuel Administrator Province of Prince Edward Island, 1943 to present date. He has served during the term of office of 17 different Premiers.

As a young man Mr. MacMillan was a noted athlete and his activities were not confined to any one branch of sport. Member of Abegweit team 1896-1900. Member Abegweit Football team 1892-1906. Member Abegweit Field and Track team 1894-1900. He has been Secretary, treasurer and President of the Abegweit Club for a great many years. Secretary Maritime Province Amateur Athletic Association for two years.

O. W. CAMPBELL
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

A Suggestion

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

CONSIDERING the late Hector Charlesworth's dominant part in arousing public interest in music throughout Canada would it not be fitting if a memorial performance of "Elijah" could be arranged for the coming season? I suggest a mass chorus representing Toronto, Hamilton, London, etc. with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and eminent Canadian soloists.

Halifax, N.S. COLIN C. TYRER

Let French Canadians Alone

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SO Mr. G. A. Campbell is speaking (S.N. August 17) for the native born English speaking Canadian of English, Scotch, Scandinavian, German, Polish, Russian or Italian racial origin. What about the native born Japanese?

Here is a quotation from the American history during the war of independence, "An expedition sent by the Continental Congress under Benedict Arnold and General Montgomery to invade Canada failed, owing mainly to the hostility of the French Catholics." Most English speaking Canadians forget this part of our history. If the French had not fought so hard we might now be part of the U.S.A. At that time the French Canadians were given the rights to retain their language, religion and customs. The danger is now over, so we should take these rights away! Or should we?

When the French emigrated to the U.S.A. they only followed the laws of their adopted country. That is expected of anyone who emigrates to a foreign land. But the native born French Canadians did not emigrate to Canada. The French settled in Canada in the seventeenth century, and the English in the eighteenth century.

The French have their faults and so have the Canadians of English racial origin. The English of English racial origin are more concerned over England than of Canada. This is not so of the French Canadians. As one American commentator said "There are some people in Canada who are more English than the English."

Val d'Or, Que. J. B. DOLAN

Observant Lady

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

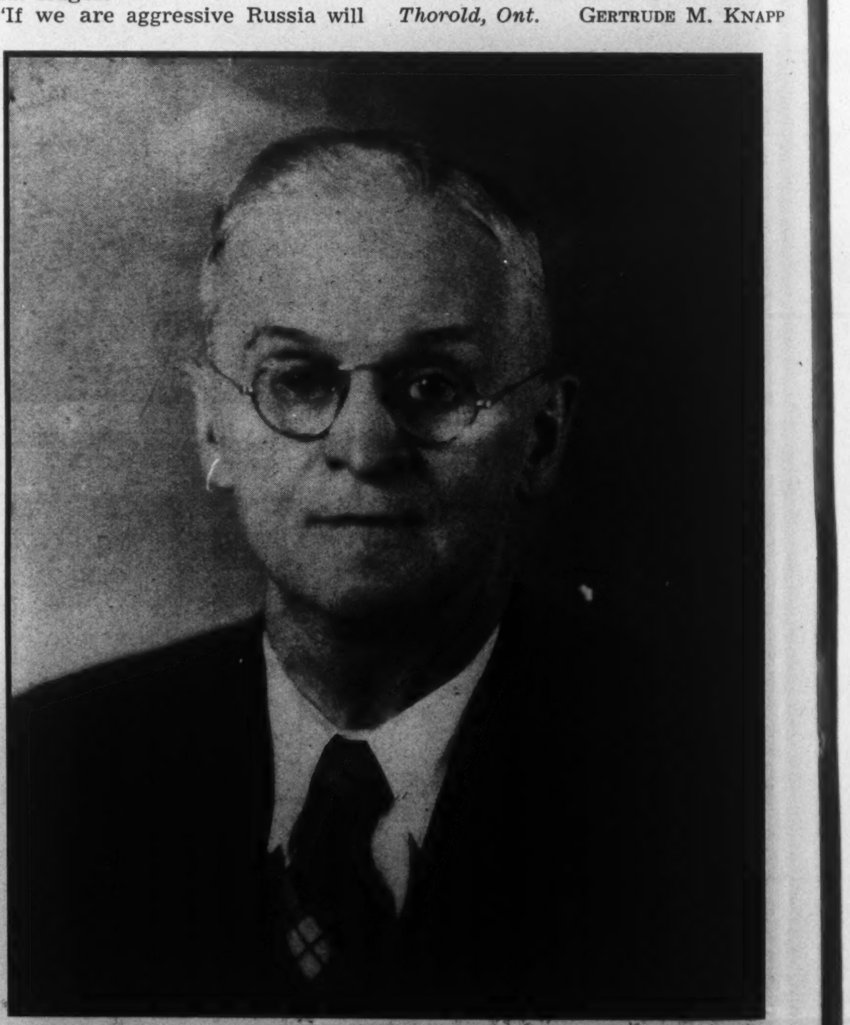
AFTER careful reading of Henry Wallace's letter to President Truman as reported in the *Christian Science Monitor* and the articles by B. K. Sandwell and Willson Woodside in the Sept. 28 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, one cannot but conclude that Earth's balance sheet of Peace and War has more than one page and that each writer mentioned has his eyes concentrated on one leaf of that great ledger.

"If we are aggressive Russia will be forced to prepare a defence against us." H. Wallace.

"Because Russia is aggressive we must prepare a defence against her." B. K. Sandwell and W. Woodside.

Nationalism bulks large as a cause of modern war and the only possible basis for lasting peace must rest on a foundation of world government.

Thorold, Ont. GERTRUDE M. KNAPP



L. B. MacMillan, M.B.E., I.S.O., Deputy Minister of Public Works for the Province of Prince Edward Island, and in civil service for 56 years and over. While he served at home winning two decorations, his son, Lt. Robert C. MacMillan, in naval service abroad, won for gallantry in action the D.S.C. and bar. Another son, Sergeant Fred L. enlisted in 1939 and served until 1945. His daughter Miss Margaret C. MacMillan drove a Red Cross ambulance in France and Belgium during most of the war.

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

GOOD news for small boys has just been released with the report that there will be a much larger selection of toys for their dads to play with this Christmas.

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Sherlock Holmes has been condemned by a Moscow paper for "poisoning the minds of readers with false morals concerning the strength of foundations of private property." After this, the face of dear Dr. Watson must be a "Study in Scarlet."

•

A vivid commentary on our troubled times was expressed by the frog recently found alive in a mineral bed, and believed to be at least 2,000,000 years old. It looked around for a couple of days, shrivelled up and died.

•

A Study in Devotion

A man who tried to flirt with a Chicago policewoman was shot. He then went one better and fell at the lady's feet.

•

At a recent meeting of the members of the National Selected Morticians Inc., it was stated that more and more persons who don't expect to die in the near future are making arrangements for their funerals. We can only suppose that they want their money's worth while still in a condition to enjoy it.

•

An editorial in a contemporary resents "the tumultuous applause heard on many radio programs, apparently without reason," but this may be the only reason why it is tumultuous.

A newly patented gadget is a book-rest for those who like to read while taking a bath. And, of course, there is no shortage of the kind of literature best read while engaged in this operation.

•

The Moscow correspondent of a New York paper says despite an inherent sombre outlook, Russians have a keen sense of humor. This may account for the Soviet ice-breaker, which has just sailed on its first Arctic voyage, being given the name of "Molotov."

•

Chew This One Over

After the serving of horsemeat in the Massachusetts General Hospital, many patients declared that it tasted just like beefsteak. We hope those who enjoy their beefsteak will not be deterred by the knowledge that it tastes just like horsemeat.

•

An Englishwoman has left $80 to her butcher because he waited on her through meat-rationing days "with a perpetual smile." He served her with a grin on his chops.

•

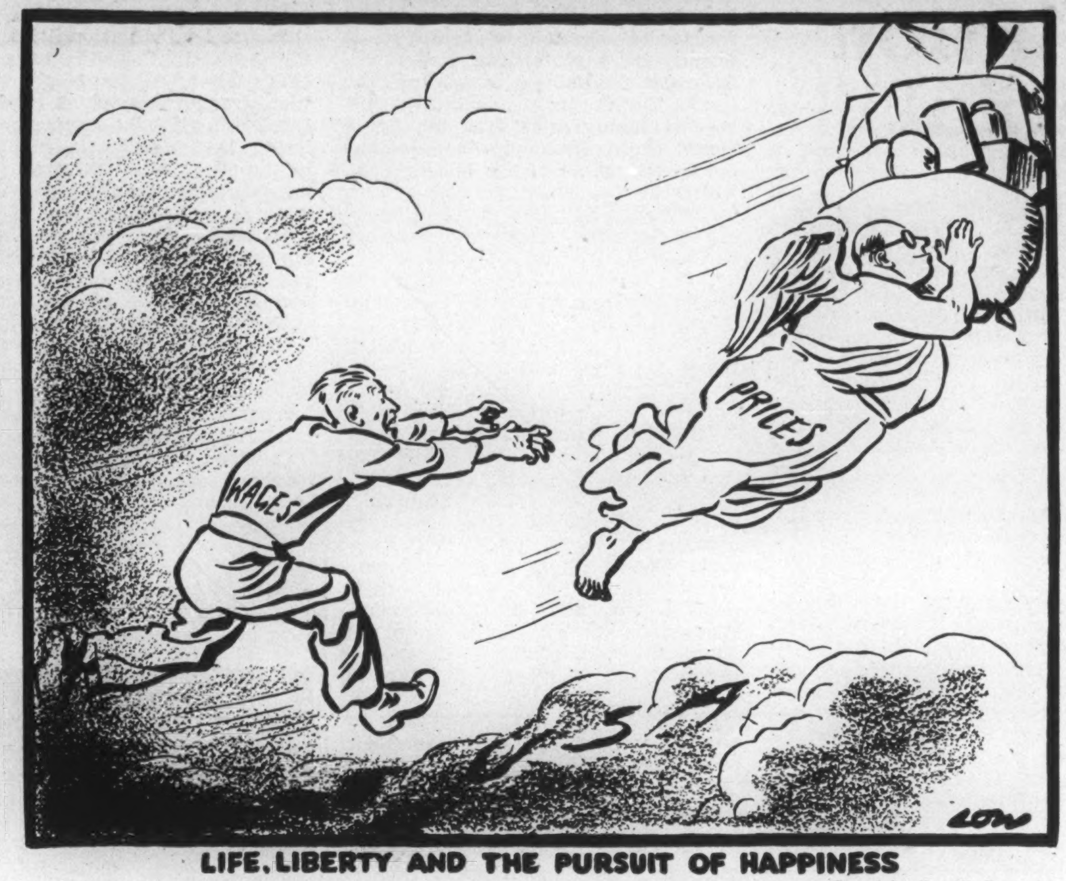
Now that Indians in northern Ontario have forecast a cold winter, official weather experts are believed to have rashly conceded that much will depend upon the temperature.

•

Following a complaint to the police by a Toronto husband that his wife frequently loses her weekly housekeeping allowance playing Bingo, operators of the game feel that the least the fellow should have done was to increase her allowance.

•

A British medical journal contributor suggests that children need more love than soap, but our niece Ettie says that, on occasion, one just has to scrub 'em first in order to get the right flavor.



LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Copyright in All Countries

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

zens of recent European origin. A more cold-blooded operation of this kind than President Truman's demand for the admission of a specific number of displaced Jews into Palestine, it would be hard to conceive. It is a calculated move to serve the ends of the Democratic party in the coming elections, in complete disregard of the difficulties of a most complex and dangerous situation — and a situation in which, if the President only knew it, the long-term interests of the United States as the world's chief naval power are actually as deeply involved as those of great Britain.

The displaced Jews of Europe desire the right to settle in countries other than those of their recent horrible experiences. Because of those experiences they are no longer a very numerous people. If the United States and Canada, as two of the chief immigration-capable countries of the world, were willing to take the lead in accepting a moderate number of them, there would be no Jewish resettlement problem and none of the present fixation on Palestine — or of the present Arab resistance to that fixation. If there were as many Arabs as there are Jews voting in the United States elections, nobody would have heard a peep out of President Truman on this subject.

Are They Experts?

THERE seem to be few things that the United Auto Workers (C.I.O.) do not know all about, in which perhaps they have some resemblance to that other United body, the United Church of Canada. The U.A.W. has denounced the withdrawal of the federal milk subsidy, although oddly enough it has also discovered that its discontinuance "has brought to light the fact that the cost of distribution is too high". How this "fact" could be brought to light by the mere discontinuance of a subsidy, and one which went to the prime producer, is a little more than we can understand, but the U.A.W. considers that it has somehow been proved that the distribution of milk ought to be done by a public utility. This is a question on which any automobile worker is entitled to an opinion, but we think it should be borne in mind that merely being a member of the United Auto Workers — or of the United Church of Canada — does not necessarily make a man an expert economist or sociologist.

The union is also convinced that the 40-hour week and fifty-week year, without unchanged take-home pay, will be more conducive to "full employment" than the 44-hour week and 51-week year, which it no doubt would if full employment were in no way influenced by costs. Unfortunately many economists who are probably just as good at that science as the average U.A.W. member believe that costs have quite a lot of influence upon the volume of employment.

As for the milk subsidy, there are no doubt people in Canada who need, and deserve, to have their milk partly paid for out of the taxes. But do the U.A.W. members honestly believe that they themselves are among that number?

Rental Controls

THE United States has some statistics, which we suspect could hardly be duplicated in Canada, showing the extent to which, under the operation of rental controls, the occupancy of housing units has passed from groups of four, five and six persons to groups of two, three and four persons—resulting in the frightful squeeze for living space among the classes who have no occupancy rights under the controls, because they were not occupying space as tenants when the controls began. This is of course the foundation cause of the whole returned-soldier housing problem.

If similar statistics were available in Canada they would show exactly the same conditions. We believe that among the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the average number of rooms now occupied per person in the family is considerably greater than in 1940. This is not by any desire of the families concerned; it is a normal and inevitable result of the controls. One element of the situation is the universal disappearance of the house servant; even if the household is not otherwise reduced, it is smaller by one because of her absence. But the family household is subject to a constant process of diminution, by death and by the hiving off of members, as they become adult, to start households of their own or to live elsewhere than at home for occupational or educational reasons. (This is compensated for in the long run by the increase due to additional births, but the compensation is not immediate; a baby of six months does not, as regards density of occupancy, offset the departure of a youth of eighteen or a young bride of twenty.)

These reduced households are under overwhelming pressure to remain in the premises which they are now unable to use to their full capacity. These are the only premises to which they have a prescriptive right. Their incomes are on average not greatly reduced even by the heavy income taxation (because of the raises of salary, the increased dividends, and especially the larger numbers of members working for pay), and their expenditures are reduced at least by the cost of the servant. They can afford to pay the controlled rent, and they hesitate to sublet part of their accommodation, because that sets up another prescriptive right for the sub-tenant as against themselves. Meanwhile the returned veteran with no prescriptive rights but with a wife and two babies bears the whole burden of the situation.

Hysteria Campaigns

THE kind of hysteria of which we are in danger on this continent as a result of the growing revelations of Communist infiltration is strikingly shown in the current Washington campaign against the "Economics: Principles and Problems" of Professors Blodgett and Gemmill. This book has been used for some time in connection with courses given to army and navy personnel under the auspices of the U.S. War Department, and the agitation has led to its being "temporarily withdrawn."

We do not feel disposed to quarrel with the withdrawal. The book takes a decidedly left-wing view on many current economic problems, and it is slightly surprising to find young people being provided by a government agency with a textbook which inveighs against the right of inheritance, and advocates estate taxation which "would take from the children of the wealthy the advantage they now enjoy through the inheritance of property" in respect of economic opportunity. This is a perfectly respectable but contentious doctrine, and its expression in a government-sponsored textbook seems as out of place as the expression of the opposite view, that inheritance should not be taxed at all, would be.

But the Chicago people who are running the campaign against "Principles and Problems" are not content with describing it as unsuitable for teaching, as established scientific knowledge, to classes of young people under government authority. They are busy denouncing it as "Communist," and its authors as "linked to Reds" because one of them has been "a signer of petitions circulated by Communist front organizations." This sort of argumentation, if it becomes widespread, will lead to the general condemnation of all moderate socialist thinking, and much merely "liberal" thinking, as essentially subversive, and will eventually divide the nation into two irreconcilable camps of extremists—and in the ensuing conflict it is not at all certain that the anti-Communists would win.

The greatest danger of our time is that of forcing into the Communist camp large numbers of middle-of-the-road anti-revolution people who have no hatred for the existing economic system but honestly desire to purge it of some of the weaknesses which make such things as the 1930 depression possible.

Care of Veterans' Families

AMOEBIASIS is a bowel infection caused by amoeba, common in many sub-tropical countries. Its presence on this continent is rare enough to be news when found. The epidemic occurring a few years ago in Chicago made headlines. Several cases have been found lately among veterans who served in Italy and Africa. The diagnosis of this disease requires the help of an expert parasitologist, of which there are very few in Canada. Until now they haven't been much needed here. Treatment lasts twenty-eight days with the patient in bed.

Since troops have returned from all over the globe, diseases which were formerly rare in Canada are now comparatively common in veterans. If these diseases are communicable they can be communicated to the veteran's relatives. When this happens the relatives feel a deep sense of grievance, they think they are helpless victims of warfare, they ask the government to care for them. But the Act does not provide for any such care. If the Act is faulty the veteran and his relatives should petition the local member of the House of Commons to have it changed, instead of berating the law-abiding administrator of the Department of Veterans' Affairs Hospital.

"Referral"

A NEW word, we understand, is being introduced into the Anglo-Canadian (and probably also the Anglo-American) language by the bright lads and lasses who are governing us from the central bureaus of the various government departments — the officers and sub-officers of the Crown. The word is "referral," and it is not to be found in the better dictionaries. It designates the action (in the individual case) or the general practice, of referring something to somebody else; and as, in the conduct of government business, practically everything is referred to somebody else six or eight or ninety-nine times, it is obvious that the new word is likely to have busy life.

Speaking generally, we are against new words, and especially against new words to designate old government activities or inactivities. But we welcome this one for a rather special, indeed possibly unique, reason. Up to now the language has lacked a perfect rhyme for the word "squirrel," pronounced in the Canadian manner. It is now available.

BAY SHORE

HERE on the Bay shore
Is blowing grass
Blonde as the mane of a galloping Palomino.
There is a silken swish in the autumn air
Answered by the rushing sound of the waves
Breaking from hyacinth into white,
And curling back into hyacinth again.
Birch trees have snared the sun.
Beeches are yellow . . . tinkling their leaves.
There is a scent of grape in the wind
Coming down from the orchards.
Grape, and tight-skinned rosy apples
And late clover.

Stand quiet in this golden net of autumn.
This is sweet sorcery. Stand very quiet!

MONA GOULD

NO FITTING ROOF

THERE must be, even in the heart's stronghold,
A door for gods to enter, left ajar;
A chink for savoring the early cold,
One shade undrawn against some faithful star.
Beware of him who makes all doorways fast,
And draws the curtain on the harmless night,
Seeking to bar his mind against the past,
Or shutter reason from the morning light.

Love is no slave to hover by the sill;
Reason, no bird to carol in a cage . . .
Leave either one to come and go at will;
Throw off the shackles of a jealous age
And follow those to whom the world has lent
No fitting roof except the firmament.

R. H. GRENVILLE

SOLEMN QUESTION

GREEN, green fairways climbing skyward
Where, bending in benign withdrawal
The Canadian Rockies keep their secrets.
Ninety miles to their base?
How close their white bonnets, the topmost green a pedestal!
Surely the breath of glaciers reaches me!
Golf—golf in the foothills!
But are these distractions—
Beck'ning giants, swelling hills, glist'ning river, prairie—prairie—
Good for my game?

MAY ARMITAGE SMITH
Calgary, Alberta

SONG OUT OF GRIEF

FORTUNATE is he who clings to such
Little but potent things as Beauty's small
Bright, outstretched hands; who draws from her light touch
Warmth, and a green door opening in a wall
That grief has built around the burdened heart.
Lucky is he who heeds a lone bird's call
Across mauve, evening-colored grass; who hoards
The starlight's healing silver, songs that dart
Through dusky air to dull the pointed swords
Of loneliness. Oh, never need one lean
Toward sorrow, without hope, while he can glean
Tall sheaves of color, golden grain of light
That teach a trusting man the spirit's might.

PAULINE HAVARD

OCTOBER

A sigh of Indian Summer passes along
And golden circles of poplar, glinting
On the darkling pool, melt into
The crimson reflection of a trumpetting maple.

S. E. J.

ALL HAIL, BRAZIL!

O EDITORS, O leg-men, O correspondents fair,
Let's roll 'way down to Rio, to excellent Brazil,
A paradise for every man who runs a writing-mill.
There isn't any Income Tax for journalists down there!!

The Portu-geezers thereabouts—Brazilians, I mean—
Have framed a Constitution the freedom to protect
Of every wise Profession, of every honest sect,
And Liberty goes whooping in that radiant southern scene.

Give ear, O cruel Ilsley, implacable McCann,
Who put the bite on pressmen here without apology,
Go rolling down to Rio, and you will surely see
An Income Tax constructed on an intellectual plan.

J. E. M.

Palestine's Solution Has to Be Internal

By R. S. GORDON

When U.N. member-states were asked how many refugees each country was prepared to receive, 25 did not even reply, 4 said none, and the rest answered with very small quotas. The response served to reinforce the respective viewpoints of Jews and Arabs on the question of immigration to Palestine. Similarly in British policy, Arabs and Jews see different yet sinister motives. Everyone in Palestine, as this Canadian correspondent reports, is acutely aware that insofar as international action is concerned almost nothing has been done. So the problem comes back squarely to the Palestine Jews and Arabs themselves to work out a solution.

Jerusalem.

IT IS difficult for anyone outside the country to appreciate the deep passion with which the people of Palestine approach the question of immigration and of the illegal refugees who seek these shores in vain.

There are elements among both Jews and Arabs who claim that the issue has to some extent been artificially inflated. These elements contend that British policy has served to blow it up to the point where it assumes unnatural proportions in the thinking of the people. Whether such views are right or wrong, the fact is that today the problem of immigration towers above everything else in the eyes of the public, and adds to the stresses and strains of general political life in the country.

Every Jewish group in the country, regardless of its political color, supports the right of the refugees to enter Palestine. Every Arab group, again regardless of its political color, just as vigorously opposes Jewish immigration of any kind. British policy brings comfort to neither group. Based on the restrictions of the White Paper, it permits the entrance of 1,500 refugees a month. The Jews consider this hopelessly inadequate, and their official leaders accuse the British of appeasing the Arabs. The Arab considers it substantial enough to constitute a threat, and their official leaders accuse the British of appeasing the Jews. The net result is that the issue of immigration has become a storm centre, not only in Palestine, but in the whole of the Middle East, while the resentment of both groups to British policy is in part siphoned off in the form of increased hostility between the two communities.

Two basic factors underlie the Jewish attitude to the refugees and immigration.

Firstly, it is the kith and kin of those already in the country who stand outside the gates and plead for admission. A large proportion of the Jews here have a mother, a brother, a cousin or some other relative languishing in Europe's D. P. camps or on board some miserable, illegal refugee ship. They see every door in the world shut to their kinsmen. They feel they alone are prepared to provide a haven out of their own labors and accomplishments. When their offer of succor is turned down, when the illegal ships are turned back, and when the lists of those sent to Cyprus are published, their anger and despair are that of people forcibly separated from their own flesh and blood.

"Immigration or Perish"

The second factor in the Jewish attitude is deeply political.

Most Jews in Palestine have become convinced, rightly or wrongly, that if the Jewish community here does not grow quickly and substantially its aspirations are doomed. The official outlook in the Jewish Agency is: "immigration or perish". Though official hopes and actions are based on the search for rapprochement with Britain, emphasis is shifting to greater reliance on the building of the Yishuv (Jewish community) itself. The events of the past year, especially of the past three months, have developed a feeling of isolation and insecurity among most Jews. Out of this has been born the fear that without new waves of immigration they will be powerless to contend with the very powerful forces they feel are hemming them in. So strong is this belief that the writer has often been asked since arrival in Palestine: "What are the chances of getting in half a million young Jews from America?"

In this connection, another element is involved. Those here who advocate the transference, not only of a few hundred thousand Jews, but of all Jewry, from Europe to Palestine, fear that if more time elapses before such a transfer takes place, the possibilities of its successful accomplishment will begin to fade. There are even those who advocate the forcible transfer of European Jews to Palestine.

Against this background, the Jews look upon immigration with an extreme sense of urgency. The action of the Vaad Leumi (Jewish National Council) in allocating approximately $400,000 to facilitate immigration—legal or illegal—is a measure of the prevailing feeling. Everyone here understands that the fund is intended to be a public demonstration more than anything else. The amount to be raised through Jewish institutions is only a fraction of the money actually envisaged for what is a very extensive operation.

Continued Defiance

But through the special fund, the Vaad Leumi has served notice that it intends to defy British restrictions and the naval blockade, and to bring Jewish refugees into Palestine by any and every means. Within the framework of official Jewish efforts to effect reconciliation with the British, it represents open refusal to accept British edicts and defiance towards the authorities on this specific issue. It means, as official Jewish circles have never denied, that illegal ships will continue to seek the coasts of Palestine, along with the use of other methods of clandestine immigration.

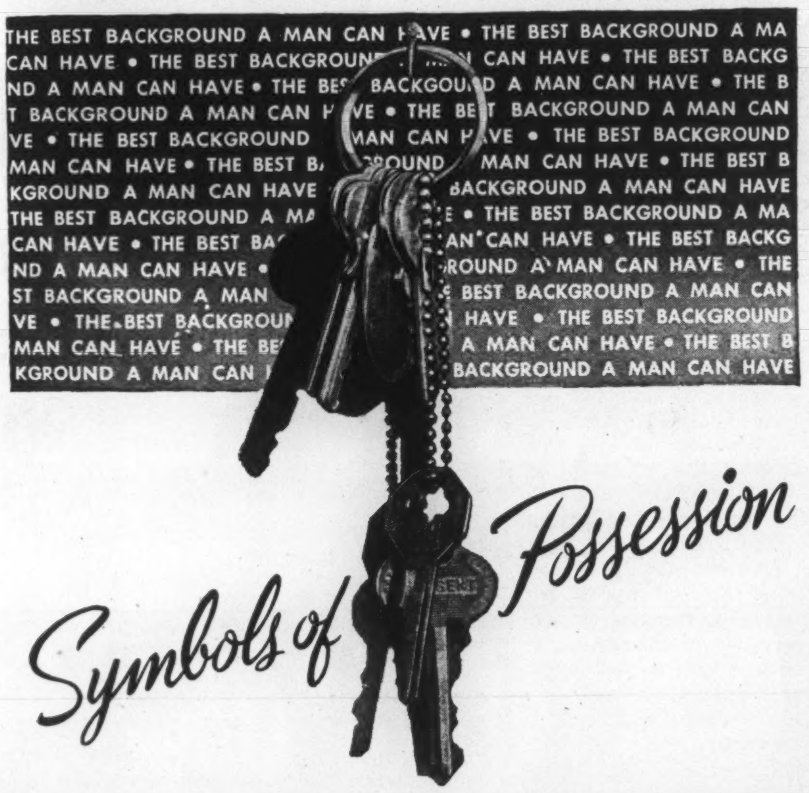
Two factors also underlie solid Arab opposition to Jewish immigration.

The first is the individual Arab's fear for his own economic position and his conviction that further immigration will swamp what he considers to be the national interests of the Arabs in Palestine as a people. He is not at all impressed with the Zionist argument, which is objectively correct, that the Arab standard of living in Palestine is higher than in the other Arab countries (and let no one think that it is anything to write home about). He thinks the expansion of Jewish capital and Jewish industry, of the Jewish working and professional classes will drastically reduce his own economic opportunities. And in the wider political arena he opposes reduction of the Arabs to the status of a minority in the country.

As with the Jews, the second factor is also deeply political.

Outside of the highly placed circles—in the social and political sense—who are ready to get together with the British on a *quid pro quo* basis, the Arab majority is undeniably hostile to the British. This majority looks upon Zionism, the Jewish Agency and all its institutions as wheels in the British chariot. Those who think this way—and they constitute the mass—have for 30 years come to look upon Zionism, rightly or wrongly, as a bulwark of British rule in the country. Now that their dominant mood is one of opposition to British rule—expressed in the sharpest terms, one must admit—they look upon every wave of Jewish immigration as fresh support for British rule.

In the political sense, opposition to Jewish immigration expresses itself somewhat differently among the wealthy Arab landowners, in-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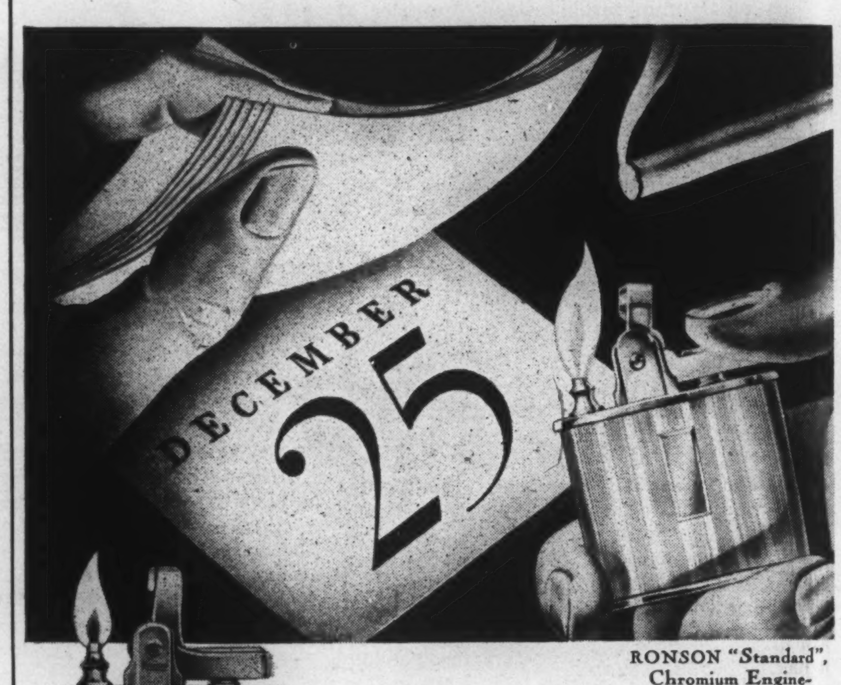
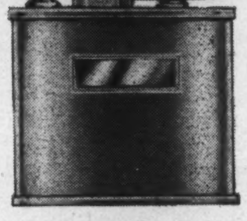
Closer than you think



RONSON "Standard", Chromium Engine-Turned on both sides.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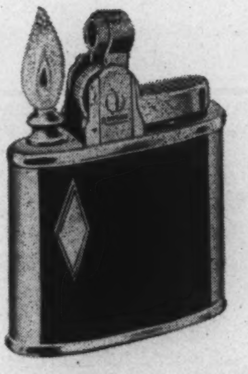
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50th YEAR OF LEADERSHIP RONSON GOLDEN JUBILEE
OUR 50TH YEAR OF LEADERSHIP

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
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dustrialists and their representatives in the nationalist movement whose real policy is one of striking bargains with the British. (They are "pro-British" to the extent that it pays them to be so.)

Undeniably still a powerful force in Arab life and politics, these elements fear that the building of a larger and more powerful Jewish community here will reduce their bargaining power *vis-à-vis* the British, even though an enlarged Jewish community does not lead to a Jewish state or possible variants of a Jewish state.

They fear, secondly, that unrestricted Jewish immigration will cut down the area of their economic activities by Jewish competition and the very weight of Jewish numbers.

They fear, thirdly, that their social and class privileges will be adversely affected by the extension of modern western life in Palestine which they feel would be facilitated by unlimited immigration. Their wealth and power is based on the "moral feudalism", as one Arab intellectual termed it, which still persists here, and self interest drives them to oppose anything tending to disintegrate this "moral feudalism".

These are the basic aspects of the problem of immigration here, as seen through the eyes of Jews and Arabs, without reference to British strategic aims in the Middle East and without reference to subjective desires. To one who has studied the problem on the spot, it seems the height of futility to talk glibly on one side of the question or the other without recognizing the situation as it is. Those abroad who think that it is possible to tackle the problem seriously without taking into account the actual position inside Palestine are living in a world of illusion.

The observer here is driven to conclude that the whole question will grow more difficult failing two developments: (1) international action on the displaced persons and the homeless refugees; (2) the achievement of some kind of political agreement or understanding between Jews and Arabs inside Palestine.

Insofar as international action is concerned, everyone here is acutely aware that practically nothing has been done. The result is growing disillusionment and despair among the Jews and stiffening of the Arab attitude. The Jews feel all the fine talk is meaningless; the Arabs feel the outside world debates sending refugees to Palestine but wants to take none itself.

How Many Refugees?

This attitude on both sides has been strengthened by the replies of U.N. members to the inquiry as to how many refugees each country is prepared to receive. The fact that 25 states did not even reply, that four said none, and the rest were prepared to do little has had the effect of reinforcing the respective viewpoints of Jews and Arabs.

Insofar as Jewish-Arab agreement is concerned, it would seem that the logic of events must drive both sides to recognize that only some sort of genuine arrangement and collaboration can create the conditions for solution of the question of immigration. The basis for such an understanding exists in the fact that neither Jews nor Arabs are able to find the answer to *any* of the difficulties besetting them without it.

There are those abroad, as here, whose concern for action on the refugees leads them to think that it is impossible to wait for Jewish-Arab understanding, insofar as immigration into Palestine is concerned. No one can deny the need for special measures, and quickly, from the vantage point of Palestine, where one feels the whole issue most acutely. But it must equally be said, in the face of popular opinion, if necessary, that regardless of how many illegals get into the country, the problem cannot and will not be really settled until the basis of Jewish-Arab agreement is laid and the world accepts its share of responsibility in finding a haven for the Jewish and non-Jewish D.P.'s. Without such agreement, it is clear here, large-scale immigration can take place only under the protection of British guns. And the British have already made it clear that they will do no such thing.

Insofar as the Jews are concerned, it does not mean abandonment of the demand that the gates of Palestine be opened to those who want to come here. But it does mean that a whole new set of relations with the Arabs in the political field is required if the demand is to be assured of fulfilment.

This model of the Debating Chamber of the new British House of Commons is being used at the National Physical Lab., Teddington, to test the ventilation, and shows the Speaker's chair, dispatch box and gallery. Above, a scientist checks the temperature, each lamp representing the body heat of two persons. The old building was damaged during blitz.

J. T. BRYDEN

J. S. KILGOUR

A. S. BURTON

North American Life Assurance Company has announced the appointment of J. T. Bryden as Executive Assistant, J. S. Kilgour as General Counsel and Secretary, and A. S. Burton as Assistant Treasurer. Mr. Bryden was formerly Assistant Treasurer and will continue to serve on the Company's Investment Committee. Mr. Kilgour was Assistant Secretary and has been acting as legal advisor for the Company. Mr. Burton has been head of the securities division for some years.

HOMEWOOD SANITARIUM

With its homelike, comfortable buildings surrounded by 75 acres of landscaped lawns and wooded hills, is a peaceful haven for the mentally ill or those suffering from nervous strain and other disorders.

A staff of experienced physicians, therapists and nurses assures individual attention and the special treatment each patient requires. Moderate rates.

Physicians and those interested are invited to visit Homewood or to write for booklet to:

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Here are two hotels — the more intimate, exclusive type — that are holding a block of reservations especially for Canadians. They feature the same moderate prices you've been accustomed to; the American plan, if you wish, where meals are included (and *what* meals); and a location square in the center of Florida's vacation Mecca—the West Coast.

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Get the full details now. Don't delay. The reservations are going fast.

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UNLUCKY STEPS?

Why do people think it unlucky to step on the cracks in the pavement? Goodness knows, but it's an old superstition. More important, however, is the question—why are there cracks in the pavement?

There's a simple answer to that one. Heat and cold cause expansion and contraction—if gaps were not planned, the pavement would split under the stress or strain of varying temperatures.

These same temperature swings affect your roof—but you can't build a roof with gaps in it. That's why the elasticity of Murray Pitch is so effective in good roofing—it contracts or expands in sympathy with the weather. The summer sun softens the pitch just enough to fill the small fissures caused by winter's frosts and thaws. A Murray Registered Pitch and Gravel Roof is self-sealing; like nature, it renews itself each spring and gives you dependable, lasting protection.

A lot of careful planning and skillful work goes into a completed Murray Registered Built-Up Pitch and Gravel Roof. The pitch and other materials are rigidly checked against high quality standards. They are applied under the supervision of a Murray inspector and the results have to measure up to his satisfaction. When the Murray okay is put on a Built-Up Pitch and Gravel Roof, it is 'registered'—then you can be sure you have an absolutely dependable, weathertight roof which will give you lasting security.

A complete report and plan on every Murray Registered Roof goes into the Murray files as a permanent record for future reference and for follow-up inspection service.

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Canada's Largest Manufacturer of Pitch and Creosote.

LET US CHECK YOUR ROOF - A FREE MURRAY SERVICE
Don't take chances on your roof. Let a Murray Roof Inspector examine it and give you a detailed report on its condition. No obligation at all. Phone or write our nearest office.

OTTAWA LETTER

Post-Strike Analyses Have Value, If They Are Made Objectively

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THE resumption of operations in the basic steel industry of Canada, after one of the most costly strikes in Canadian labor history, has naturally led to a series of post-mortems. These are all to the good, provided they are not confined to recriminations which add merely to existing bitterness. Any review of the fundamental causes which may, as a result of being identified, be eliminated in the event of further labor-management difficulties, is to be classed as constructive.

Unfortunately, both from management and from organized labor, statements have come which do not fall within this category. For example, A. R. Mosher was quoted as having said in an address before the Glebe United Church Men's Association at Ottawa that "the steel strike is the greatest example of stupidity ever exhibited by any government anywhere in the world." He added that "a little common sense" before the strike started would have averted it entirely.

It is possible to subscribe wholeheartedly to the latter part of this thesis without going the whole way on the earlier part, in which the president of the Canadian Congress of Labor takes in quite a bit of territory. It is always hard to prove such sweeping statements. A little research, for example, might show that the government of Patagonia in the 4th Century, B.C., was much more stupid.

So far as I know, there is no objective apparatus for testing the precise stupidity of any government. And with all due deference to the president of the Canadian Congress of Labor, I venture the assertion that had such a machine been in existence, and had it been waved around toward the several interested parties prior to the strike, the Dominion Government would not have been found to enjoy exclusive monopoly of addleheadedness.

The indictment hurled by Mr. Mosher presumably includes both the political heads in the cabinet and the administrative officials of the Department of Labor, in the general term "government". If they are as bad as all that, they obviously need changing, and the president of the Canadian Congress of Labor would, presumably, if it was within his power, substitute M. J. Coldwell for W. L. Mackenzie King, C. H. Millard for Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, and bring in a brand new slate of conciliation officers in the Department of Labor.

However, the persons under attack are quite competent to come to their own defence without any intervention from me. All one would wish to say in passing is that a slam like that attributed to Mr. Mosher usually contributes little or nothing toward an improvement of the situation, merely drawing from the attacked persons the retort: "You're another!"

Wicked Government?

The real tragedy of the steel strike was not so simple as that of a wicked stupid government denying the steel workers what Mr. Mosher was quoted as calling "a mere pittance of pay to enable them to meet their ordinary living obligations." Any student of Canadian affairs who will take the time and trouble to read the evidence presented to the Committee on Industrial Relations, and meditate even briefly upon it, is likely to conclude that there were at least four parties intimately concerned in the dispute, that each of them had aims quite reasonable when considered alone, but that their objectives violently clashed, and that a settlement was impossible unless mutual concessions were made. It would appear, from what is available about the terms of settlement, that, in fact, *all* parties yielded somewhat from their original positions. Indeed, all settlements which are not dictated by superior force are likely to exhibit this phenomenon.

The sad part of it is that these concessions by both sides could not have been reached without a long paralysing and embittering siege which several times was within sight of open industrial warfare.

It would appear, from the evidence given to the Industrial Committee, that the steel workers themselves generally felt that they were entitled to substantially higher wages after the war, partly because the cost of living was rising, partly because the reduction of overtime work was cutting into their "take-home" pay, partly because they had been denied large wage increases during the war in order to stall off inflation, partly because they had seen Canada's capacity to produce in wartime, and knew that it was within the power of the Canadian people to raise their standards of living considerably when the wastes and destructions of war were done with.

That this view was fundamentally sound, few people would deny. It was partly a question of timing and method. The safest way to increase the general standard of living after the war would have been by a sharp reduction in taxation and, as soon as possible, a reduction of the general cost-of-living index, rather than by a steep rise in wage-rates at a time of general scarcity.

Opportune Moment

This was a theoretical economist's ideal rather than practical politics. The steel workers saw others getting wage increases in the United States and elsewhere in Canada, and naturally they wanted immediate relief too. They sensed that this period of commodity scarcity was the time of their own strongest bargaining power, and so they pressed their demands at a time when they felt they were in the best position to win. This was natural enough.

It is possible, in turn, to understand the policy of their own union leaders. Their aim was to ask an increase in wage rates high enough to satisfy the workers and yet low enough to have a chance of being acceptable to the steel producers and to the Government. Their original figure was 19½ cents an hour.

The steel producers, like any other producers, wanted to keep their costs as low as possible, consistent with an efficient labor force. The three companies varied greatly in the margin of available surplus to which a wage rise would apply the squeeze. So far as the Sydney steel plant is concerned, because of a number of economic disabilities which were recited in detail to the Industrial Committee, its margin was very slender indeed. The other two were in better shape, Stelco best of all.

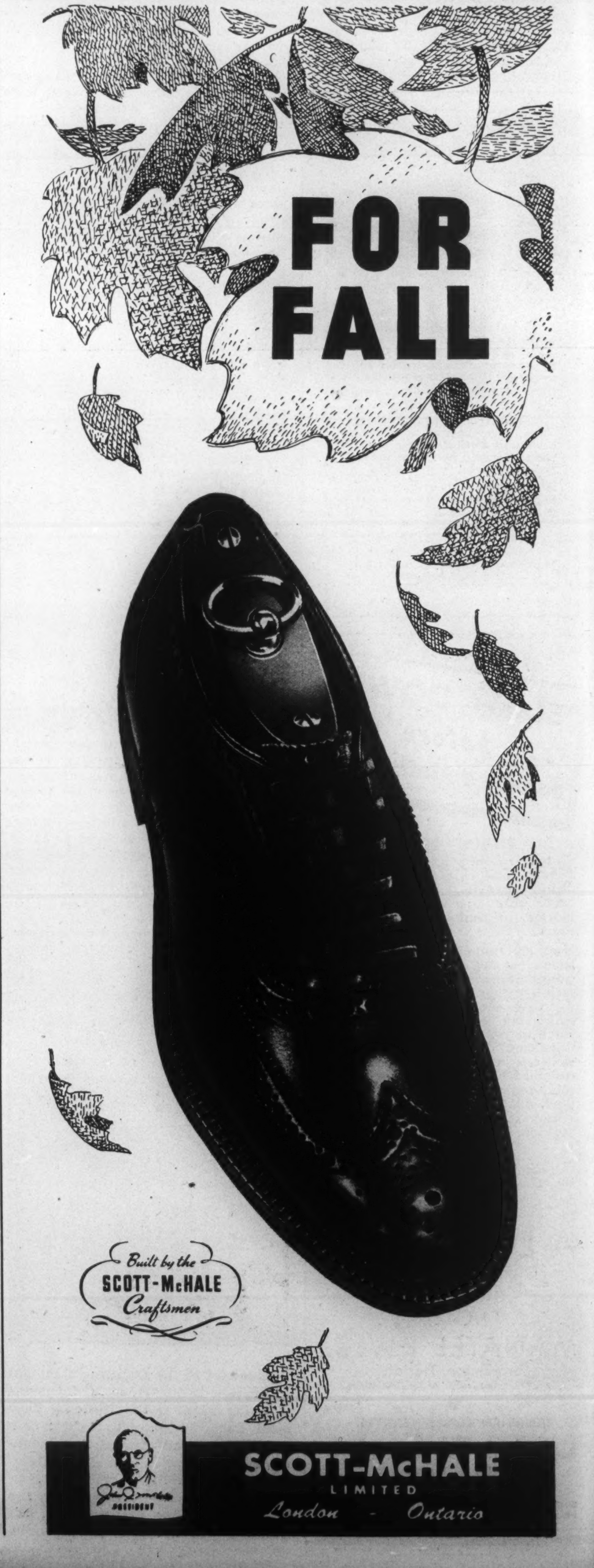
The Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Donald Gordon, had his own special interest in the dispute, as attorney for the Canadian consuming public. It was his objective to see wage-rate increases restricted below the danger mark of runaway inflation.

And the Dominion Government had responsibilities transcending those of any special interest. The other parties could fight for their own immediate objective, but the cabinet would be judged by its policy affecting the general welfare, "the greatest good of the greatest number", and over the long-term period rather than over the next two or three months.

Surely it is more scientific to see in the dispute a clash of incompatibles, which could only be resolved by some give-and-take on all sides, than to assume that the workers were too greedy, that the union leaders were all Communists, that Mr. Donald Gordon was called in as a strike-breaker, or that the Dominion Government was guilty of the most abject foolishness of all time. That a little more common sense would have saved the day is a fair conclusion. But on the evidence it looks as though labor, management and the government all made their contribution toward the impasse which developed.

Central figures at the International Labor Organization conference in Montreal recently are shown above: Edward J. Phelan, I.L.O. director, Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, Labor Minister and conference president, and Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of U.N., to which I.L.O. is now linked.

WITH
A
HART
YOU
START
HART
DOUBLE LIFE



Monty Plans a Modern and Toughened Army

by ROBERT FRIARY

Field Marshal Montgomery is moulding a new army for Britain at Camberley. Tattoo roll call and "lights out" are being abolished but American football will be introduced to toughen the men's bodies.

This new army is likened to the civilian armies which have always defended England in times of crisis. Under Montgomery, a trained army is being built up that will do credit to its ancestors.

UNDER the guiding genius of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery a new army is to be moulded for Britain. At the Staff College, Camberley, Surrey, he has been unfolding his plans before high ranking general officers.

The days of Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads, of hard food, hard beds, and harder discipline, are gone for ever.

Soldiers should have sitting rooms, says the Field Marshal. And, likely to send a shudder through many a martinet veteran, fiery colonels and even more lurid sergeant-majors, he would like to see tattoo roll-calls and "lights out" wiped out!

Strangely enough, the new Army which is to be built up with the aid of 150,000 young men called up from civilian life every year, is in many ways a harking back to the earliest days of defence of Britain.

Before the Norman Conquest, the only army in England was, in effect, the Home Guard of the age. It was a national militia, and every freeman was expected to bear arms for the defence of his country.

There was conscription, to all intents and purposes. The "fyrd" as the levy was known could be called out by the sheriffs for exercise. They had authority from the king to do this. But the levy was literally a Home Guard, because its members could not be called upon for overseas service.

Home Guard of 1066

The Battle of Hastings was fought, and gallantly too, in the main by the Saxon Home Guard. It was aided by the household troops of Harold and his chief noblemen. These tough fighters were only overcome because of the mailed horsemen of the Conqueror, who were able to overthrow the footmen of the Saxons.

Later the Norman kings introduced the system of knight service by which so many days of service had to be rendered to them, although this was often commuted for a money payment. With this money the monarchs were able to hire mercenaries.

There was still a levy, consisting of all men able to bear arms and liable to be called out to keep the king's peace. There were laws which determined the number and description of weapons to be maintained by each man according to his property.

From the levy came the famous English archers of medieval days, supreme in their day as warriors, and able to stand up to the flower of French chivalry. Most of these men served under their own noblemen who fought for the king and there seems to have been no trouble in recruiting them for overseas service.

For then the profession at arms was a profitable one. There was the chance of foreign travel, not to be despised when life for the average peasant was cribbed, cabined and confined. Besides that pay was good, and much higher than that of the average laborer. There was also chance of plunder, so that where a commander had a reputation as a skilled and victorious captain he had no trouble getting men to join him.

Most of them, however, joined up for the duration. There was no signing on for so many years. At the end of a war the armies melted away of their own accord. Indeed, when things were going badly, soldiers had a habit of vanishing, and so acts were passed "touching the true service of captains and soldiers". These really dealt with desertion and the penalties for it.

After the day of the long bow was over, the armies of England went through a period of eclipse. The reason was that, as is so often said of the War Office, the leaders were not anxious to adopt new weapons. Henry VIII, for instance, was an intelligent monarch but he was a lover of the long bow, and the use of firearms was on a small scale, though he did form an artillery train.

Still, the country levies did splendid service and the men were ready at a moment's call to repel any threat of invasion. Their weapons may not have been of the most modern but their spirit was of the highest. At the time of the Armada threat, for instance, it was estimated that well over 50,000 men could be mustered within 24 hours, with another 20,000 watching the coasts.

When Henry VIII died, the forces consisted of a few permanent troops, the militia or general levy, and paid armies which were collected for a foreign war and disbanded after it.

It was during the Civil War that the British Army rose in power again, thanks to Cromwell's New Model, which was splendidly officered and sternly disciplined. When the Protector sent his veterans, after the fall of Charles, to take part in wars in Europe, they proved themselves a match for the best soldiers there.

Later, the greatest test to which the British Army was put was against Napoleon. As during the two World Wars of recent years, it was a long time before it could be built up to sufficient strength. It was Napoleon's threat of invasion, like Hitler's, that excited England's martial spirit to the highest pitch.

Under Wellington, her armies achieved immortal successes, but even these cannot outshine the victories achieved by the great "civilian armies" raised to meet the German threat twice in a quarter of a century.

Now, under Field Marshal Montgomery, one of the greatest soldiers in our military annals, a finely trained and organized force is to be built up, splendidly equipped and perfectly trained, and, in the victor of Alamein and the Rhine, they will have a commander who is friend of both rank and file.

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PARKER "51"

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Dog-House for Shostakovitch

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"THE NINTH Symphony, Dmitri Shostakovitch's latest work, has ideological weaknesses and does not reflect the true spirit of the Soviet people," I. Nestiev said in *Culture and Life*. According to Mr. Nestiev, the Ninth Symphony produces fears that Mr. Shostakovitch "has not overcome in himself the ironical skeptic. . . ." He asked whether this was the time for "a famous artist to take a vacation, to rest from modern problems."

COME, Shostakovitch, fun is fun,
But the times are stern, and there's work to be done.
Culture and Life will not countenance shirking
By artists who work for the fun of working.
Art for art's sake can never mix
With art for the sake of politics.
We want pure Ideology,
Not Skepticism and Irony.
And if you fancy that we don't *know* which
Is which, you're crazy, Shostakovitch.

Symphony, Symphony Number Nine
Won't run along the Party line.
No need to study every rhythm
For Irony and Skepticism.
They're present, and you couldn't miss 'em,
Both Irony and Skepticism.
We've noted every sly dissemblin'
Of sentiment towards the Kremlin.
It's clear your toy-like instrumentation
Is a sneer at the mighty Soviet nation,
While your orchestra score is cold and fickle
To the sections devoted
To hammer and sickle.

Comrade, your work can have no merit
Unless it reflects the Soviet spirit,
And the artist who imitates the foreigner
Is simply inviting the Soviet coroner.
So leave Nutcracker Suites to the Bourgeoisie,
Along with the Minuet in G.
Leave the U.S.A. to the state of coma
Induced by the music of "Oklahoma!"
Leave primitive rhythms to barbarians
And Hungarian rhapsodies to Hungarians.
But the source of Soviet artistry
Is Soviet Ideology.

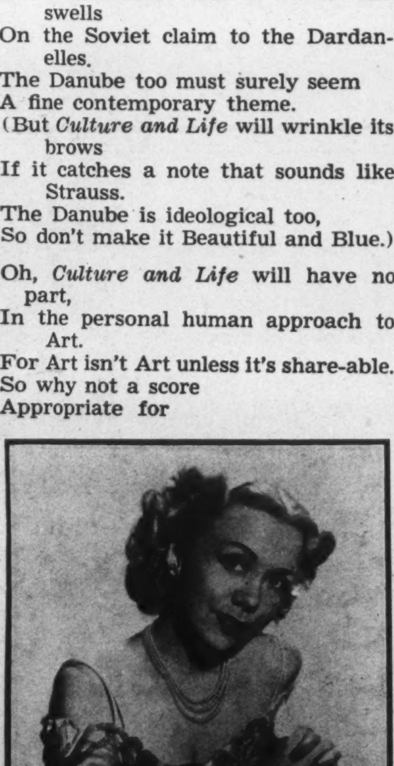
WE deplore the waste of imagination
On themes of personal inspiration—
Serenades, Spring, and linden trees—
The Soviet will have none of these.
Love and Moonlight both rate zeros
With Goldfish, Firebirds, and Boleros.
Our disapproval is immense
At signs of Stravinsky influence.
And it hardly would be safe to dwell
On Claude Debussy, and Ravel,
Both alike tradition bound,
And ideologically unsound.
All cold and formal stylization
Is scorned by our Soviet civilization,
For everyone knows who really *knows* art
That Marx was a better man than Mozart.

Is this a moment for vacation
When modern problems beset the Nation?
Is this the time for a siesta
When nothing is settled about Trieste?
Come, Shostakovitch, make a start,
And mix your politics with Art!
Or if the thought your soul constricts,
Then mix your Art with politics.
The State will willingly assign a
Musical theme on troops in China,
Or a treatment full of *tuttis* and swells
On the Soviet claim to the Dardanelles.
The Danube too must surely seem
A fine contemporary theme.
(But *Culture and Life* will wrinkle its brows
If it catches a note that sounds like Strauss.
The Danube is ideological too,
So don't make it Beautiful and Blue.)

Oh, *Culture and Life* will have no part,
In the personal human approach to Art.
For Art isn't Art unless it's share-able.
So why not a score
Appropriate for
The musical version of "Ivan the Terrible"?
Or a special musical *obligatto*
Muted, but *molto agitato*
Without a hint of the skepti-cal
For a broadcasted editorial.
(You'll really hafta
Do something for *Pravda*.)

A hymn to Stalin can't go wrong;
Make it loud and make it strong.
Fill it full of awe and wonder
With plenty of orchestral thunder.
And make your musical statement clear
To every listening Party ear.
(But watch your step, for it's safe to say
That the Ideologist of today
Tomorrow perhaps may head the lists
Of the Party Deviationists.)

This, Shostakovitch, is your task,
And it's little, we feel, for us to ask.
A fair exchange is the contract's essence,
(Since the Soviet paid for your music lessons.)
If you will follow the Party line,
We'll overlook Symphony Number Nine.
And anxiously wait the moment when
You will introduce Symphony Number Ten,
Which will thrill the Party's faithful servants
(We hope) to their ideological nerve-ends.



Lucille Manners, guest soprano at the final Prom concert next Tues. Sir Ernest MacMillan will conduct.

THE GREAT DELUSION

FEW tricks of the unsophisticated intellect are more curious than the naive psychology of the business man who ascribes his achievements to his own unaided efforts, in bland unconsciousness of a social order without whose continuous support and vigilant protection he would be as a lamb bleating in the desert.

—Richard H. Tawney.

Jeanne Pengelly, dramatic soprano, in recital at Eaton Auditorium on Oct. 19, D. Ouchterlony assisting.

"Want the lowdown on my pin-up man?"

HE'S TOP MAN on my totem pole because he never looks over his shoulder when he's with me . . . because there's an *air* about him—a trace of *heather and fern* that's as subtle as the gleam in his eye!

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WASHINGTON LETTER

"Steaks or Stabilization" Policy Has Become an Election Issue

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

REPUBLICAN politicians, with an eye on November ballotting, are calling for a new freedom—freedom to buy meat and sugar. They want price controls ended immediately — and a meat-hungry American populace is listening attentively.

Price Administrator Paul Porter is standing his ground in the battle of "steaks or stabilization" with the affirmation that "whether we have steaks next week or the week thereafter, it seems to me our main objective still is stabilization—and stabilization for the entire economy."

It's a fact that the national craving for good steaks and chops and the lowly hamburger and hot dog has made the meat shortage a major election campaign issue.

Most effective G.O.P. campaign effort reported up to this writing is a vast red, white and blue poster on the Boston skyline, which reads: "HAD ENOUGH? Vote Republican, November 5."

This Republican billboard is said to be more effective than campaign oratory because it reminds the voters of their gripes, and worst gripe of the electorate today is the acute meat shortage.

President Truman has resisted appeals that he call a special session of Congress to deal with the meat shortage. He's determined to back up Paul Porter's courageous effort to make price control work, although he agrees that the O.P.A. extension bill was a sorry compromise on the tough measure that Congress refused to pass for him.

Sympathy for O.P.A. is waning in many quarters, and by the time the 80th Congress opens its doors on January 3 there could be sufficient opposition sentiment to bring about abolition of price controls. The American's fondness for a good steak and his inability to get it seems to have crystallized the anti-O.P.A. sentiment. The meat shortage, of course, was further dramatized by the lack of meat for hospitals and the proposal that patients be fed horse flesh.

No Horse Steaks!

There may be some horse meat being consumed by humans here, but for the most part, Americans like their steaks from cows. The Russians and Yugoslavs, according to U.N.R.R.A., have turned up their noses at shipments of horseflesh; and the canned and pickled horse carcasses are going primarily to the Poles and Czechs. Canada is supplying 15 million pounds.

The meat shortage is less severe in restaurants than at the corner grocery store. You can still get a good steak at a fancy price, in a flossy eating place. But the housewife, unless she is one of the fortunate few with drag with the butcher, has a meagre selection of fowl, fish, and occasionally some lamb or veal. There are exceptions, of course, in a few shops having direct contact with small slaughter houses bringing in beef directly from the far West.

The shortage has actually crippled the black market, according to Irving M. Gruber, chief of O.P.A.'s meat price enforcement section. He says his 2,500 agents have not only stamped out virtually all illicit traffic in meat but they are "literally keeping a 24-hour watch on all big stocks of meat to see that they move, if they move, under ceiling prices."

Conspiracy?

It was disclosed that some 45 million pounds of fresh meat are stacked in Chicago cold storage plants. This aroused bitter protests from the C.I.O. United Packinghouse Workers. They had charged there was "a definite conspiracy engineered by the big packing companies to deprive the public of meat."

Mr. Gruber's claim to have ended the black market of meat may be chalked up as somewhat enthusiastic. According to advices from the West the country's biggest meat black market in history is just in the making. Big cattle operators say the Government can't halt it with O.P.A. regulations any more than prohibition agents could keep the country dry.

Cattle men say the meat supply is going largely into the restaurants and night clubs of the nation. The black market is blamed for a 50 per cent drop in Kansas City stock yards receipts. The meat, apparently, is being sold right on the ranches and ranges, but instead of showing up on butcher's shelves is going into storage to await higher prices, or into the restaurants and clubs.

One frank cattle man admitted: "Sure, cattle is going into the black market. We are not asking the men who buy it what they are going to do with it. Just as long as the cash is put up, they can get the cattle."

Here is how the cattlemen reason: the war is over. During the war they sold their product on the legitimate market at less than they could have gotten elsewhere. Now they believe O.P.A. has upset the industry, that it cannot operate without the black market.

Certainly the O.P.A. order that went into effect this week, ordering the prices of calves and low weight cattle back to the June 30 level, won't make them any happier. It will shut off the one source of beef that was reaching the legitimate market, in the opinion of buyers.

Until Next Spring

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has taken a gloomy official stand on the supply situation. It has told housewives they can expect meat shortages until next spring and summer. Reconversion Director Steelman predicted the meat shortage "will become worse this winter" and President Truman, who had expressed hope for some early improvement, agrees that the Steelman forecast is probably correct.

Consumers were warned by the Agriculture experts to expect more meat price increases in January and again in April. O.P.A. has just granted a 15 per cent markup to restaurants, after vainly trying to hold cafe prices on meat dishes to the June 30 level.

American meat production is only slightly under the record 148 pounds per person reported in 1944, but the demand overshadows the supply heavily because nearly everyone has the money to spend and little to buy with it but food.

O.P.A.'s Porter said that he has been "as upset as anyone" by the meat shortage, because he sees in it "a dangerous public psychology that could result in nullifying all the gains that have been made" in America's battle against inflation. He admits that there has been "no crisis in the past five years of our fight for stabilization in which the danger of losing the battle against inflation was more serious."

Mr. Porter finds that impatience with price controls is "understandable" but he hopes that people will not permit "petty irritations or group selfishness" to undermine policies which he believes are maintaining a record high living standard. He sees in the mounting production figures and dropping unit costs, cited by Reconversion Chief John Steelman and President Truman, evidence that the stabilization fight can be won.

A movement for an immediate end to all price controls except those on rents gained the support this week of Representative Jesse Wolcott, Michigan Republican, and Eric Johnson, former U.S. Chamber of Commerce chief and a member of the Steelman reconversion board. Wolcott says he will introduce legislation to end O.P.A. when Congress opens.

Mr. Johnson's stand represents a turnabout in his views on the need of reconversion controls. He now believes that both wage and price controls, rent excepted, should be abandoned promptly because their imminent collapse "invites moral bankruptcy." He believes "the original sin" was in relaxing controls too early.

Here is how he reasons it: "The question of controls is now an academic one. The Wage Stabilization Board is dead. It needs only to be buried. Without wage controls, it is an illusion to think we can have price control. Attempts at wage controls should be abandoned immediately. Prices should be decontrolled at the earliest practical moment because controls are no longer effective."

Making Lawbreakers

While he admits that removal of controls will not solve national economic ills and the basic danger of extreme inflation would remain, he considers it less of a threat to national welfare than "to continue this fiction of controls and make lawbreakers out of our people."

Congress could, under present price control law, wipe out O.P.A. by a concurrent resolution, which would not have to go to President Truman, and would thus not involve possibility of a veto.

That is what President Truman does not want, according to pre-election intimations. He has, therefore, ordered all Government agencies concerned with meat supplies to survey the situation.

The shortage has even reached the White House, which announced that menus at state dinners would be less elaborate than usual.

However, the worst hardship on the tenants of 1600 Pennsylvania avenue is the effect it is having on election hopes of Harry Truman.

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"Where were you on the night of the 17th?"

"I thought I told you to keep away from here," smiled Bob.

"My dear, I never see you any more, since you turned the cellar into a shop," protested Ethel. "If a cop were to ask me where you were on the night of the 17th, I wouldn't even have to think. What a lovely table, Bob! Who's that for?"

"It was to be a surprise for your birthday, but you see what you get for snooping. I've put in every free night for three weeks on it, but I've never been so happy in my life. For years I figured I couldn't afford the tools and the lathe and stuff. But when we got down to a budget that looked after our life insurance and other essentials first, I saw I could indulge myself and do a bit of tinkering."

• • • • •

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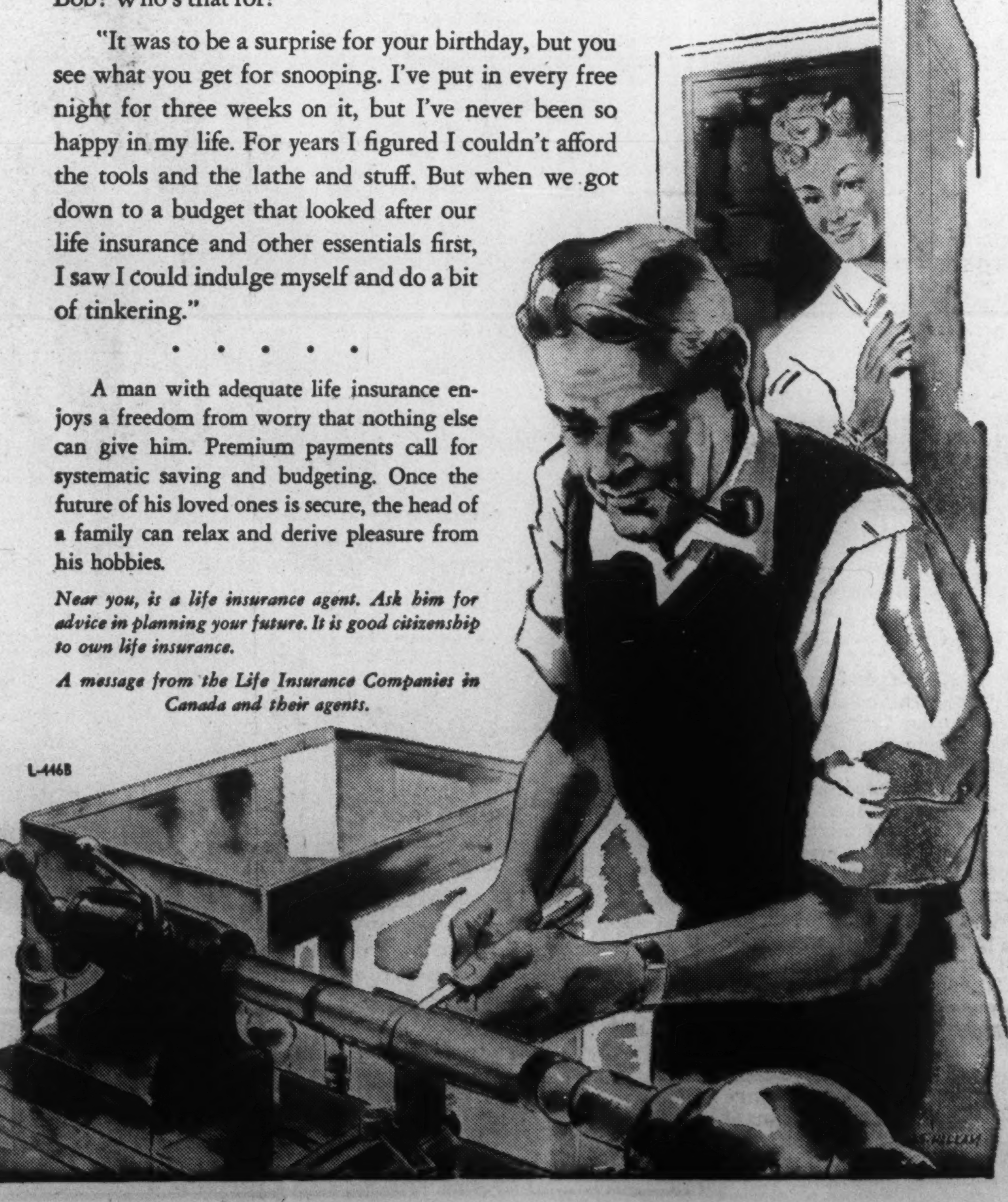

Canada's Majority May Be French-Speaking

By STEWART C. EASTON

We need a more positive outlook in our approach to the understanding of French Canadianism. Like the Swiss, we could share the heritage of two great cultures. The problem is not an academic one, since it is not impossible that some day French Canadians will actually be a majority in Canada. Mr. Easton, who recently graduated from the University of Ottawa with honors in French Literature, discusses the possible alternatives.

THE Editor-in-Chief of SATURDAY NIGHT recently wrote an article on the attempts that were being made by the Protestant Churches of Ontario to confine the area of French language influence to the Province of Quebec. It was a properly forceful article that pointed out the implications of the policy, and how stupid it was to think that it could ever be carried out. But few Anglo Canadians seem to have considered seriously the future of the French language in Canada. Too much emotion is expended, and too little thought. There is a general tendency to let history take its course, to meet each minor problem as it arises, offering the solution that seems best at the moment.

But history does not stand still. It is always in the making. There is always a time for positive action. In the opinion of this writer, the time for thought and consequent action is now—not ten or twenty years in the future.

The Facts

The following are the plain, undisputed facts upon which we must work:

(a) The rate of increase of the French-speaking population in Canada is nearly twice that of the English speaking. The rate of increase in the latter would be even lower if it were not that the peoples of non-British, European origin learn English instead of French, and their natural rate of increase surpasses that of the peoples of British ancestry.

(b) This French Canadian rate of increase may decline with the migration of rural families to the cities where conditions are against the large family. But while the Catholic Church continues to urge French Canadians to increase and multiply, it would be unwise to count upon any considerable natural decline.

(c) In 1759, at the fall of Quebec, the French population was in the neighborhood of 60,000. Since that time there has been no significant immigration from France. Yet there are today more than three million French Canadians in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and a further two millions have migrated to the United States. During the war more than 11,000 French Canadians migrated to Ontario from Quebec to help in war industry, and enough remained to take care of the whole of the increased industrial production at home.

(d) The English-speaking peoples of Canada have attained their numerical predominance largely through immigration during the last two centuries. But during the last 15 years there has been no important immigration from Great Britain. With the lower rate of natural increase, the relative positions of the French and English-speaking peoples have been changing rapidly.

These plain facts add up to the conclusion that, if there is no change in current trends, some time the French Canadians will have an actual majority in the country. Population experts have suggested that 1970 will be the crucial year. In any case, the time will certainly come unless something is done to change the trends. Population trends cannot be changed overnight. Isn't the problem worth a little serious consideration, now?

What are the alternatives? First of all, we can do nothing. That is, we can trust to luck to improve our relations with the French Canadians. Though many English and French Canadians gained in understanding and respect for each other during the war, our relations, on the whole, have not noticeably improved in recent years. If they are sometime to be in a majority, with legislative power over the whole of Canada, should we not try to come to a true understanding first?

Secondly, we can attempt to stifle them ourselves through legislation while we still have the power. We can refuse to grant educational equality in the province of Ontario. We can try to kill their love for their language and their Church, the two most powerful unifying agents that they possess.

Thirdly, we can encourage English-speaking immigrants in the hopes of artificially equalizing their rate of increase. Or we can admit immigrants of other countries and teach them English as their principal language. The latter may be possible; the former alternative seems to have little hope of success, since there are not enough people now in any of the English-speaking countries to supply the need. The rate of natural increase in Great Britain is no higher than ours.

Increase Native Births

Fourthly, by every means in our power we can encourage the increase in our own native birth-rate. But legislation will equally benefit French Canada. Moreover, no birth-rate has ever been successfully increased by economic or social persuasion. What happened in Germany after Hitler's advent to power was that marriages took place earlier than would have been the case otherwise. There was no total increase over an extended period. The birth-rate took a spectacular leap forward, but continued the decline afterwards more steeply than before.

The fifth alternative is that we should admit, once and for all, that we really are and wish to be a bilingual country, a confederation of peoples with two languages and cultures. We should take the French-speaking peoples into a true partnership, including their Church and their language. This means doing away forever with any form of anti-French or anti-Catholic discrimination. More

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than this, it means that we must all become bilingual and bicultural, so that both peoples may feel equally at home in whatever part of the country they may be. Bilingualism, to us, at present merely means that the French must learn our language.

It will be said that this is an impossible dream. But there is a precedent. I have lived in Switzerland, all of whose inhabitants speak at least two languages, French and German-Swiss. Some cantons are predominantly French, others German. But there are always numbers of each people living side by side in every town, and in most villages. There does not seem to be any noticeable feeling of separateness.

Vevey, where I lived, was in the French canton of Vaud. But at least a third of the people were German-Swiss, and the German language could be heard everywhere. It is improbable that the Swiss have a special and unique gift for languages. It is only that they were brought up from childhood to speak at least two. The people are immeasurably enriched by their heritage of two great cultures.

Utterly Different

The French language is utterly different from ours. There is no waste in it. A Frenchman says exactly what he means in as few words as possible, and there is no doubt of his meaning. It is difficult to be precise in the English language. English literature, on the whole, aims at creating an impression in the mind of the hearer or reader; it appeals not so much to the intellect as to the imagination and the feelings.

Read a sentence of Montesquieu, and then a sentence of a comparable writer, Burke. The difference is at once apparent. Burke would require at least a paragraph to say what Montesquieu would enclose in a single sentence. This precision and clarity have given their tone to all French culture, which for centuries was the leader in Europe. Even now the French have not relinquished their lead in the arts of civilization. And the key to this civilization and their way of life lies in their langauge. As the German-Swiss majority in Switzerland have drawn upon their French compatriots for what their language could give, so could we upon our own.

"Americanism" is an overwhelming idea capable of absorbing every alien culture that comes in contact with it. An immigrant into the United States becomes an American, as in ancient times the Chinese always absorbed their conquerors within the framework of their Chinese culture.

But we may as well face the fact that "Canadianism" has no such overwhelming power. It is not, and is showing no signs of becoming, a superlative ideal to which each people will offer its heritage. Could it be that we should try to create a far different ideal from our neighbors to the South, and that its archetype is to be found in Switzerland?

French Badly Taught

Learning French is an unpleasant chore in all Canada outside Quebec. It is wretchedly taught; no blame can be attached to the high school student if he is incapable of carrying on a conversation in it when he graduates. It is taught in the same way as a dead language — the rules of grammar, a few set pieces, the irregular verbs, some translation, and elementary composition. As the Linguaphone has demonstrated, the only way to become familiar with a language is to speak it and hear it spoken.

Half our high school teachers are incapable of speaking it themselves, and they are shy of inflicting their pronunciation on their classes. I know a school in the Maritimes where the French teacher has never publicly pronounced a single word of it. She spells each word out to her class. Others adopt the English pronunciation. Yet we have enough educated French Canadians to provide a truly bilingual teacher for every high school in Canada. Even in our best Canadian Universities, the French classes are, with rare exceptions, taught in English, and only a written knowledge of the language is demanded.

I, myself, have just spent a year at that much maligned institution, the University of Ottawa, the only completely bilingual establishment of learning in Canada, especially singled out for attack in the Report of the Protestant Churches. Not a single student is ever graduated unless he has a good working knowledge of both English and French.

Every class is given in both French and English, and the student may write his examination in his preferred language. The English studies are carried on entirely in English and the French in French. The only difference between the French course for the French-speaking, and the French for the English-speaking, is that the Professor in the latter speaks more slowly. By such methods the student is stimulated to go to the original, and he does so.

I have read more than one book a week in French throughout the year, with the result that I can now both read and write French almost as quickly as English. And this is not the exceptional case, but the rule.

Useless if Unused

French is a useless study if it is not used. Even if there are at present no French-speaking people in a given community, it is always possible to keep up with the language by reading. There is a continuous output of both French and French Canadian books from the Montreal presses. I recently reviewed in SATURDAY NIGHT an excellent new French Canadian novel which would have been barred from me without knowledge of the language. In Switzerland every book store stocked material in both French and German.

It is, of course, difficult for adults to learn a new language in mature age. But children learn languages easily, as can be noticed in bilingual cities such as Sherbrooke and Ottawa. Our public and high school students of today will be in their maturity in 1970.

In Canada French is not, and never will be, just another language like Spanish; it is the language of a powerful and increasing minority of our people as well as one of the official languages of the country. It is unthinkable that it could ever be persecuted out of existence. In 1759 the policy might have had chances of success, and the time for acting was then, not now.

Now we should take pride in the extraordinary achievement of the French Canadians in preserving their Church and their language through nearly two hundred years without support from outside, while increasing their numbers nearly a hundredfold. It is a saga unique in history—and it is the achievement of our own Canadian compatriots.

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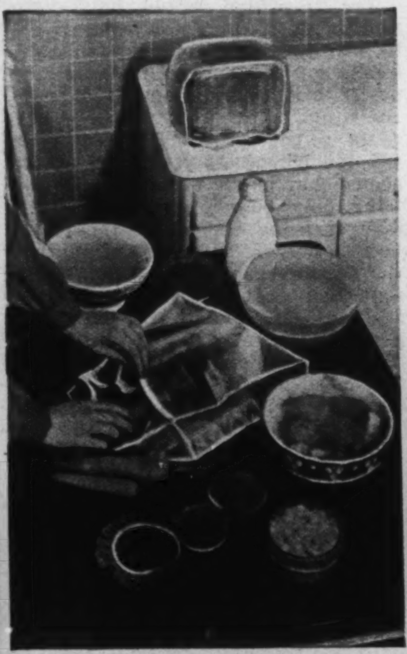
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THE WORLD TODAY

Most Spaniards Want a Change But All Shudder at Civil War

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

An earlier article described the face of Spain today.

CHANGING the regime is a constant topic of conversation in Spain, but every conversation comes round at some point to the Civil War. From this all events are dated: "before the Civil War", or "after the Civil War". There you have in a nutshell the dilemma of political activity in Spain today.

I cannot recall anyone saying a really good word to me about General Franco; but everyone said, we don't want another Civil War to get rid of him. The memory of the war is indelible, and horror of any repetition of its atrocities is universal. It is a nightmare at the back of everyone's mind, except the youth under 16 or 18.

The hatreds engendered then still burn deep and occasionally flame up in the eyes of a Spaniard when you come round to the topic. But then there is the thought of the million dead, and the reminder of the empty sleeves and empty pant legs which one sees everywhere, as common in Spain as in any European country which went through the Second World War.

There is also a widespread feeling that if there were a turnover, the new crowd would simply kill all the old crowd, throw out all the old office-holders and take everything for themselves, leaving the bulk of the people in much the same position as before. Deadening the political initiative of many Spaniards is the fatalistic belief that all governments are bad—as indeed Spanish Governments generally have been.

"The Good Old Days"

The exception to this generality which Spaniards of many walks of life quoted to me may come as a surprise to the reader. It was the dictatorship of Primo di Rivera, in the 'twenties. They call it now a "white" dictatorship, and speak of it as "the good old times."

Everyone recalls it as the period of greatest prosperity and progress in Spain within living memory. And thinking people realize that, while it gave the country stability—lack of which has been Spain's greatest bane—in spite of its repression, hated then but seeming mild compared to what they have known since, it permitted the rise of the strongest liberal movement in Spanish history, and gave way without bloodshed to the Republic.

They see now what a great opportunity they had in the "revolution" of 1931. The King went quietly. The Republic came into control of the armed forces peacefully. Not a life was lost. Spain's leading liberals wrote a model constitution. The fact that even under such conditions the Republican governments could not govern deeply discourages Spaniards from making such a new effort in the far less favorable conditions of today.

The fact is that the Spanish character makes the operation of a democracy extremely difficult. It is neither practical nor moderate, but has a strong tendency towards anarchy. During the five years of the republic, for all its good start, there were 29 cabinet changes, 3 general elections and the deposition of one president. That is not government but anarchy, and was the basic cause of the Civil War.

How Primo Saw It

Before I went to Spain I heard an interesting story from a Frenchman which shows how well Primo understood his people and his situation. Listening rather impatiently to my informant's remarks about the economic progress which he had noted in going about the country, Primo suddenly said: "Yes, yes, everyone tells me that, but will you answer me this question: how does one end a dictatorship? I have read history backwards and forwards, and I have never found an answer to that."

"Consider my position. If I tighten the dictatorship, there will be a blow-off. But if I weaken it, the King will have to go and I don't know what will happen to Spain." Yet Primo believed that in certain circumstances a dictatorship was necessary to cure the ills of a nation.

General Franco is not to be compared in understanding or competence with this predecessor. Yet there are indications that at one time and another he has considered the same problem: how does one end a dictatorship. Perhaps it was only because he assumed that the war winners would not let him stay; and certainly many Spaniards assumed that at the moment of victory we would force him out. They freely blame us—but most particularly Britain—for not doing so.

At any rate, Franco did carry on desultory negotiations with the pretender, Don Juan, during the last months of the war and the first months of the peace. But he was never quite willing to accept Don Juan's primary condition, that he, Franco, must go first, and that others must invite the pretender back to the throne.

A Ticklish Transition

The transition would have been a difficult step. There would have to have been completely reliable elements of the army to hold the power briefly and hand it over to the King. And there would have had to be considerable public sentiment for the King. As it turned out, it seems that public acceptance of the King only built up after Franco's fear of being chased by the Allies had passed—because of the split in the winners' ranks. The peak of the sentiment for the King was only reached last January. By that time Franco apparently changed his mind, if he had ever quite decided to make the move. As to that, no one really knows, for this extremely secretive leader appears to have no confidants.

Not that there is any really live sentiment for the King—as he is always called—outside of monarchist ranks. It is impossible to make any exact estimate of political opinion in this stifled country. But the King's following is put at not much over a quarter of the nation. It seemed to me, however, from the many conversations I had, that a great many more Spaniards would accept the King without enthusiasm if it meant that Franco would go and held out hope of some liberalization of the regime. There are no illusions whatever in Spain as to the imminence of any "brave new world."

Now here is another curious thing which I found: the formula for a new regime which is most talked of is not the installation of the Giral government-in-exile waiting in France, but a "left-wing monarchy" with the King and Indalecio Prieto. From my investigation — and I wouldn't want to make too much of a fortnight's stay without any previous experience of the country—Prieto has the best public of any Spanish leader. It was fortunate that I had met him and had a long talk with him just a year previous, at San Francisco.

The Giral Government

The Giral Government-in-exile has no such following. The back of the Spaniard seems to rise at the idea of having a government forced on him by outside powers. The greatest handicap of the Giral Government is the eagerness of its friends, especially since too many of these are Communists who hope to control this government, though they do not do so yet.

Prieto's advantage is that he stands outside the government-in-exile, and is besides the former leader of the Socialist Party, with a record of having opposed the Communist domination of the Republican Government during the later stages of the Civil War. In San Francisco Prieto told me flatly that he would not join forces with the Communists for the simple reason that all communications from his followers in Spain urged him not to do so.

It was my impression that Franco's press scored accurately when, during the Yugoslav-American crisis, which occurred while I was in Madrid, it pointed out that it was just such a government as Tito's that the Soviets and the French Communists and their sympathizers everywhere were anxious to force on Spain.

So there it is, and there it may stay for no one knows how long. For every Spaniard who says that things cannot go on like they are, that there must be a change, there are two or three who affirm, fatalistically, that nothing will change.

Franco, as some saw it, was an adept at following the ancient Spanish precept of government, which is the art of doing nothing, counting on others to make mistakes which will help you out. He lacks any progressive ideas of a Primo for improving the country, lacks even the energy and imagination of a Mussolini, determined to budge his people's inertia and force them to be a "great nation" against their will.

Under Franco Spain simply stagnates. He doesn't seem to have any idea beyond maintaining his power. He and his regime are completely illiberal, and if a few political prisoners are being let out of prison, that seems to be only a matter of balancing the pressure. While it is possible for many of the 300,000 emigrés—whose loss is a great concern to the country—to return, there is no attraction for them to do so. As a contrary policy, the government actually offers official Spanish passports to emigrés in France to move further away, where they will be less trouble.

Franco is looked upon as a small man. People will admit that he was an able general; and it seems to be on this that his leadership and his control of the army is based. You will never hear anyone speak in conversation about "our great leader." All that Lord Templewood (Sir Samuel Hoare) recorded about his vanity appears to be borne out.

He is extremely secretive. A high diplomatic source told me that when a cabinet shake-up was rumored last year the Foreign Minister Lequerica said to him only the day

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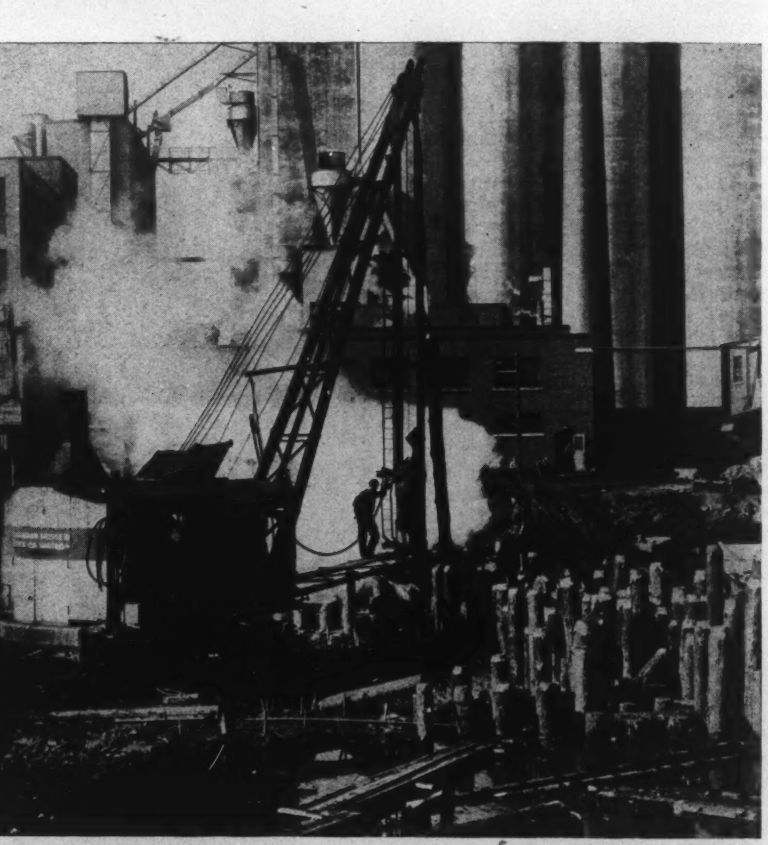
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before that he was quite sure he would be retained. The next day he found his name at the head of the list of those eliminated. The Generalissimo seems to have no confidants at all. But a secretary, Carrero Blanco, who prepares for him a daily digest of the foreign press, has considerable opportunities for influencing him.

On one thing many people were emphatic, and that is that attacks from outside had strengthened Franco's position during the past year. The regime appeared quite shaky immediately after the end of the war. There was a good deal of Communist propaganda circulated and some scribbling on the walls, "Death to the Falange." But last January, just when feeling had crystallized that there must be a change, and sentiment for the monarchy was at its peak, a sharp speech by Bidault turned the tide.

One diplomat, perhaps wise after the event, thought that if Don Juan had come to Portugal earlier, in the shaky period just after our victory, and had been supported by Allied promises of bread and oil, the generals might have shifted their allegiance to be on the right side, and the change-over been achieved.

A Favored Solution

But people are much more vague now as to how a change is to be brought about. Only one thing is quite clear: it has to be done through the army leaders, who hold the effective power in the state. No new regime could function effectively, much less become established, it is generally agreed, without the support of the Army and at least the tolerance of the Church.

Of the latter, some said it had learned nothing, while others saw a glimmer of hope in the efforts of a few of the more progressive laymen of the Catholic Action and some priests to form a new party along the lines of the M.R.P. in France.

How to make the changeover without "lifting the lid" and plunging the country into a renewed civil war: that is how the problem is viewed by all except the Communists. They are the only Spaniards who say that it would be worth a civil war to change the regime—probably because they realize that only through violence could their extreme wing come to power.

But if Franco will not go voluntarily, as was hoped briefly last winter—though due to the dictator's extreme secretiveness no one knows his real intentions—it remains to the Army to force the issue by suspending its support for him. And since the Army isn't going to invite in the Giral government-in-exile, its enemies of the Civil War, its choice would almost certainly go to the King.

The favorite theoretical combination seems to be the naming of the moderate General Aranda, now out of favor, as head of the Army, the recall of the King, and the forming of a new government, at least liberal in complexion, and perhaps headed by the moderate Socialist Prieto.

There is probably a good deal of wishful thinking behind this solution, as it is about the best which is practical at the present time. There should be no illusions that Spain is merely being deprived of the blessings of a stable democratic government because of "reactionary" British and American policies which are maintaining Franco in power.

Franco is maintaining himself in power, by looking after his army officers, by the weight of the gendarmerie and the control of all movement about the country, as described in an earlier article. If we were to try to force him out now by economic sanctions there is a fair possibility that he would be able to make political capital out of the increased suffering of his already hard-pressed people.

The Real Alternatives

And as to what would happen should we take the highly unlikely step of sending in troops to depose him, a former Republican officer who had been railing to me about our failure to remove Franco admitted that in such a case it was quite possible his people would fight us!

The real alternatives in Spain appear to be the maintenance of the present tyranny; a somewhat liberalized government acceptable to the army leadership, with the King and without Franco, developing only gradually into full parliamentary rule based on the universal franchise, which is impractical at present among a mass of people so wretchedly poor, ignorant, inexperienced, and anarchist-minded; or the pushing of the country through outside pressure and propaganda into a new civil war, in which only extremism could triumph, and which certainly would not favor freedom and democracy.

Edwards Calendar May Stop All Confusion

By CHARLES CLAY

When the U.N. gets time to consider such peaceful matters as calendars, the first thing it will have to look into is the proposal of Lieut. W. E. Edwards. It has a special appeal to Canada because the extra leap-year day is to be immediately before July 1 — Dominion Day or whatever you like to call it — and will make a nice long holiday.

MAN, that wonderful creature, actually uses a couple of dozen calendars. Yes, right now—not has used, but is using.

We, who operate more or less awkwardly with the 193-year-old Gregorian calendar, fancy it is the only time-reckoner on earth — though we have some vague notions about the Jewish calendar and we may have heard that Russia still uses the Julian calendar, after trying out and discarding a curious five-day week six-month calendar. But this is far from the end of the matter.

There are magazines in Yugoslavia carrying four different date lines. They use the Gregorian calendar, the Julian calendar, the Jewish calendar, and the Mohammedan Lunar calendar. But a magazine distributed in the Near East and India can go two better—it uses also the Coptic and the Iranian calendars.

The Japanese calendar is still different. This is the 2,605th year of that calendar.

All this calendar confusion gives piquancy to the report that the perpetual and unchanging calendar evolved by Lieut. W. E. Edwards will again receive U.S. Congress consideration in the near future. United Nations delegates at San Francisco reviewed the idea and expressed unofficial approval. China and the United Kingdom have also agreed to consider the Edwards Calendar.

It looks sensible with its twelve months, divided into equal quarters of 91 days, and having New Year's Day as a separate day between the end of one year and the beginning of the next. February would have 30 days each year, so Leap Year Day would come at the end of each fourth June as an extra day before July 1st—making an extra long weekend for Canadians every four years.

There are at least three other plans to reform the calendar, including one to add an extra month called Sol.

Earliest known calendar was used by the Chinese in 2357 B.C., which was two hundred years before Abraham and fifteen hundred years before Homer.

Of Calendars No End

According to the Aztec calendar current about 100 A.D., a year contained eighteen months of 20 days each. The five extra days at the end of the year were called "useless days". The Coptic calendar has twelve 30-day months and uses the five extra days for worship. This calendar is 2,500 years old.

Since the Chinese New Year begins at the second new moon after the day of the winter solstice (December 21), the Chinese New Year's Day skips between January 20 and February 20. The strangest New Year was set by the first Republic of France in 1792 when a national convention established a "Republican" calendar and began the year at September 22.

When the Gregorian calendar replaced the Julian calendar in 1752, people went to bed on the evening of September 2 and got up on the morning of September 14.

Using our present time system, Easter flits between March 22 and April 25, a worrisome thing to the men who design Easter hats—and to the ladies who wear 'em.

Perhaps one reason why Omar Khayyam was so preoccupied with time in the poem was that, besides being a tent-maker, he was also a mathematician appointed by the Sultan to help the astronomers make a Persian calendar.

Speaking of astronomers, it is interesting to learn that their jobs were not always sinecures. Because the royal astronomers to the King of China forgot to mark the 1960 B.C. eclipse on their calendar, it came unexpectedly upon the nation, and caused a near panic among the people. As a warning to other astronomers, King Chung K'ang chopped off his star-gazers' heads.

Do you know that while the Christian day begins at midnight, the Hindu day begins at sunrise, and the Jewish day begins at sunset?

The superstitious are always dismayed to learn that using the Gregorian calendar the thirteenth of the month occurs on Friday more often than on any other day of the week. There are no Friday the 13ths with the Edwards Calendar.

It was not until around 300 A.D. that the birth of Jesus was celebrated on December 25th, which, at that time, was used to celebrate the re-birth of the sun.

It is not true to say that 1946 is one thousand nine hundred and forty-six years after 1 B.C., since the early calendar-makers passed from 1 B.C. to 1 A.D. with calm disregard for the zero year. Accordingly, it is only one thousand nine hundred and forty-five years since 1 B.C.—but who cares?

Do you know that the Gregorian calendar enables us to gain a few seconds every year and even though we add an extra day every fourth year, we do not catch up with the seconds gained? Therefore, in the year 5075 A.D. it will be necessary to drop Leap Year Day, because the time gained in seconds by then will be equal to that extra day. Pity the old maids in 5075 A.D.!

Without any fancy instruments, a Babylonian by the name of Nabu-Rimanu tried to calculate the exact length of a year. He worked it out at 365 days, 6 hours, 15 minutes, 41 seconds, making an error of only 26 minutes and 55 seconds. This was about 2,500 years ago!

According to Spinoza, there is no such thing as time—it's simply a mode of thought or a rate of imagination. So why worry about calendars and all that.

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POPULAR WISDOM

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—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

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Borstal's Housemasters Make System Succeed

By ANDREW ELLIOTT

Borstal accepts young criminals between the ages of 16 and 23. Each one is set to a task that benefits the individual and the nation. The boy learns a trade that will rehabilitate him when he "graduates"; the nation benefits from such productive work as the manufacture of boots or filing cabinets for government institutions and the reclamation of salt marshes for market gardening. Some boys manned gun emplacements during the war.

Administration is more like that of a progressive school than of a penal institution. But of all those concerned in the Borstal set-up, those probably most responsible for the project's continued success are the Housemasters. These men are carefully selected for wide experience, mature judgment and a demonstrated ability to get on with people. This is the third article in a Borstal series by Mr. Elliott.

THE Departmental Report of 1895, which prompted the foundation of the Borstal System, included a very profound statement: "The age at which the majority of habitual criminals is made," said the Report, "lies between 16 and 21."

The present Borstal System is the outgrowth of half a century of study and experimentation. In that time, some original theories and opinions have been altered or abandoned. One opinion that has been altered is the maximum age of 21. That has been revised upward, and since 1936, Borstal has accepted young criminals between the ages of 16 and 23. Consequently in some of its institutions, such as Portland and Sherwood, it is not unusual to find men as old as 26, serving time. Some of them are fathers of families. They are, of course, culprits who had been accepted by Borstal at the extreme age of twenty-three.

Individual Treatment

If the English have shown a genius for reforming their young criminals through Borstal, it is the same genius that Carlyle defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. From start to finish, each offender is treated individually.

But every offender in the age group is not automatically sentenced to Borstal. Although each case is carefully studied, Borstal accepts only those who, after investigation, seem reformable. The preliminary investigation is an exhaustive affair and covers information derived from parents, schools, employers, police, probation officers, friends, clergymen, physicians and institutions. While it is being carried on and embodied in a report, the culprit is held in the Remand Home at Wandsworth.

The sentencing judge may, even when the Report does not recommend Borstal training, sentence the offender to that institution; in which case the Borstal authorities will concur against their better judgment. But if Borstal is recommended, and the judge commits the lad to jail or prison, the Home Secretary may be asked to prevail on him and have the decision altered. Such a thing rarely occurs, for most judges are convinced that Borstal is a more effective form of treatment for youthful offenders than short terms in jail or longer terms in prison.

Young British criminals do not like to go to Borstal. They know that once Borstal gets them they will be changed before it lets go of them. It doesn't matter that the change will be for the better; they don't want to be changed any more than the rest of us do. They would rather receive a short, sharp prison sentence for their crime and then return, unregenerate, to their old ways of life, without having their movements hampered by a long period of intense parole supervision, after they are released.

Another reason why young English criminals dislike Borstal is that everybody works there; and they work hard. Although a casual observer might think young inmates are mollycoddled at Borstal, the boys themselves know better. They work, but the work they do is all productive and has a social value which is intended to exert an inspirational influence on the workers.

One Borstal specializes in growing seed for Borstal farms. Another makes orthopaedic shoes for crippled inmates of Government institutions. While teaching the youths a trade, others make lockers and wheelbarrows and filing cabinets. During the war, many boys in Borstal shops worked on Government contracts, while other boys were employed on gun emplacements on coastal defences.

Quality Products

All the results of these labors, as well as the articles made by hobby groups in their spare time, are quality products. For instance, even the toy-making clubs use models designed by artists and approved by the Prisons Commission. The North Sea Camp is engaged in a project of reclaiming an area of salt marshes on the shore of the Wash, which has resulted in the salvaging of hundreds of acres of the best market gardening land in England. The material value of such a project in a country too dependent upon overseas food imports, gives the program a purpose that is all too often lacking in plans for utilizing institutional labor. The deeper purpose of reclaiming waste is so obvious that it needs no emphasis.

The sentence is simply to *a* Borstal. No sentencing judge has authority to specify *which* of the nine Borstals the prisoner shall enter. That is decided at Feltham. Nor can the judge limit the sentence in any way. It is set by law at three years and it is the responsibility of the Prisons Commission to decide how much of that time shall be spent in Borstal and how much on parole. That hangover from barbarism, the lash, is never ordered. Nor does an English judge consider it consonant with the dignity of his position to sound off with a harangue that may make good copy for the morning paper but actually has no effect on the criminal. The judge merely says, "I think the best thing to do with you is to send you to a Borstal institution for training."

The basis of the commitment is not vengeance or banishment, but simply the best thing to do under the circumstances, both for the culprit and for Society.

Potential Good Points

From Court, the culprit goes to the Observation Centre at Feltham, where a careful attempt is made to classify each youth according to his strengths and assets, rather than merely according to his liabilities. It is through the encouragement and strengthening of his potential good qualities to the place where they will overthrow his weaknesses, that reformation is accomplished.

At Feltham, the lad remains under scrutiny for about a month. Any medical, surgical or dental attention which he may need is attended to at that time, in order that his eventual training may not be interrupted. The psychotics, the feeble-minded and the social misfits are here weeded out.

The Borstal authorities, however, are not as awed by psychiatrists' reports as we and the Americans are. They argue that in every normal community, a certain percentage of people whose intelligence is subnormal may be found, as well as some whose intelligence is well above the average. The same is true of physical disabilities. But, in spite of their mental and physical handicaps, such people usually manage to get along with their neighbors. Borstal is not trying to fit criminals for Heaven, but to fit them in to modern Society. Hence, a certain number of dull and handicapped boys go to the regular Borstals along with the normal ones. Their inclusion admittedly makes more work for the staff, although it works wonders for the dull boys.

If the authorities at Feltham think the young offender will be inspired by working on a project of national importance, like the reclamation project at North Sea Camp, he is sent there. Or if his ego yearns for bulging muscles, and he would benefit from a strenuous gymnastic and athletic program, he may be sent to Portland. Or he would have been, before a German bomb demolished Portland's magnificent gymnasium.

The decision in each case is reached only after careful consideration by a small Selection Board, which assists the Commissioner or Assistant Commissioner of Prisons. The full case history of each lad is read through and the salient points noted. In addition, each lad is seen and questioned, often by the Governor of the Borstal to which it is suggested that he be sent.

It is impossible to have an institution to meet the needs of each boy, but, with the Observation Centre as a depot for all sentenced to Borstal, and the increase in the number of institutions, it is possible to bring together, in each separate Borstal, boys of approximately similar type. Not only does such classification serve to keep the boys with little experience of crime from the tougher ones; it also allows a divergence in methods of treatment to fit different types of offenders.

Work Eight Hours a Day

Although the type of inmate, and consequently the program, differs at each Borstal, the pattern of operation varies very slightly. On arrival, the prisoner is given a uniform consisting of brown jacket and shorts, and is put to work. Every inmate works an eight hour day. In some Borstals, in the interests of punctuality, they even punch in and out with time clocks. They are never marched in gangs from job to job. It is each boy's responsibility to be prompt. He may, at first, do menial work around the institution, but none labor as "trusties" in the Governor's kitchen or garden, or fag for guards. If the households of any members of the staff require domestic help, such help is hired outside. A job on the staff at a Borstal carries no perquisites in the way of personal service.

When a lad has earned promotion, he becomes a "blue" and from then on wears a blue jacket. Eventually, he becomes a "leaver" and sports an appropriate insignia on his coat. Leavers are the aristocracy of Borstal. Only they are eligible for parole. The average length of time spent in the institution, out of the three year sentence, is slightly under two years; and a lad is usually a "leaver" for approximately three months.

The expenditure of each inmate's leisure time is as carefully planned as is his labor. Recreation is not neglected. Every Borstal has football, cricket and running clubs, which often compete against local teams. North Sea Camp has Sea Scout Troops which voyage up and down the Norfolk coast. Others have walking and cycling clubs. Opportunities for indoor recreation are offered through each Borstal's excellent library, as well as radios, pianos, newspapers and games rooms. Concerts are given by the lads, and there are occasional movies.

Cultural activities consist of talks and study groups on such subjects as Economics, Current Affairs and Social History, designed to equip the boys with a knowledge of the workings of civilization and the modern state. Arts and crafts are represented by classes in such subjects as Architectural and Freehand Drawing, Advanced Drawing and Water-color Painting, Mural Painting, Woodcarving, Cabinetmaking, Clay Modelling, Pottery, Metal Work, Music and Singing.

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stals are indebted to the voluntary help of interested individuals, many of whom carry the expenses of the activity they have encouraged. An anonymous well-wisher has donated an impressive collection of pictures, which travels from Borstal to Borstal. Lord Nuffield has established a Fund to which parents of boys in training may apply for a grant to cover the cost of their visits to the institution. One Borstal, thanks to the interest of a neighboring antiquarian, boasts a Regional Survey Group which studies the antiquities and archaeology of the district. Local authorities also cooperate and Borstal boys regularly attend classes given under various Adult Educational auspices in nearby communities.

Divided Authority

The management of each Borstal presents a picture of divided authority which would seem in theory to militate against efficiency, although in practice it works very smoothly. Every Borstal is headed by a Governor. Directly under the Governor are the Housemasters, Matrons and that portion of the staff engaged in the rehabilitation work of the institution. Along with the Governor, every Borstal has a Warden, to whom the guards and taskmasters are responsible. The Warden, although he must cooperate with the Governor, is responsible only to the Prisons Commission.

Complicated as it seems, the set-up works out very well. The Wardens and their subordinates are as carefully chosen as are the members of the reformative staff. Both groups work together toward the same end: the rehabilitation of the young criminal. And both groups work in a spirit of cooperation that is refreshing to behold. All the staff wear ordinary civilian clothes and none of the guards are armed. Only the boys wear uniforms, and they are so smartly cut and well-cared for that they look more like the uniforms of a private school than those of a reformative institution.

If any one group more than another in the Borstal set-up is responsible for the project's continued success, that group is made up of the Housemasters. In some Borstals, as at Portland, there is one Housemaster for every thirty-five lads. In others, Lowdham Grange and North Sea Camp, for instance, there is one for every fifteen. North Sea Camp, however, employs no guards. The Housemasters are presumably free during the eight hours daily when their charges are working under the supervision of the Taskmasters. Actually they are never free.

Although their job can be defined easily (they are expected to reform the boys), their techniques cannot be so simply stated. Their success or failure in every case depends not upon a set scheme or plan, but upon a sincere desire to know each lad in their charge; to give a generous measure of individual attention to his particular needs; and above all, to care wholeheartedly for the lad as he is.

Housemasters are chosen for their breadth of experience, mature judgement, and a demonstated ability to get on with people. Although a degree is not a pre-requisite for the position, about half the Housemasters are University graduates. Printed at the bottom of the application form which every prospective Housemaster must fill in (and printed in bold, black type, so it won't be overlooked) is a note which warns him that any attempts to influence the Prisons Commission through Members of Parliament or other presumably influential persons, "will be regarded as indicating that the applicant himself does not consider his character and qualifications as sufficiently good to justify his appointment on his own merits, and may prejudice his chances of success."

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Wallace's Exit: Evil Portent to Moscow

By ALEXANDER WERTH

The British correspondent who sent Stalin the nine questions a fortnight ago and received his no-danger-of-war answers, variously interpreted as eyewash to an indication of a change in Russia's expansionist tactics, here sums up Russia's reaction to (1) Henry Wallace's resignation, and (2) Churchill's recent speech on the need for a federated Europe. Pravda is out to debunk Churchill's reputation as an anti-Nazi.

Moscow:

THE Russians are not happy about either Mr. Wallace's resignation or the Churchill speech.

The former is naturally interpreted as a victory in the American Government for those who desire to pursue an "aggressive anti-Soviet policy." True, *Pravda* derives some slight comfort from the fact that the "reactionary wing" of the Democratic party has won a pyrrhic victory, and that this "squandering of the last remnants of the Roosevelt heritage" will not be approved by wide sections of democratic opinion in the United States.

There nevertheless remains in Russia a disquieting feeling that the "voices of reason," such as those of Wallace and Sumner Welles, are being drowned in a powerful chorus of opposite opinion, and that the whole Wallace affair is another justification for distrust and vigilance on Russia's part.

Byrnes and Militarism

Pravda asserts that Byrnes's triumphant policy will, if pursued, lead inevitably to a revival of German militarism, and it quotes Sumner Welles in support of this view.

Comments on Mr. Churchill's speech are to the effect that he has trotted out a "mouldy, moth-eaten pan-Europe plan" which was an essentially anti-Soviet plan. *Pravda* dismisses Churchill's remarks on reconstituting the family of European nations as the "sort of thing we already heard in the past from Laval and Ribbentrop."

Pravda now also says that actually there was not such a wide gulf between Chamberlain and Churchill, and that Churchill "would have accepted Munich if only he had been able to trust Hitler, and that Hitler's great mistake, in Churchill's view, was in failing to keep the promises he had given to Chamberlain."

In other words, *Pravda* is now seeking to debunk Churchill's long-standing reputation as an anti-Nazi.

It denounces Churchill's advocacy of what it calls the Western bloc supported by America and his reference to the atom bomb. At the same time *Pravda* finds some slight consolation in the reserved reception given to Churchill's speech in part of the British Press which disapproves of the whole suggestion in the Churchill speech that Europe is "irretrievably split into East and West."

It may be considered one of the paradoxes that while the Soviet Union is constantly emphasizing the vast superiority of its own civilization over any other, it has never formally accepted the idea of isolation from the rest of Europe.

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ONE-MAN ART SHOW

W. J. B. Newcombe, of Toronto and Vancouver, will have a one-man show in Ferargil Art Galleries in New York, from October 14 to October 26, opening the season for the Ferargil Watercolor Gallery. Mr. Newcombe, who showed with the Women's Art Association of Toronto in January of this year, just before leaving for Mexico where he is at present painting, will be the first Canadian artist, not resident in the United States, to have a one-man show in New York since the war.

Two other watercolors will be represented in a group show at the Morton Galleries, New York, in November.

His paintings are of Mexican scenes and a similar show of Mexican watercolors, although smaller, will be shown on Vancouver Island this fall under the auspices of the Canadian Federation of Artists, Vancouver Island branch.

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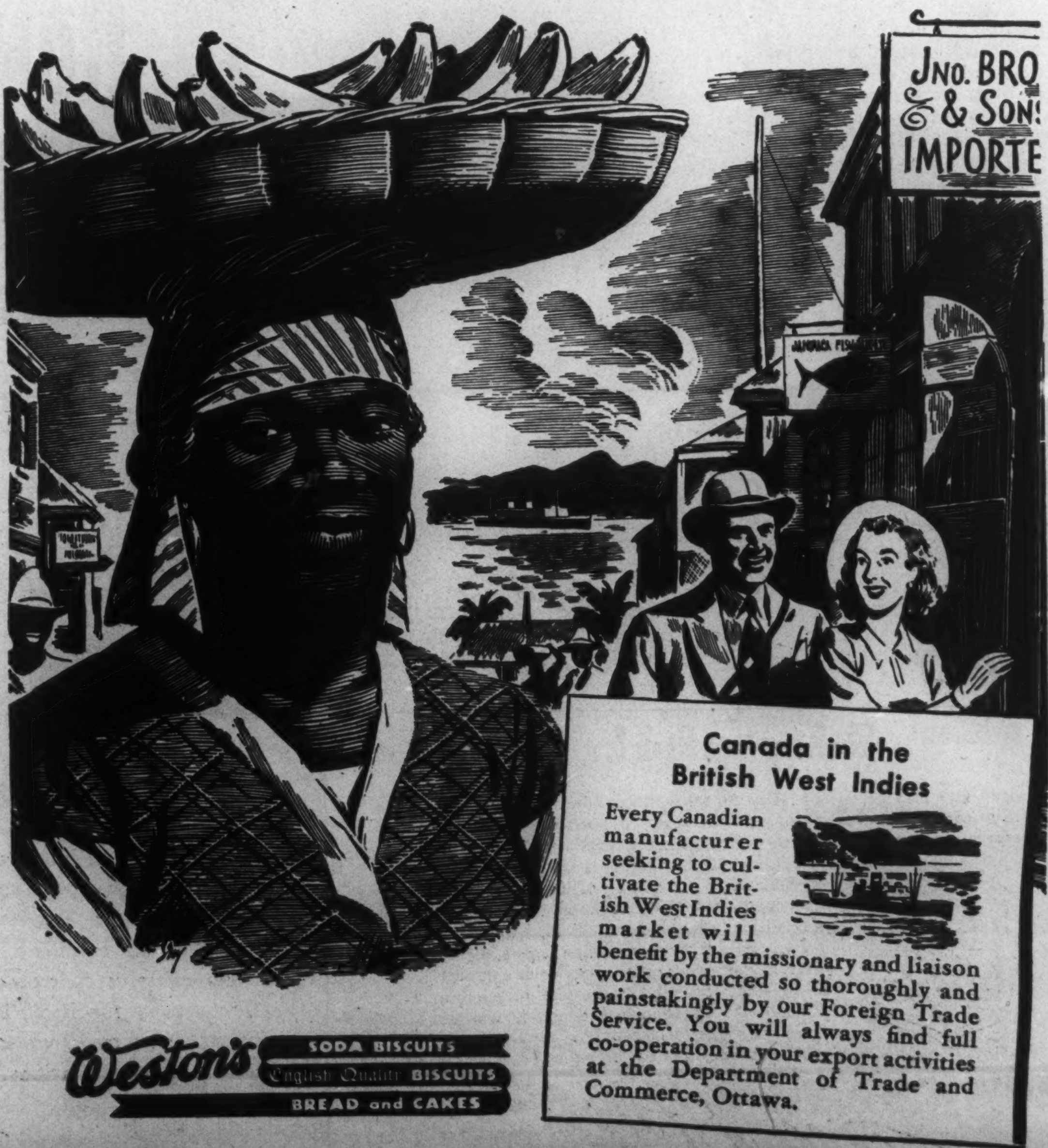

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Yugoslavia's Future Is in Peasants' Hands

By R. W. THOMPSON

The most vivid impression of Yugoslavia today is that food is plentiful but rationing is necessary to conserve supplies. Wages have been fixed and both husband and wife must work in order to live. Only one room is allotted to a family with one child and two rooms if there are three children. The town dweller suffers under these conditions and the middle class townsmen are being forced out of existence. The backbone of the country is the peasant and the writer believes that Yugoslavia's future is safe in their hands.

Belgrade.

THE first rains for months have fallen. There is a chill in the air. The broiling summer is over, and within a few weeks now the icy bitter winds will sweep over the Carpathians, and there will be a use for the fine sheepskin coats and jackets that fill the shop windows of Belgrade even at midsummer.

The new freshness in the air is a reminder to these people, made utterly improvident by their terrifying history of war, that the hardness of life is about to descend upon them.

In writing about conditions of living in Yugoslavia, or even about the way the people think, it is necessary to remember the extraordinary extremes of climate that must have played a large part in the moulding of this race. For six months peasants go barefooted and shirtless in the fields while the town dwellers, in thin, open shirts, seek the rivers throughout the long lazy afternoons to swim and to sunbathe. And then suddenly they must dress warmly to struggle against the intense cold and bitter winds.

The markets of every town and village have been filled with an abundance of luscious fruits, of paprikas, brilliant emerald and crimson and rich in vitamin C, of peaches and plums, of cucumbers, beets, juicy tomatoes, apples, pears, and every kind of vegetable. All these things, including the wine grapes that terrace the hillsides, are well within the financial reach of all even at the present scale of low wages.

In another month or two most of these things will be gone, and what remains will be more expensive.

Now, too, meat is plentiful—more plentiful than it should be in some parts owing to the shortage of grain and failure of the southern harvest that suffered so terribly in the summer drought.

The housewife can buy good pork, beef, veal and mutton at prices ranging from 30 to 50 dinars a kilo—that is, from 60 cents to $1.00 for a little more than 2 lbs. of meat.

Bread is also plentiful and cheap where it exists at all, but there seems to be little effort to conserve supplies, and bread rationing, which would be not only sane but vital in this country, is unheard of. Now the tables of every cafe and restaurant from north to south are loaded with more bread per person than the average Canadian eats in a day, while many peasant tables are without a crumb, and will be without a crumb all winter.

It is a very difficult country to assess because not only are there these distinct lives of summer and winter, but also the very different existences of peasant and town dweller.

Backbone

Generalizing is dangerous, but I should say that under this regime the town dweller has the worst end of the stick while the always small middle-class townsman is being forced out of existence.

The peasant is the backbone of the country. He makes up very nearly 85 per cent of the population, and he still maintains a semblance of freedom as we know it.

He is an individualist and often a freeholder of his land, and apart from selling a high proportion of his produce to the Government at a fixed rate he is still free to go to the market with his livestock, poultry and vegetables while his wife and daughters weave and spin and sew with a skill unmatched in all the world, thereby adding to the family income.

Because of the peasant this country does not call itself a Communist country, and in fact may never be one. The Communist party holds the power in the Government, but when it comes up against the peasant individualist it may find that a spiritual force not only exists, but is far too strong to be defeated.

Further the peasant is deeply religious and has thereby resources beyond the material. This winter he will need all his strength. He has not been able to husband sufficient grain, and in many of the remote parts of the land beyond the range of the inadequate transport system he will suffer.

But for the industrial and town populations the story is entirely different. They live already in something very like a Communist world. Industry and mines have been nationalized; the old owning industrial middle class have been broken, and in many cases are unable to find places for themselves in this new regime. Thus their remaining possessions dwindle steadily in exchange for food, and the future looms for them bleak and terrible.

For the rest the wage rates have been fixed—though there are variations from this—at a low of 2,500 dinars a month to a high of 5,000 dinars a month. Whatever you may think of Socialism or Communism it is certain that this range of reward is absurd. It means that a mechanic or chauffeur, highly thought of in this country that lacks technicians, is on almost the same wage level as the heads of industry. But at this level no man can live adequately and no family can escape hunger. One dinar is worth two cents.

Value of Money

Money is worth only what it will buy, and it will not buy enough. A single man with 2,500 dinars a month can just manage. He can collect his lunch and dinner at one of the many excellent food cooking depots for a fee of 800 to 900 dinars a month, or he can have either one of these meals. Most people take advantage of this system which works well, because if they are married the wife must go to work in order to live and if not, no single person likes cooking anyway.

There is a child allowance of 200 dinars per child per month, and this means that a married man and wife with three children cannot make ends meet unless the wife goes to work and leaves the children. Even then the result will be bare existence.

Rents are cheap, but housing hopelessly inadequate. A married man and wife with one child up to 9 years old are permitted one room. With three children two rooms are allowed.

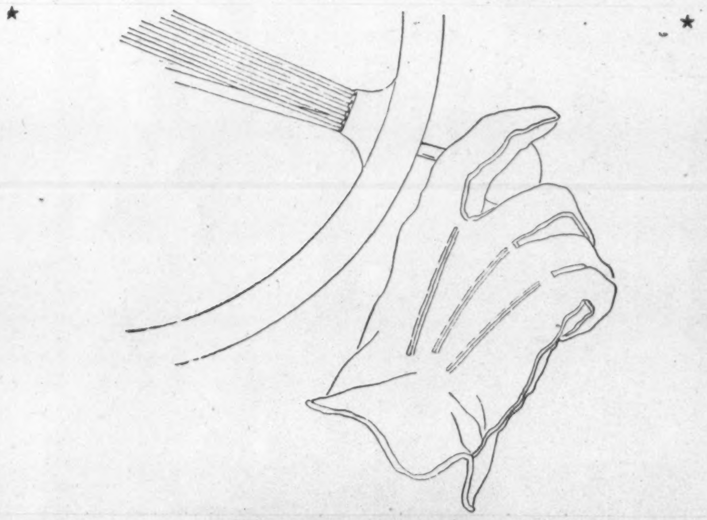
The Communists, therefore, who desire the destruction of family life, may well achieve it in the towns. Modern marriages are not producing children, yet the losses of war make children vital to the race.

Meanwhile the lot of the professional men, the directors of industry who in many cases were once the owners, is equally, if not more, pitiful, for the life they knew, even on a modest middle class level, has disappeared completely while the worker is not worse off than before.

Above all this sits the hierarchy of the leaders and the Ministers with their palatial offices, their magnificent motor cars, their official 12,000 dinars a month and their limitless expense accounts. No longer are these men seen or known in the cafes and the haunts of the people. They have become more aloof than princes.

And over all spreads the sombre shadow of O.S.N.A., the secret police, so that fear stalks like a ghoul in the background of men's minds, and freedom becomes a bitter jest.

Yet, I believe that the family and the future of Yugoslavia lies secure in the hands of these brave peasants whose courage and individualism has weathered the storms of the centuries.



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Citizenship Fixed by Three Earlier Acts

By T. S. EWART

The writer, an Ottawa resident who is well-informed on Canadian constitutional history and matters of nationality, says that the Citizenship Act has not created a new Canadian citizenship as described in a previous article (S.N., Sept. 7). However, the act has been effective in consolidating three earlier acts—Immigration Act of 1910, National Act of 1914, and Naturalization Act of 1914—which together had actually achieved this.

He believes that the Citizenship Act is a muddle of Canadian citizenship and British nationality. Its chief merit is that it has brought to Canadians' attention the fact that they were already Canadians by statute.

THERE are some statements in the article by J. F. Flaherty in SATURDAY NIGHT, September 7, entitled "Citizenship Act Clears the National Status," with which I am not in agreement. Let us examine some of the claims put forward for this new Citizenship Act.

"True Canadians will now be described as Canadian citizens rather than British subjects," writes Mr. Flaherty. But Canadians have had this privilege for many years. The Immigration Act of 1910 provided that "Canadian citizen" means (i) a person born in Canada who has not become an alien; (ii) a British subject who has Canadian domicile; or (iii) a person naturalized under the laws of Canada who has not subsequently become an alien or lost Canadian domicile." Domicile is defined and provision made for loss of domicile.

In addition to this Act there was the Canadian Nationals Act of 1921, which provided among other things that "any British subject who is a Canadian citizen within the meaning of the Immigration Act" is a Canadian national. This Act was passed for the declared purpose of making Canadian citizenship recognized internationally, as in the appointment of judges to the World Court instituted by the League of Nations. We appointed the judges and the appointments were recognized by the League.

The result of these two Acts is that since 1910 Canadians have been entitled to describe themselves as Canadians and that the new Citizenship Act has not conferred any new rights in this respect.

Hyphenated Citizenship

It has rather modified them, for Section 26 states:—"A Canadian citizen is a British subject" and so provides for a "hyphenated" citizenship, whereas previously it was purely Canadian.

The official Instructions to Enumerators at the times of the Census, as long ago as 1921, instructed them to accept "Canadian" as a designation of nationality and I was entered as a Canadian. At the time of National Registration (1940) I was registered as a Canadian. I was living in the U.S. in 1920 when it was necessary for aliens to register and I registered as a Canadian. The enumerator was doubtful about accepting "Canadian" and enquired from his superior officer but told me the next day that after making enquiries in Washington he would accept it. When returning to Canada I gave my nationality as "Canadian.". It was accepted.

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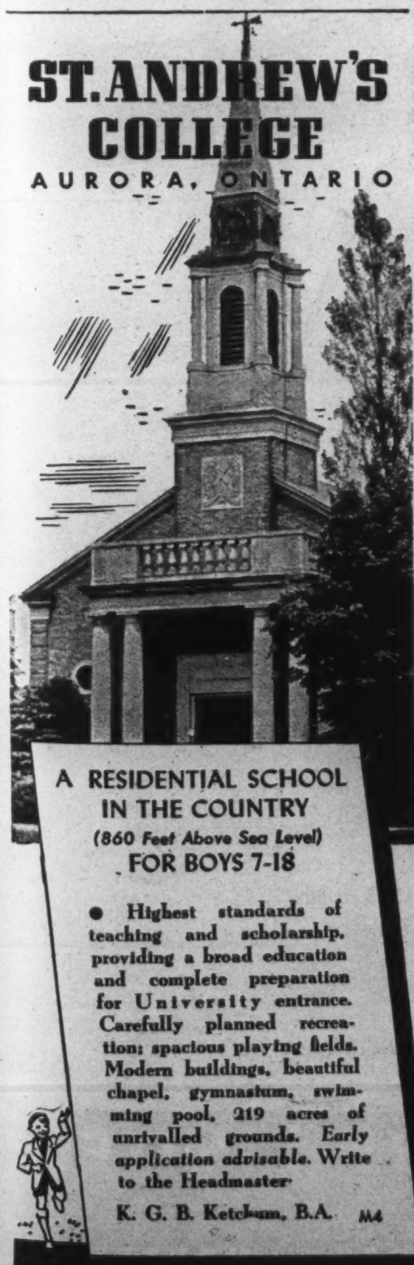

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Yugoslavia's Future Is in Peasants' Hands

By R. W. THOMPSON

The most vivid impression of Yugoslavia today is that food is plentiful but rationing is necessary to conserve supplies. Wages have been fixed and both husband and wife must work in order to live. Only one room is allotted to a family with one child and two rooms if there are three children. The town dweller suffers under these conditions and the middle class townsmen are being forced out of existence. The backbone of the country is the peasant and the writer believes that Yugoslavia's future is safe in their hands.

Belgrade.

THE first rains for months have fallen. There is a chill in the air. The broiling summer is over, and within a few weeks now the icy bitter winds will sweep over the Carpathians, and there will be a use for the fine sheepskin coats and jackets that fill the shop windows of Belgrade even at midsummer.

The new freshness in the air is a reminder to these people, made utterly improvident by their terrifying history of war, that the hardness of life is about to descend upon them.

In writing about conditions of living in Yugoslavia, or even about the way the people think, it is necessary to remember the extraordinary extremes of climate that must have played a large part in the moulding of this race. For six months peasants go barefooted and shirtless in the fields while the town dwellers, in thin, open shirts, seek the rivers throughout the long lazy afternoons to swim and to sunbathe. And then suddenly they must dress warmly to struggle against the intense cold and bitter winds.

The markets of every town and village have been filled with an abundance of luscious fruits, of paprikas, brilliant emerald and crimson and rich in vitamin C, of peaches and plums, of cucumbers, beets, juicy tomatoes, apples, pears, and every kind of vegetable. All these things, including the wine grapes that terrace the hillsides, are well within the financial reach of all even at the present scale of low wages.

In another month or two most of these things will be gone, and what remains will be more expensive.

Now, too, meat is plentiful—more plentiful than it should be in some parts owing to the shortage of grain and failure of the southern harvest that suffered so terribly in the summer drought.

The housewife can buy good pork, beef, veal and mutton at prices ranging from 30 to 50 dinars a kilo—that is, from 60 cents to $1.00 for a little more than 2 lbs. of meat.

Bread is also plentiful and cheap where it exists at all, but there seems to be little effort to conserve supplies, and bread rationing, which would be not only sane but vital in this country, is unheard of. Now the tables of every cafe and restaurant from north to south are loaded with more bread per person than the average Canadian eats in a day, while many peasant tables are without a crumb, and will be without a crumb all winter.

It is a very difficult country to assess because not only are there these distinct lives of summer and winter, but also the very different existences of peasant and town dweller.

Backbone

Generalizing is dangerous, but I should say that under this regime the town dweller has the worst end of the stick while the always small middle-class townsman is being forced out of existence.

The peasant is the backbone of the country. He makes up very nearly 85 per cent of the population, and he still maintains a semblance of freedom as we know it.

He is an individualist and often a freeholder of his land, and apart from selling a high proportion of his produce to the Government at a fixed rate he is still free to go to the market with his livestock, poultry and vegetables while his wife and daughters weave and spin and sew with a skill unmatched in all the world, thereby adding to the family income.

Because of the peasant this country does not call itself a Communist country, and in fact may never be one. The Communist party holds the power in the Government, but when it comes up against the peasant individualist it may find that a spiritual force not only exists, but is far too strong to be defeated.

Further the peasant is deeply religious and has thereby resources beyond the material. This winter he will need all his strength. He has not been able to husband sufficient grain, and in many of the remote parts of the land beyond the range of the inadequate transport system he will suffer.

But for the industrial and town populations the story is entirely different. They live already in something very like a Communist world. Industry and mines have been nationalized; the old owning industrial middle class have been broken, and in many cases are unable to find places for themselves in this new regime. Thus their remaining possessions dwindle steadily in exchange for food, and the future looms for them bleak and terrible.

For the rest the wage rates have been fixed—though there are variations from this—at a low of 2,500 dinars a month to a high of 5,000 dinars a month. Whatever you may think of Socialism or Communism it is certain that this range of reward is absurd. It means that a mechanic or chauffeur, highly thought of in this country that lacks technicians, is on almost the same wage level as the heads of industry. But at this level no man can live adequately and no family can escape hunger. One dinar is worth two cents.

Value of Money

Money is worth only what it will buy, and it will not buy enough. A single man with 2,500 dinars a month can just manage. He can collect his lunch and dinner at one of the many excellent food cooking depots for a fee of 800 to 900 dinars a month, or he can have either one of these meals. Most people take advantage of this system which works well, because if they are married the wife must go to work in order to live and if not, no single person likes cooking anyway.

There is a child allowance of 200 dinars per child per month, and this means that a married man and wife with three children cannot make ends meet unless the wife goes to work and leaves the children. Even then the result will be bare existence.

Rents are cheap, but housing hopelessly inadequate. A married man and wife with one child up to 9 years old are permitted one room. With three children two rooms are allowed.

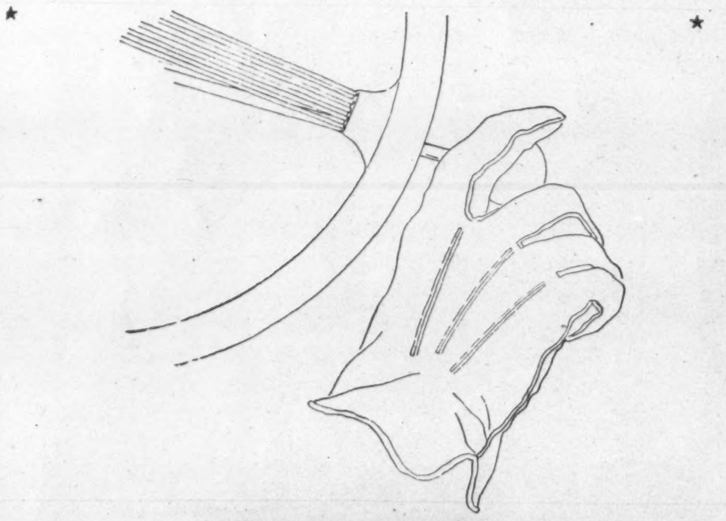
The Communists, therefore, who desire the destruction of family life, may well achieve it in the towns. Modern marriages are not producing children, yet the losses of war make children vital to the race.

Meanwhile the lot of the professional men, the directors of industry who in many cases were once the owners, is equally, if not more, pitiful, for the life they knew, even on a modest middle class level, has disappeared completely while the worker is not worse off than before.

Above all this sits the hierarchy of the leaders and the Ministers with their palatial offices, their magnificent motor cars, their official 12,000 dinars a month and their limitless expense accounts. No longer are these men seen or known in the cafes and the haunts of the people. They have become more aloof than princes.

And over all spreads the sombre shadow of O.S.N.A., the secret police, so that fear stalks like a ghoul in the background of men's minds, and freedom becomes a bitter jest.

Yet, I believe that the family and the future of Yugoslavia lies secure in the hands of these brave peasants whose courage and individualism has weathered the storms of the centuries.



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Citizenship Fixed by Three Earlier Acts

By T. S. EWART

The writer, an Ottawa resident who is well-informed on Canadian constitutional history and matters of nationality, says that the Citizenship Act has not created a new Canadian citizenship as described in a previous article (S.N., Sept. 7). However, the act has been effective in consolidating three earlier acts—Immigration Act of 1910, National Act of 1914, and Naturalization Act of 1914—which together had actually achieved this.

He believes that the Citizenship Act is a muddle of Canadian citizenship and British nationality. Its chief merit is that it has brought to Canadians' attention the fact that they were already Canadians by statute.

THERE are some statements in the article by J. F. Flaherty in SATURDAY NIGHT, September 7, entitled "Citizenship Act Clears the National Status," with which I am not in agreement. Let us examine some of the claims put forward for this new Citizenship Act.

"True Canadians will now be described as Canadian citizens rather than British subjects," writes Mr. Flaherty. But Canadians have had this privilege for many years. The Immigration Act of 1910 provided that "Canadian citizen" means (i) a person born in Canada who has not become an alien; (ii) a British subject who has Canadian domicile; or (iii) a person naturalized under the laws of Canada who has not subsequently become an alien or lost Canadian domicile." Domicile is defined and provision made for loss of domicile.

In addition to this Act there was the Canadian Nationals Act of 1921, which provided among other things that "any British subject who is a Canadian citizen within the meaning of the Immigration Act" is a Canadian national. This Act was passed for the declared purpose of making Canadian citizenship recognized internationally, as in the appointment of judges to the World Court instituted by the League of Nations. We appointed the judges and the appointments were recognized by the League.

The result of these two Acts is that since 1910 Canadians have been entitled to describe themselves as Canadians and that the new Citizenship Act has not conferred any new rights in this respect.

Hyphenated Citizenship

It has rather modified them, for Section 26 states:—"A Canadian citizen is a British subject" and so provides for a "hyphenated" citizenship, whereas previously it was purely Canadian.

The official Instructions to Enumerators at the times of the Census, as long ago as 1921, instructed them to accept "Canadian" as a designation of nationality and I was entered as a Canadian. At the time of National Registration (1940) I was registered as a Canadian. I was living in the U.S. in 1920 when it was necessary for aliens to register and I registered as a Canadian. The enumerator was doubtful about accepting "Canadian" and enquired from his superior officer but told me the next day that after making enquiries in Washington he would accept it. When returning to Canada I gave my nationality as "Canadian.". It was accepted.

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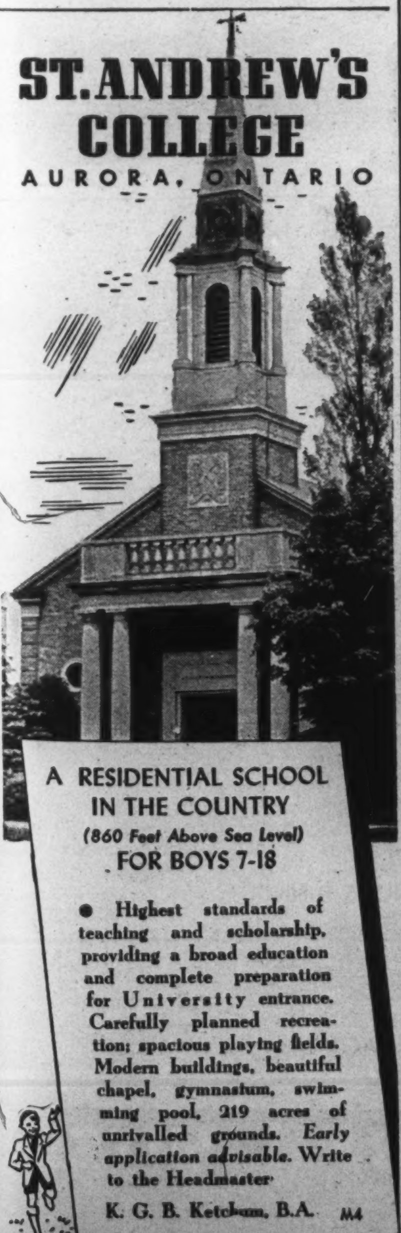
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Air-Time Capped Radio Course at Queen's

By GWEN MORTON HERBST

For its second year the Radio Institute at Queen's University Summer School this summer put some forty students over the various technical hurdles in radio production. The course was a bargain, offered coaching from 15 C.B.C. experts, including Rupert Caplan, the corporation's supervisor of productions, and was headed by Dr. William Angus, director of the Summer Radio Institute and specialist in drama at Queen's. While they were learning radio theory and practice, the tyros received "air-time", actually broadcast plays and other programs over Station CFRC-Queen's.

CREATIVE young Canadians are looking more and more to radio for their futures. To answer a growing demand for instruction in acting, producing, writing and announcing for the air-waves, several schools of the radio arts have opened in recent months. First of these was Queen's University Summer Radio Institute, which completed its second successful season in July and August of this year.

Forty eager students from many parts of Canada and from diverse jobs and schools spent six and a half weeks of intensive work in Kingston under the direction of Dr. William Angus, Director of the Summer Radio Institute and specialist in drama at Queen's. The pace was stiff. Three times a week the pupils went on the air over Station CFRC-Queen's, a 100-watt former commercial station now operated by the university for educational purposes. Meeting these deadlines with polished programs meant working many evenings and Saturday afternoons, in addition to the full day-time schedule.

CFRC is on the second floor of Fleming Hall, one of the grey limestone buildings that dot the campus. There are two sound-proof studios, a control room and the transmission room. A regular classroom is available for lectures, as well as a small library for informal round-table discussions.

Dropping in one August afternoon, I found a rehearsal under way in the control room:

"John, you're swimming through syrup a bit. The girl, you were off mike completely. Get in closer. And you—the old hag—get the grease paint out of your voice."

Perched on a high stool, the stocky man with greying curly hair and horn-rimmed glasses was Rupert Caplan, using the "talk-back" to give directions to a cast of students in Studio B.

"All right now, give me a scream by itself to establish the pitch."

Rupert Caplan is Supervisor of Productions for the C.B.C. He was one of a number of "big names" in the producing field who gave time and talent to the school. Howard Milsom, of Buckingham Theatre, and Kay Stevenson, noted for educational work, were two others who came to Kingston as guest producers for short periods. Elspeth Chisholm, also of the C.B.C., remained four weeks and won the respect and liking of all.

"Don't be afraid of overacting," demanded Caplan. "This is your scene—play it!"

The girl took him at his word, and let loose a shattering scream.

"You nearly blew us the hell off the air," Caplan grinned, "but that's the pitch. Now let's have the footsteps on the board. One length, then on to the gravel."

Just then a head popped in the door, and said in a loud whisper: "Anybody here for the glee club? We're practising in Studio A."

Whiffin Poof Singers

A young man and woman scrambled to their feet and made their way to the door through a circle of students watching Mr. Caplan direct. As the felt-covered door of Studio A admitted them, a burst of the Whiffin Poof Song came out. The glee club was an extra, organized when talent sheets filled out by each student disclosed that many had had choral experience. It proved most useful in making up balanced programs.

I wandered into the transmitting room, and found W. B. Adams discussing some technical point with Ralph Purser, an electrical engineering student-helper. Mr. Adams instructs in radio at Central Technical School in Toronto. He took the Institute course a year ago, and returned last summer at Dr. Angus' request to take charge of transmitting and to give some talks on the mechanical side of radio, rounding out the picture of what goes on in a studio.

A few steps down the hall Professor H. Alexander, director of the Summer School of English, was holding a speech class in the library. Vowel sounds were being practised. Prof. Alexander would ask one of the students sitting around the big table to read a passage illustrating "eer" or "ure" or "ow." The chosen reader then went to a microphone in an improvised booth in the corner and began: " 'How now, brown cow,' said the brown owl . . ." and so on.

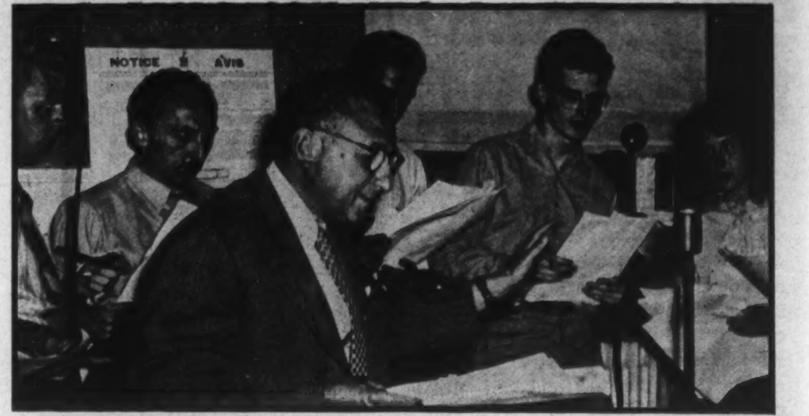
The introductory lessons in speech for radio were given by Gilbert Harding, B.B.C. representative in Canada.

Regional Voice Differences

It was surprising to hear the same words read by students from different parts of the Dominion and to note the little mannerisms of pronunciation peculiar to each. A voice free of local accent, as well as one without sloppy slurring, is required for radio.

School members had plenty of opportunity to hear their own voices, for a recording was made of each drama or talk at the final rehearsal or when it was broadcast. There were adequate facilities for recording, as well as a number of "play-back" machines.

A good number of the plays and all of the talks programs were written by the students. The youthful authors thrilled as much as any professional playwright when their own words came out of the mouths of others. Suffered, too. I watched Howard Milsom casting a tender young love drama by a student.



"Hold it!" says Rupert Caplan, Supervisor of Productions for C.B.C., to drama students at the Radio Institute of Queen's University Summer School. Behind him, l. to r.: George Hickey, Cornwall, Clyde Douglas, Halifax, Bernard Trotter, Kingston, and Shirley Elkin, Montreal.

"That's not what I meant!" she moaned as a cherished line lost its meaning by a wrong inflection.

In this particular case the authoress settled the problem by auditioning for the heroine's part herself. She won it, too, for I heard the play over my own radio later.

For practical work the class was divided into three groups. In these groups each student selected or wrote a play; cast it; rehearsed its actors, sound effects, music; and produced it—using the members of the group. The production was recorded and at the end of each week, during a "play back" period, the productions were heard by all and criticized by staff and students.

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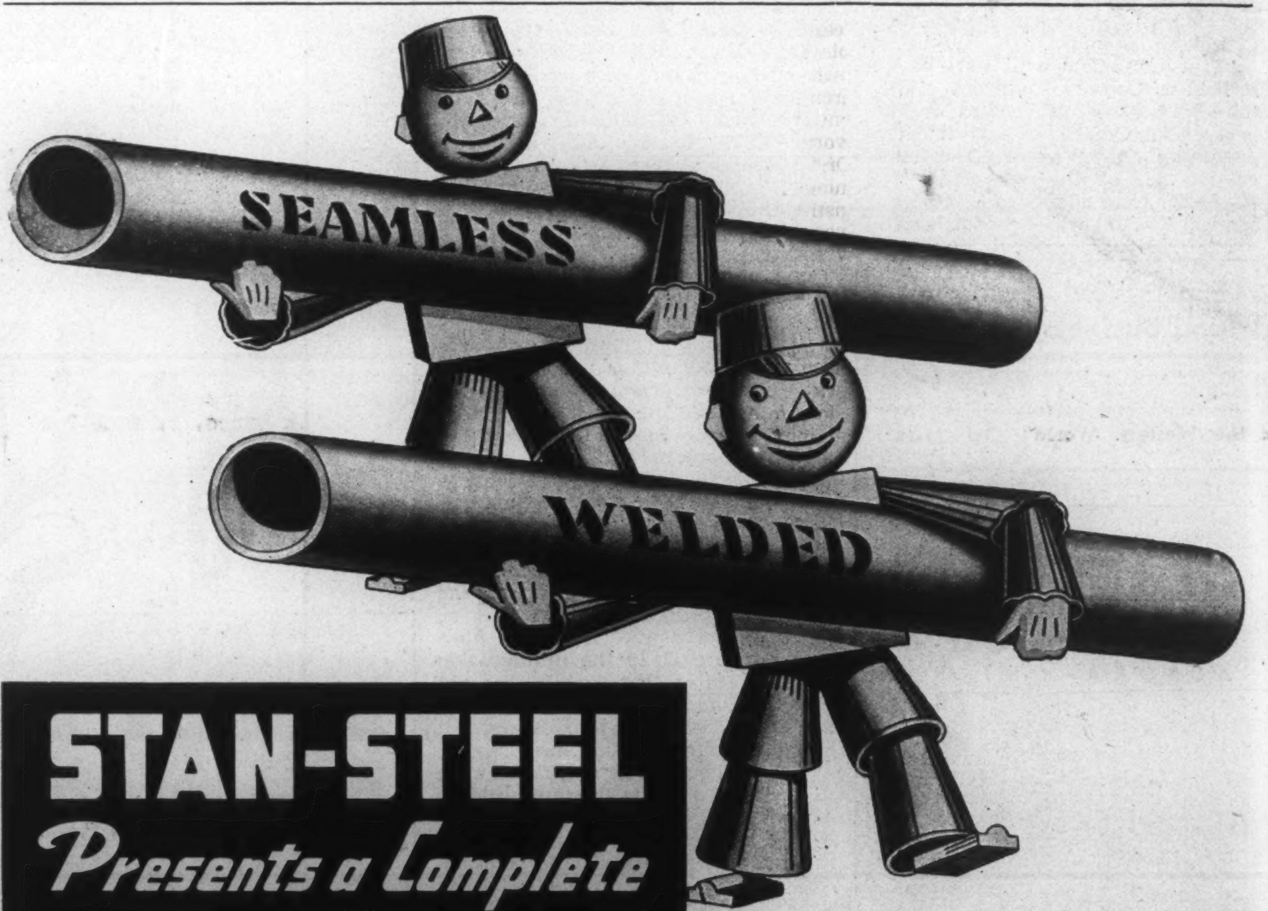

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script writing were given to the whole body by Dr. Angus. The director, however, kept formal lessons to a minimum, preferring merely to guide his students lightly, letting them work most things out for themselves. Original thinking was rated a prime virtue, and a wealth of opinions and ideas were poured out from the varied backgrounds of those attending. A number were veterans, some teachers, a few had just graduated from university or high school. One girl was on leave from the National Film Board; two or three young men were from small private radio stations.

The idea of starting a radio school actually began to germinate during the winter of 1943-44, when Dr. Angus and Dr. G. B. Harrison, head of the English Department at Queen's, attempted a radio production of the last act of Hamlet, in answer to a challenge from R. S. Lambert, of the C.B.C. educational department.

"We used students of the Drama Guild, and rehearsed it as we would a stage play. It was not a successful venture," admits Dr. Angus. "It was obvious that someone at Queen's should learn something about radio." Before the summer session of 1944 Dr. Angus went to New York, where he studied radio pedagogy at Columbia and New York Universities, and spent a good deal of time in the studios of the big radio networks. A start was made as part of his work in drama in the 1944 School of Fine Arts.

Jeanne Cruchet plays Pegeen Mike in the New Play Society's "Playboy of the Western World", Oct. 11-12.

Principal R. C. Wallace then took up the idea. He and Dr. Angus and Dr. Harrison went to Toronto, intending to try to interest C.B.C. executives in supporting a summer course in radio. The tables were turned on them; C.B.C. urged the course on Queen's. In the fall two C.B.C. men assisted Dr. Angus in drawing up plans. True to its promise, the C.B.C. gave the school a great deal of support, when Aurele Seguin, supervisor of educational broadcasts for the French network, instructed the full six weeks at the institute. Fifteen other C.B.C. people paid teaching visits during the summer.

Twice the Fee

This past year there were not quite as many outside assistants, and Mr. Seguin was unable to come because of ill health, but the school was on a firmer footing and didn't need them.

"I know of no other school in this country," Rupert Caplan told this year's class, "where you'd get the training and experience you get here. Here you get air-time while you're learning; you actually broadcast plays and other programs from your own station with your own staff from the first week on through the entire course. Why, that alone is worth twice the fee you're paying. Or," he added with a gleam of humor in his eye, "two days of my instruction and direction itself are worth the fee you pay. Let's get on with the rehearsal!"

Two of this year's graduates are continuing further study in Toronto at Lorne Greene's Academy of Radio Arts, one on a scholarship offered by Mr. Greene. All went away ardent devotees of studio and microphone, with hopes and plans for putting new knowledge to work.

Western Players Group Plans Extended Tour

by JOHN PAUL

The Everyman Theatre (the Western Canadian Repertory Company) has been founded "with the primary aim of providing Western Canada with its own purely Canadian professional theatre, working on the highest possible level." With headquarters in Vancouver, the organization gives young Canadian actors and playwrights professional opportunities. A four-province tour for seven months commences in November, with large and small centres being visited. Performances now planned number 140.

The main company will act as a touring unit for the four western provinces, while an associated group will operate as an apprentice school in Vancouver.

PERHAPS your community, if it is in the west, will be one of the many lucky ones to enjoy a spot of good professional Canadian drama this fall and winter. Because small towns and villages, as well as big cities, in the four Western provinces are being visited by the Everyman Theatre (the Western Canadian Repertory Company), a young and healthy national drama group.

The tour commences at Ladner, B.C., on Nov. 25. After that for seven months throughout the West, hamlets and cities will have the opportunity of seeing performances by a purely Canadian professional theatre working on the highest possible level.

During the 1946-47 season the E.T. offers Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Ernest", and as a representation of Canadian writing, "The Last Cave Man", a new three-act Canadian comedy by Elsie Park Gowan of Edmonton.

Towns like Agassiz, Abbotsford and Mission in B.C.'s Fraser Valley will have their own professional theatre season, short though it may be. And of course E.T. will play in large cities like Vancouver and Victoria. Centres in the other Western provinces also will be visited by the Everyman Theatre, including Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, Maple Creek, Moose Jaw, Regina, Brandon, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Maidstone, Kitscoty, Vegreville, and Edmonton.

Not only is this Western Canadian theatre company a real cultural break for playgoers; it's another spot in Canada for young Canadians to work in the theatre professionally.

Talent Outlet

Along with Canadian actors, artists and musicians, Canadian playwrights will find an outlet for their work in this organization. The founders believe that no regional or national theatre can exist as such without its own regional or national drama. Therefore, E.T.'s directors intend to encourage the writing of plays by Canadians for Canadians by producing them as often as possible, as well as presenting in its repertory the best plays of *all* ages and *all* nations.

Such a theatre is the logical outgrowth of the Canadian amateur theatre movement. Then it completes a circle of dramatic development in a nation. Able to give its full time to the development of the best kind of drama, a professional group sets an even higher standard for the whole amateur theatre.

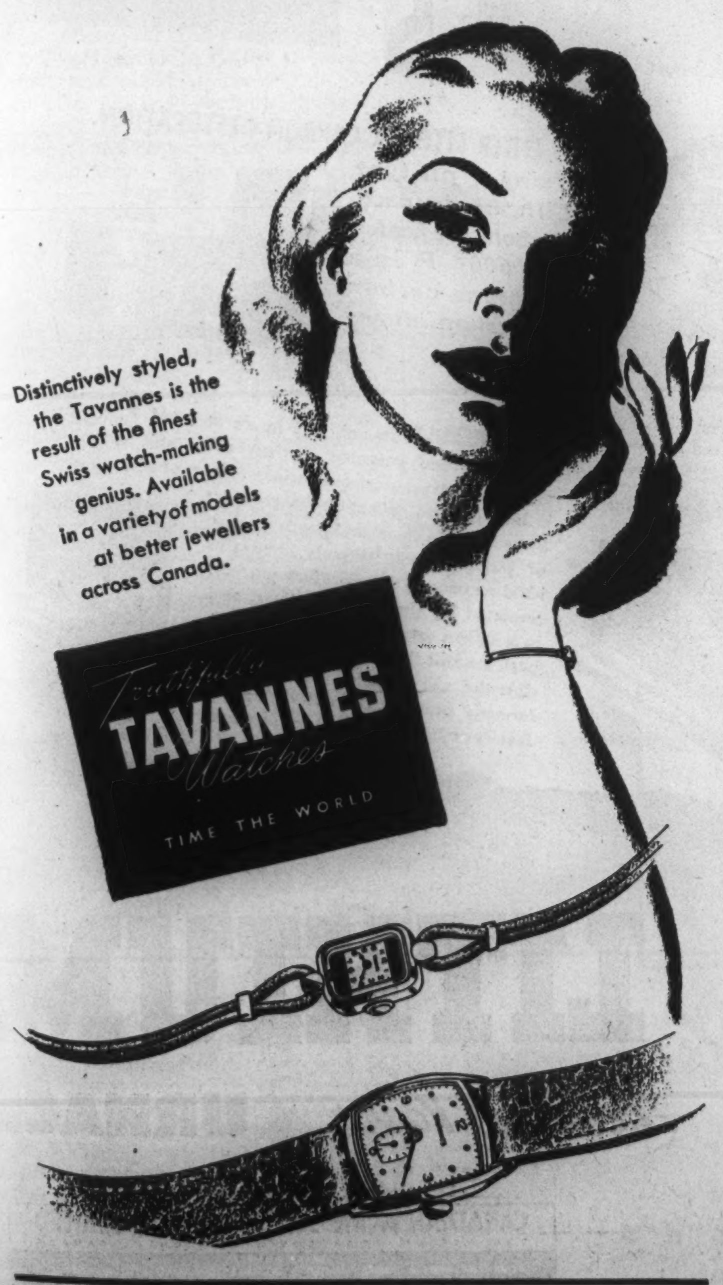
In the Everyman organization there will be no stars or leading players. It is the desire of the directors to train over a period of time a group of carefully selected players into a closely-knit ensemble. Already work has been started on training a small body of players in the best techniques of the craft. The resulting group should be capable of playing in the most satisfying manner many different types of plays, in which importance will be attached to portrayal of even smallest roles.

Sidney Risk, formerly of the University of Alberta, is director of the productions. Dorothy Somerset of the U.B.C. will work closely with the apprentice group. In charge of public relations is George Brodersen, formerly of the University of Manitoba. Headquarters of the theatre are at 1846 Westbrook Crescent, University Hill, Vancouver, B.C.

True to its title, Everyman will operate on real repertory lines, will not present one production at a time before preparing for another. It aims at building a repertory of several productions, any one of which could be given at any time that the public wanted it. Sole criterion for choice of plays will be merit. Each season will see revivals of plays from the classical repertory from Shakespeare to Shaw, and from Sophocles to Wilde.

Prices? They will be as low as possible so that every man—and woman and child—may attend Everyman as freely as a film. A number of special matinees will be given during the tour, and elsewhere students will be admitted at reduced rates.

Local organizations may participate in the venture, for the E.T. is planning to work through a series of local sponsors in the centres visited. Then, a fair share of the gross receipts—in case of full house, a handsome share—will go to them.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Citizens' Forum Is to Aid Adult Education

By JEAN ROSS MACMILLAN

Citizens' Forum is a listening-and-discussion group program arranged by the Canadian Association for Adult Education and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Every Tuesday night forum groups meet to consider questions of concern to all Canadian citizens. Citizen Forum broadcasts over the C.B.C. Trans-Canada network high-light the main issue and stimulate discussion in the groups. Weekly study bulletins and other publications containing background information are received by members in advance.

Citizens' Forum began its 1946-47 season on October 8. The subject to be discussed on October 15 will be "Controlling Atomic Energy." Subjects to be discussed later include Immigration, Industrial Relations, Education, Broadcasting, Housing, and Civil Rights.

"EVERY person who owes his life to civilized society and who has enjoyed, since his childhood, its very costly protections and advantages should appear at reasonable intervals before a properly-qualified jury to justify his existence which should be summarily and painlessly terminated if he fails to justify it and it develops that he is a positive nuisance and more trouble than he is worth. Nothing less will really make people responsible citizens."

So said Bernard Shaw in a radio address from London to America on October 11, 1931.

It is significant that this provocative remark was made at a time in the history of the world when a negative and defeatist attitude of mind prevailed.

The only way to make people really responsible citizens is through education. To have a truly civilized society every member of it must be trained to cooperate in its duties and responsibilities as well as to share in its rights and privileges. War broke out because there were not enough responsible citizens in the world cooperating in an organized effort to ensure peace. During the war, on the other hand, a sense of individual responsibility for winning victory was felt by all. Stimulated by every form of mass education such as press, film and radio, the energies of every citizen were combined and concentrated in a common purpose.

Radio is a powerful means of mass education. But, as a general rule, the individual citizen has little opportunity to take an active part in making his influence felt through its use. During the war, an interesting experiment in the art of responsible citizenship through the use of radio was inaugurated in Canada, originally known as "Of Things to Come" — A Citizens' Forum. The idea behind it was to "let the people themselves shape the future." This program was based on the experience of National Farm Radio Forum which was developing successfully throughout the country.

Citizens' Forum, as it is now known, is a listening-and-discussion group program, jointly sponsored by the Canadian Association for Adult Education and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Every Tuesday night from autumn until spring, Forum groups meet to consider questions of concern to citizens in relation to the family, the community, the nation and the world. This season, for example, the list of topics to be discussed includes Atomic Energy, Immigration, Industrial Relations, Education, Broadcasting, Housing and Civil Rights. Weekly study bulletins and other publications are provided in advance for the use of members, weekly broadcasts over the C.B.C. Trans-Canada network, known as "Citizens' Forum," are arranged to stimulate discussion and at times, appropriate films are used.

Listening Is Important

Listening to the broadcasts is important in these programs but their main reason for existence is discussion. Participation in discussion naturally presupposes intensive study and thought beforehand on the part of all individuals in the groups. A natural outcome of good discussion is that of community action, and interesting community projects have been the result in many parts of the country. For example, a Citizens' Forum in a certain town, after discussing Education came down to the question of "What's wrong with our school"? They decided that the first step was to interest all the parents. They, therefore, organized a Home and School Club.

Another forum in the town of X asked their municipal council for a "clean-up, paint-up week." The council agreed to donate $200 for paint if the forum would organize the work. There were just 15 people in the group, but they solicited the help of a service club for the painting of public buildings, and of the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts for the "cleaning-up." An interesting sequel to that story is that a person to whom this was told said, "That wouldn't by any chance be the town of X, would it? I was driving through it this summer and thought I'd like to live there. It was so clean and fresh!"

Public Meeting

In one area in North Toronto, three forums put their heads together in the spring of 1945 and arranged for a public meeting to give the residents of that area an opportunity to hear all the candidates for the provincial and federal elections. They sent out 500 invitations and secured an audience of 200.

An important factor in the usefulness of Citizens' Forum is its two-way communication. Every week the groups report their opinions to their provincial office and these are summarized over the air the following week. Each season a national report of forum opinion is broadcast. Reports from groups, when found to be truly representative of Canadian opinion, influence government action.

Citizens' Forum has no connection with any political party. Its purpose is to ensure a truly democratic form of government in Canada by training Canadians to think for themselves, to study important issues, to come to conclusions concerning those issues, to exchange ideas and cooperate with others toward definite objectives, and to take a responsible part in forming the public sentiment upon which government action depends. By its very nature, Citizens' Forum can play an influential part in shaping the future.

In the radio drama by Lister Sinclair entitled "The Day of Victory" a factory worker speaks as follows: "They talk about the Government as They. I want to start talking about the Government as Us. I want to feel responsible for the Government instead of having the Government feel responsible for me. If we do anything good, I want to get the credit because I'm the Government, along with a lot of other men and women like me; and if the Government does something bad, then I want to take the blame; because I'm still the Government even if it's doing something I don't like, and I still want to feel responsible."

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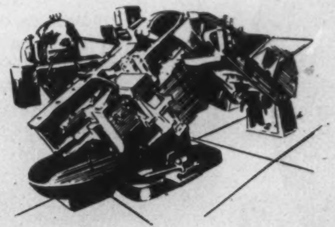
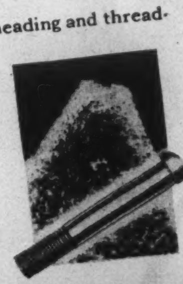
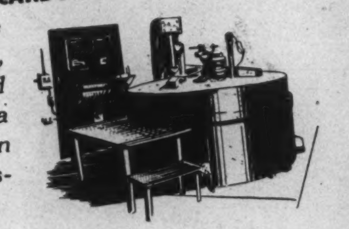


2. THE MATERIAL: *S.A.E. 3135* carbon steel wire, 25/64" diameter, fully annealed, surface decarburized .005—.015 in. total.

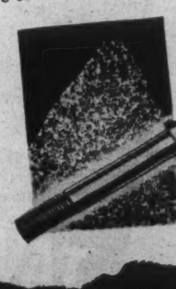
3. THE PRODUCT: After coming from heading and thread-rolling operations, a photomicrograph of the section of one thread shows clearly the decarburization of the surface metal to a depth of from .005 to .015 in. This surface condition is, of course, the same as in the original wire. On a stressed application, this soft, carbonless free ferrite would soon squeeze down against the threads in the nut with a resultant loss in tension.



4. ENTER LITHIUM CARBON RESTORATION. *Using a pit-type Lithcarb furnace, the bolts are heated to 1600° F. in a Lithium carbon restoration atmosphere.*



5. THE RESULT: In only 1½ hours at 1600° F. the bolts have absorbed sufficient carbon to exhibit a uniform crystalline structure from surface to core of thread. Shank is later ground on centerless grinder but surface is clean and needs no dip or pickling. Bolt threads have the ideal accuracy and grain flow pattern imparted by the rolling process, and in addition possess the surface hardness of a cut thread. This makes possible the use of rolled threads when formerly only cut threads were satisfactory on highly stressed applications.



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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Mile-Deep Ocean Layers Used to Send Signal Across Atlantic

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

SOUND can be transmitted directly all the way around the earth if the deep layers of the ocean are used as the transmitting medium. This was demonstrated by Dr. Maurice Ewing, associate professor of geology at Columbia University, who transmitted and picked up sounds across the width of the Atlantic Ocean and found that the signals had sufficient strength to have made a 25,000-mile journey and still be detected.

Dr. Ewing, carrying on his investigations as research associate of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, found that the ocean at a depth of about one mile has a sound transmission channel which permits signals to be sent extremely long distances due to a peculiar set of temperature and pressure conditions.

As a result of these investigations a means has been provided by which the depths of the ocean can be explored, the existence of shoals determined, the geological nature of the bottom ascertained, underwater volcanoes detected—such as caused the recent tidal wave in the Pacific —and a position-signaling technique developed by which the source of a signal can be determined with an accuracy of less than a mile.

Unusual Conditions

The peculiar properties of the ocean for transmitting sound long distances in a horizontal plane are due, Professor Ewing discovered, to unusual conditions in a deep layer at a level where the water takes on constant temperature conditions. The hottest part of the ocean is at the surface. Its temperature decreases at a regular rate to a depth of about a mile, and from there to the bottom it remains constant. This layer where the constant temperature starts could be called a stratotherm, and could be likened to the region in the atmosphere between the upper stratosphere and the troposphere, the latter being the lower turbulent layer of the air in which there is a decrease in temperature with increasing altitude.

Dr. Ewing used a four-pound TNT bomb as his sound transmitter. These were exploded at a depth of 4,000 feet. The sound waves were transmitted in all directions. Those going up and down at steep angles were lost in bottom and surface reflections. The ones that started out in an arc of about 25 degrees centered on the horizontal plane were handled in a peculiar way by the water.

Sound waves that started upward at not more than twelve degrees had their path gradually bent downward because of the increasing temperature of the water above the horizontal plane. As they shot into the lower layer of constant temperature the increasing pressure became the dominant factor and the waves were then refracted upward. The waves that originally started downward at not more than twelve degrees were gradually bent upward and as they entered the upper layer were then bent downward.

Conservation of Energy

Waves traveling in either direction were thus focused back into the original plane and became prisoners at this level. As a compensation their energy was conserved and concentrated and they became a powerful penetrating beam.

When compared with the speed of light, sound waves travel through water at a very slow speed, but when compared with the speed of sound through air they move very rapidly. They covered a distance of 1,000 miles in twenty minutes, or a mile in 1.2 seconds, said Dr. Ewing in his recent report to the National Academy of Sciences.

The greatest distance over which signals were received was 3,100 miles. A bomb was dropped in the ocean off Dakar, Africa, and the signal was received, measured and timed near the Bahama Islands.

"Simple extrapolation of the observed distance - intensity curve showed the signal dropping to noise level at about 25,000 miles," said Dr. Ewing. If therefore, a great circle could be drawn around the earth and pass through ocean all the way, the sound signal could be sent clear around the earth.

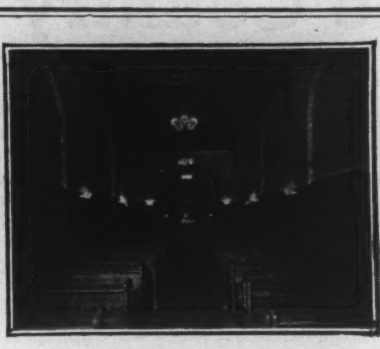
Islands cast shadows in this deep ocean sound beam. Dr. Ewing measured this shadow around Bermuda. He ran a line of observations forty miles from the island and found the shadow zone sharply defined and no sound heard inside it. He ran a line outward from the island down the centre of the shadow zone and found the silence zone extended for a disance of 700 miles.

The accuracy with which the sound signal can be timed would make it possible to locate marine disasters with an accuracy within one mile, if ships or life rafts were provided with the small depth bombs and shore observation stations were maintained. Or it would be equally feasible, Dr. Ewing said, to determine the position of a ship for navigation purposes.

In the course of his experiments Dr. Ewing heard sounds which he attributed to submarine eruptions, and he suggests that his hydrophone could thus be used to locate suboceanic volcanoes.

Excellent Tool

Calculations based on the velocity of sound waves on the ocean bottom revealed a relationship between the velocity and the geological nature of the ocean bed. Dr. Ewing points out that this ties in nicely with the theory that microseisms, microscopic earthquakes of very short period that occur every few seconds, are caused by cyclones in the atmosphere. Their period depends on the depth of the ocean and the mud or rock nature of the bottom. "This," concluded Dr. Ewing, "will provide an excellent tool for investigating the geological structure of ocean basins."



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R.M.Brown

FOREST CROP CONSUMPTION
10 YEARS ENDING 1943

	Per cent
Fire, insects, and disease	26.6
Pulp and paper	16.7
Pulpwood exports	4.1
Firewood	22.6
Logs and bolts	27.2
Ties, poles, posts, etc.	2.8
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National Library Must Serve Whole Country

By LUTHER H. EVANS

This article is of special interest to Canadians because of its discussion of the functions of a National Library, such as is proposed to be based upon the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. It is part of an address delivered by the author at the first annual meeting of the newly-formed Canadian Library Association, held in Hamilton at the middle of June. Dr. Evans is the Librarian of Congress of the United States and is one of the world's leading experts in library corelation.

PERHAPS the greatest thing about libraries is their capacity to inspire an ever-widening circle of friends who are well-wishers of the cultural centers they have depended upon for some state of knowledge, insight and enjoyment.

I am gratified that my work as Librarian of Congress occasionally takes me to American cities like Boston and Buffalo, to the Canadian stronghold of Ontario and to the very different atmosphere of Lima, Peru, within a period of a fortnight—because I know that the interchange of information and the mutual interest in new techniques of library service will ultimately extend the real powers of control over the materials of knowledge that society so vitally needs today. National libraries, often not by virtue of explicit mandate but more because the nation itself and other libraries look to the most comprehensive library for leadership, have the most direct responsibilities for ensuring cooperation among the libraries at home and promoting cordial, cooperative relations with libraries in every part of the world.

The original function of the Library of Congress was simply to serve the needs of Congress. This remains our primary obligation today—one which is carried out to the evident satisfaction of the legislators, by our Legislative Reference Service and many other service units of the Library.

Complex Problems

But since the Library was founded at the opening of the 19th Century, it is obvious that the realm of ideas has changed so radically, both in extent of knowledge and in the new principles and details within fields or straddling many one-time fields, that our collections have grown to mammoth size. They have involved the staff in many new kinds of services, and have imposed upon us serious problems of preserving the record of knowledge and insuring its control. The organizational reflection of this growth within the Library has been the increasing importance of some of the older divisions and collections, and the addition of entirely new projects and units like our Motion Picture Project. You have just seen some of our 414 miles of bookshelves. But one thing the camera eye is not suited to record are the complex problems connected with mastering the devices to make these constantly increasing books and documents, sound recordings and motion pictures, newspapers and manuscript *accessible* to scholars and general readers.

Whatever variant one may use in stating a theory of representative democracy, it is a common principle that the citizenry must be kept at a high level of information and intelligence if the democracy is to work. This belief is shared, of course, not only by the American people but also by their representatives in Congress. Out of this belief grows the inescapable responsibility of the Library of Congress to serve the thinkers, writers and students of the land in helping them find and use the materials of scholarship. Therefore, our second group of customers is spread throughout the nation.

Now you must clearly understand that while this charge is prized, it involves limitless demands upon time. Consequently, pretty soon in the life of a national library it is necessary to define the degree to which the nation may participate in the Library's activities, and the Library in the activities of the nation.

It is not feasible, for example, at our present level of appropriations to answer every request for books and information which flows into our Reference Department, our Law Library, and our other departments. We might like to answer more requests than we do, and we might want to publish more bibliographies, and keep all we publish at the uniformly high level that only some of our annotated, historical and critical bibliographies have so far achieved. But given the pre-war budgetary level to start from, the time for increasing that level was certainly not during the wartime emergency. Until there is a decided change in the amount of financial support, we shall have to content ourselves with the services to the country that have been available for decades.

Cataloguing

These are principally the devising and defining of classification and cataloguing standards; the sale of printed cards to some 6,500 subscribing libraries so that they may be incorporated into the catalogues of individual libraries. The cards themselves are supplemented now by the almost completed set of 167 volumes of *A Catalogue of Books Represented by the Library of Congress Printed Cards*— a collection which is proving to be a useful tool for cataloguing and bibliographical purposes. The Union Catalogue, maintained at the Library, is the central locational key to research materials in American and Canadian libraries. This repertory is of inestimable value to scholars. Should the hope of producing a more complete Union Catalogue materialize, and the Catalogue be supplemented by retrospective and current subject bibliographies of dependable regularity and quality, a great deficiency in library control would be overcome.

Naturally you understand the manifold correlated activities necessitated by our seemingly modest objective of keeping step with the increase of materials and new forms of record and duplication. It has been our experience that nothing short of a rational program of planning, that would divide the responsibility for the acquisition of foreign research materials among the major libraries of the country, would serve to fill the gaps in the library resources of our nation.

During the war years, we had occasion to acquire a kind of self-knowledge of our shortcomings which was at once valuable and mortifying. And we had to add to the shortcomings of our foreign collections of the pre-war years the inevitable losses caused by the interruption of normal channels for acquisition abroad. The Library of Congress realized that the national interest required it to do what it could to keep the important research libraries of the country supplied with the important scientific and cultural materials from abroad which were otherwise not available to them.

Cooperative Plan

We, therefore, worked out an arrangement with the Department of State and the War Department in their respective spheres, whereby the participating research libraries would be able to procure foreign materials through the facilities available to the Library itself. This was on the basis of a cooperative plan that allocated priorities to American Libraries in terms of financial ability, regional location, permanence of interest in stipulated subject fields, advanced research programs, and other relevant criteria.

It is the intention and hope of the Library, and of the forward-looking members of the American library profession in general, that these temporary emergency measures for allocating certain European and other materials will be only a kind of pilot project—to test the policies and procedures involved in continuous planning for the acquisitions of libraries on a nation-wide scale.

I have mentioned our purpose to provide more inclusive coverage of European and other materials in America only as one illustration of the trend towards modernization in library practices. It is a trend which is neither arbitrary nor faddist, but which is being forced upon librarians by changes in science, in technology and in political, economic and social affairs. Since the so-called "best minds" of our day have more to learn, more materials to investigate, and relatively less time in which to make their findings count, there is an imperative need for simplification and organization within libraries.

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National Library Must Serve Whole Country

By LUTHER H. EVANS

This article is of special interest to Canadians because of its discussion of the functions of a National Library, such as is proposed to be based upon the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. It is part of an address delivered by the author at the first annual meeting of the newly-formed Canadian Library Association, held in Hamilton at the middle of June. Dr. Evans is the Librarian of Congress of the United States and is one of the world's leading experts in library co-relation.

PERHAPS the greatest thing about libraries is their capacity to inspire an ever-widening circle of friends who are well-wishers of the cultural centers they have depended upon for some state of knowledge, insight and enjoyment.

I am gratified that my work as Librarian of Congress occasionally takes me to American cities like Boston and Buffalo, to the Canadian stronghold of Ontario and to the very different atmosphere of Lima, Peru, within a period of a fortnight—because I know that the interchange of information and the mutual interest in new techniques of library service will ultimately extend the real powers of control over the materials of knowledge that society so vitally needs today. National libraries, often not by virtue of explicit mandate but more because the nation itself and other libraries look to the most comprehensive library for leadership, have the most direct responsibilities for ensuring cooperation among the libraries at home and promoting cordial, cooperative relations with libraries in every part of the world.

The original function of the Library of Congress was simply to serve the needs of Congress. This remains our primary obligation today—one which is carried out to the evident satisfaction of the legislators, by our Legislative Reference Service and many other service units of the Library.

Complex Problems

But since the Library was founded at the opening of the 19th Century, it is obvious that the realm of ideas has changed so radically, both in extent of knowledge and in the new principles and details within fields or straddling many one-time fields, that our collections have grown to mammoth size. They have involved the staff in many new kinds of services, and have imposed upon us serious problems of preserving the record of knowledge and insuring its control. The organizational reflection of this growth within the Library has been the increasing importance of some of the older divisions and collections, and the addition of entirely new projects and units like our Motion Picture Project. You have just seen some of our 414 miles of bookshelves. But one thing the camera eye is not suited to record are the complex problems connected with mastering the devices to make these constantly increasing books and documents, sound recordings and motion pictures, newspapers and manuscript *accessible* to scholars and general readers.

Whatever variant one may use in stating a theory of representative democracy, it is a common principle that the citizenry must be kept at a high level of information and intelligence if the democracy is to work. This belief is shared, of course, not only by the American people but also by their representatives in Congress. Out of this belief grows the inescapable responsibility of the Library of Congress to serve the thinkers, writers and students of the land in helping them find and use the materials of scholarship. Therefore, our second group of customers is spread throughout the nation.

Now you must clearly understand that while this charge is prized, it involves limitless demands upon time. Consequently, pretty soon in the life of a national library it is necessary to define the degree to which the nation may participate in the Library's activities, and the Library in the activities of the nation.

It is not feasible, for example, at our present level of appropriations to answer every request for books and information which flows into our Reference Department, our Law Library, and our other departments. We might like to answer more requests than we do, and we might want to publish more bibliographies, and keep all we publish at the uniformly high level that only some of our annotated, historical and critical bibliographies have so far achieved. But given the pre-war budgetary level to start from, the time for increasing that level was certainly not during the wartime emergency. Until there is a decided change in the amount of financial support, we shall have to content ourselves with the services to the country that have been available for decades.

Cataloguing

These are principally the devising and defining of classification and cataloguing standards; the sale of printed cards to some 6,500 subscribing libraries so that they may be incorporated into the catalogues of individual libraries. The cards themselves are supplemented now by the almost completed set of 167 volumes of *A Catalogue of Books Represented by the Library of Congress Printed Cards*— a collection which is proving to be a useful tool for cataloguing and bibliographical purposes. The Union Catalogue, maintained at the Library, is the central locational key to research materials in American and Canadian libraries. This repertory is of inestimable value to scholars. Should the hope of producing a more complete Union Catalogue materialize, and the Catalogue be supplemented by retrospective and current subject bibliographies of dependable regularity and quality, a great deficiency in library control would be overcome.

Naturally you understand the manifold correlated activities necessitated by our seemingly modest objective of keeping step with the increase of materials and new forms of record and duplication. It has been our experience that nothing short of a rational program of planning, that would divide the responsibility for the acquisition of foreign research materials among the major libraries of the country, would serve to fill the gaps in the library resources of our nation.

During the war years, we had occasion to acquire a kind of self-knowledge of our shortcomings which was at once valuable and mortifying. And we had to add to the shortcomings of our foreign collections of the pre-war years the inevitable losses caused by the interruption of normal channels for acquisition abroad. The Library of Congress realized that the national interest required it to do what it could to keep the important research libraries of the country supplied with the important scientific and cultural materials from abroad which were otherwise not available to them.

Cooperative Plan

We, therefore, worked out an arrangement with the Department of State and the War Department in their respective spheres, whereby the participating research libraries would be able to procure foreign materials through the facilities available to the Library itself. This was on the basis of a cooperative plan that allocated priorities to American Libraries in terms of financial ability, regional location, permanence of interest in stipulated subject fields, advanced research programs, and other relevant criteria.

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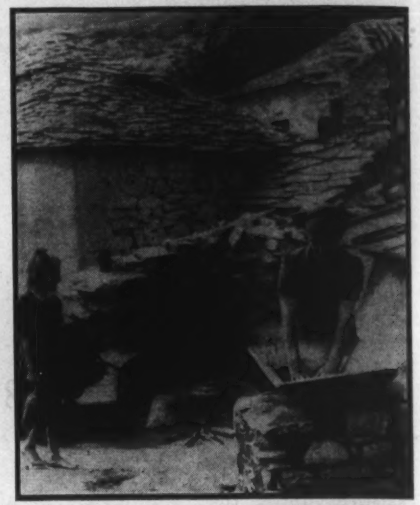

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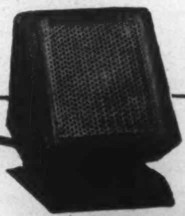

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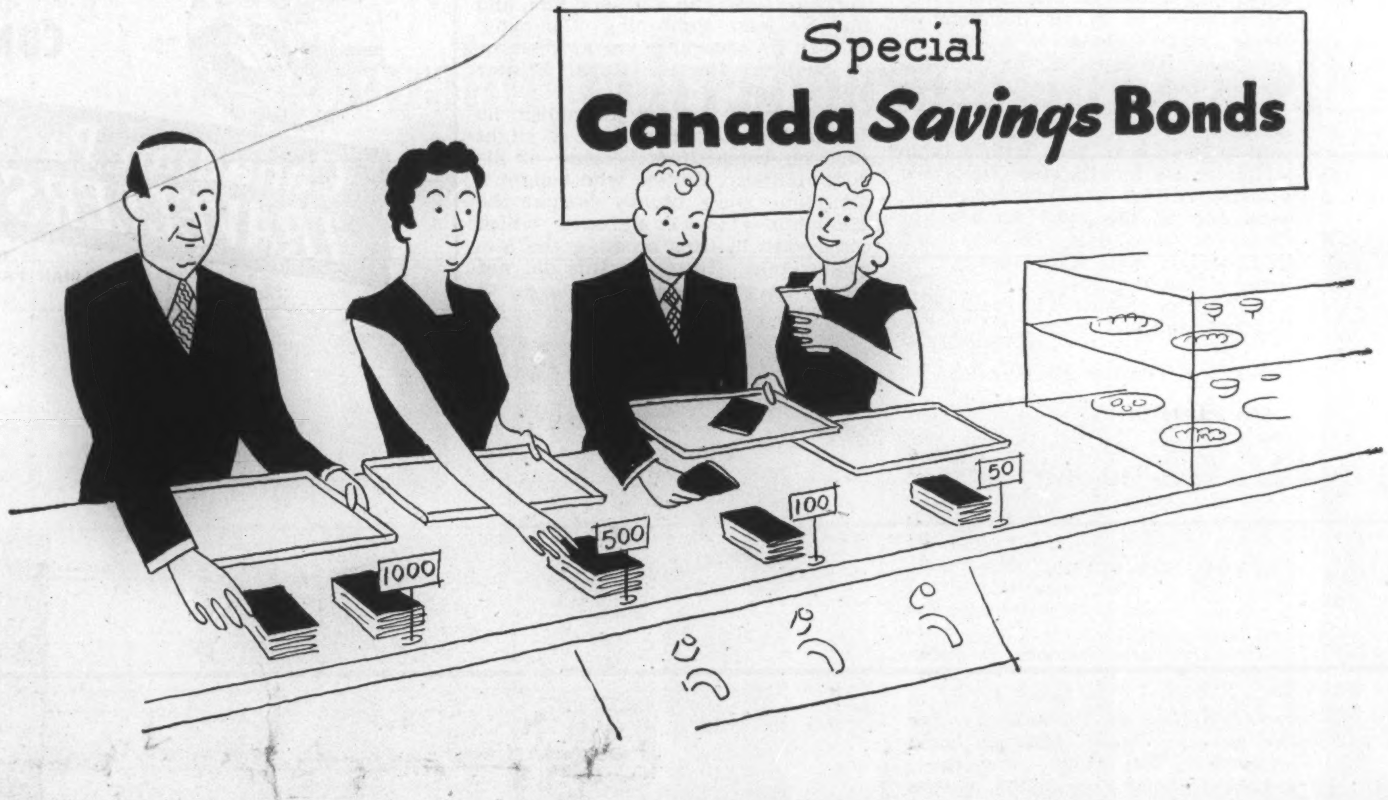

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Dan McArthur -- from Limericks to C.B.C. News Editorship

By ALLAN SANGSTER

EACH week-day approximately ten thousand words of news are fed into C.B.C. transmitters; on Sundays the quantity is somewhat smaller but still impressive. The year's total is somewhere between five and six million words, or enough to make about sixty novels of average length and more than average interest. Responsibility for delivering this vast flood of information to Canadian ears rests on the broad and capable shoulders of one man—the Corporation's Chief News Editor, Daniel Carman McArthur.

Dan (everyone calls him that so we might as well) is a smallish but well-set-up man with lively blue eyes in a satyric face which looks younger than its forty-eight years. His youthful appearance, as well as his youthful flexibility of approach to the many problems of his big job, are probably sustained by his active sense of humor and by his consistent refusal to take himself too seriously. Men who know news say that his directives on the handling of radio news are classics, but the kind of classic which lingers pleasantly in the average memory is the directive which he is said to have issued within an hour of the German invasion of Russia:

D. C. McARTHUR

"Stalin," it said, clattering off the teletypes into C.B.C. newsrooms across the country, "will henceforth be referred to in all bulletins as Uncle Joe. D. C. McA."

As might be expected, the typewritten and the printed page have always been prominent in the McArthur consciousness. Dan might almost be said to have been born with a typewriter in his mouth, since he is the eldest son of the late Peter McArthur, long one of the most eminent of Canadian journalists. He was born in Brooklyn, New York (doesn't remember how the trees grew), in 1897, and spent his childhood in the U.S., in England, and in Canada.

Keeping Things Balanced

"At school in the States," he says reminiscently, "I used to sing 'God Save the King' while the American kids sang 'My Country 'Tis of Thee'. Back in Canada I reversed this procedure—out of some childish idea of keeping things balanced, I suppose." The poet, Bliss Carman, was a godfather, which may account for Dan's persistent tendency to write doggerel and recite limericks.

After the usual periods in public and high school (the latter mostly at Glencoe, Ont.,) Dan spent a year at the New York Art Students' League. To no very good end, he says, although he still draws and paints as a hobby, and is now in his twenty-fourth year of cartooning for *The Canadian Countryman*. The cartoons, he thinks, are just as bad now as they were twenty-four years ago.

His somewhat varied education also included a course at the Ontario Agricultural College, from which academic field he retired with the annual award as best all-around man in his year. Other prominent Canadians who have won this honor include John Bracken, national leader of the Progressive Conservatives; but no deductions, Dan thinks, should be drawn from this. His greater prize from the O.A.C. grab-bag was the darkly handsome Dorothy Day, daughter of one of the professors, whom he married. Even in youth, apparently, his judgment was sound; the marriage has been unusually happy and successful.

In 1916, when he was eighteen, what we used to call the Great War caught him up; he enlisted in the fifty-fifth Field Battery and, in 1919, came back a sergeant. With that exception his life has centered around Toronto, where he has had many jobs in the fields of journalism and publicity, including service with the Toronto *Globe*, the *Farmers' Sun*, and the Maclean Publishing Company, as well as several years as director of publicity for the Royal Winter Fair.

In his early days in journalism he free-lanced, and here had a slight edge on competitors because of his dual abilities. Editors who bought a McArthur story usually bought the McArthur illustrations which came with it, thus boosting the McArthur take. But even this did not mean an income large enough to support a family, and Dan drifted into publicity.

In 1940 he was working for the C.B.C. as Press and Information representative for the Ontario region. The Corporation decided to give up its limited bulletin service from Canadian Press and to found its own news service. McArthur was given his present title and a relatively free hand, and told to get busy, and, the result was the first comprehensive radio news coverage ever established in Canada.

Pioneer

He started with what was on hand —nothing. He set up and staffed five news rooms in the country's five different time-zones (with a duplicate, French-speaking staff at Montreal for the French network); he fought the infant service's battles and won, and in those tense days of newly-declared war there were many battles. As reward he has seen his brain-child become the most-listened-to radio news on the North American continent, with a large United States audience in addition to its Canadian listeners.

He initiated recording in the field for his war correspondents, (Halton, Cowan, Herbert, Powley and the rest), and as a result won awards over the larger and wealthier U.S, networks, which had insisted on live-voice war reporting. The American Institute for Education by Radio, which sponsors an annual contest in the broadcasting arts, recommended to Amer-

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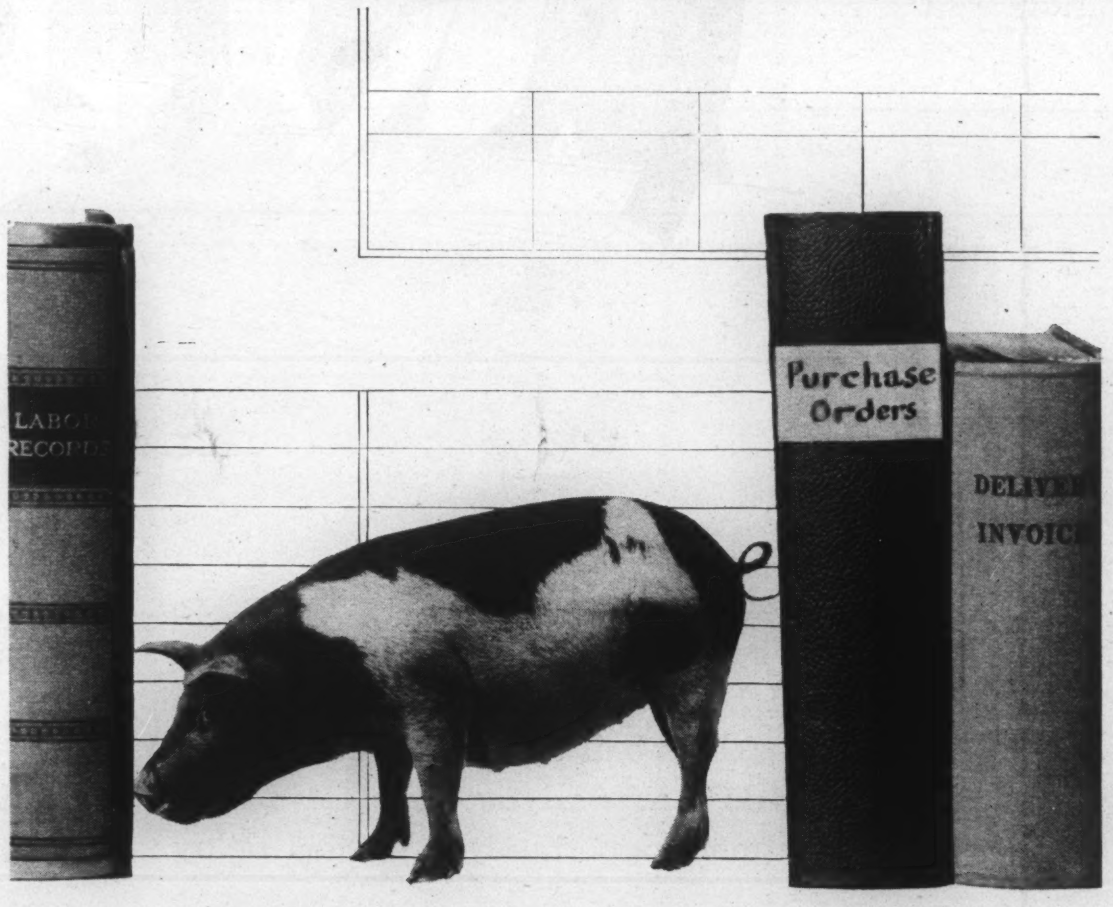

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ican networks their adoption of C.B.C. practice.

Much of McArthur's trouble as editor has come from politicians and others with axes to grind. Preferred target of these something-for-nothing gentry is the National News Bulletin, which has not only prestige and authority but a larger audience than any other Canadian program. In the service's first years there were many more attempts at interference than there have been recently. They arose, Dan thinks, from the inability of the politician's mind to appreciate the fine but sharp distinction between "publicly operated" and "government owned".

Attempts to use the news service as a political organ have been reduced by the courteous but unequivocal brush-off which is given to any one who tries to tamper with the national summary or any other bulletin. In the first place the working editors are hard to reach, since C.B.C. telephone operators are instructed to divert all possible calls from the news rooms. Any interferer who does get through, be he tycoon, union leader, or cabinet member, gets the standard answer which is always on file in the editors' desk books. C.B.C. News, says the editor pleasantly, takes its news from C.P. and B.U.P., and news releases, especially on political subjects, should be made to those agencies.

Political Pressure Is Out

McArthur has always insisted, and has made his insistence stick, that his editors' judgment shall not be vitiated by any semblance of political control. "I get the best men I can for those jobs," he says. "All the senior editors have had years of experience in handling and judging news. They make errors, occasionally, but it's better to risk errors in their judgment than to have people feel that they are forced to trim to meet political pressure."

C.B.C. management has consistently backed up his refusal to allow political expediency to contaminate the news. As to what might happen should this situation change, we have his statement before the parliamentary committee on radio broadcasting: "I feel quite confident that the members of the news staff, certainly most of the senior editors, would not continue their responsibility at all if they felt that pressure was being exerted on them." It seems a safe guess that the Chief Editor would not be far behind his staff in any such move. He has no reason to worry; if the worst should happen he could, probably within a week of leaving the C.B.C., step into a job with one of the U.S. networks at two or three times his present salary.

Oddly enough in a man responsible for some twenty per cent of network time and for putting millions of words annually into C.B.C. transmitters, Dan has seldom, since taking his present job, been on the air. Before that, in the days of the C.R.C., he and Robinson McLean, then a *Telegram* reporter who was later to become the first Canadian to broadcast from Addis Ababa, had a weekly program. It was called "The Canadian Bugle"; it consisted of snappy items from the papers set to music (piano and accordion), and it was summarily taken off after, as the radio people say, "three occasions". Dan is an interesting and amusing speaker and has done a good deal of luncheon lecturing but, despite his early experience, the microphone disconcerts him.

Bill Hardman, 22, of Cheshire, England, who lost both hands and arms at Benghazi, can now use tools, shave and write with special attachments.

"Final authority for decisions on news policy and style," say the C.B.C. Internal Rules and Regulations, "rests with the Chief Editor." The section on news, written mostly by that Chief Editor, begins with a sentence which tells a good deal about him and indicates why his department has maintained so high a standard: "The policy which guides operations of the C.B.C. National News Service is based on the primary conception that this service is in the nature of a public trust."

In the fulfilment of that trust McArthur works himself and his staff to the limit. "He's a hard-driving egg," says one of the senior editors. "He demands hard work, accuracy, and perfection of detail. Exacting as hell, but that's what keeps the boys on the bit."

The working editors, on the whole, are very fond of their chief, in spite of the severe demands he makes upon them. One or two, however, have been grumbling a little in the last year or so. "McArthur's changed," they say. "He used to be a regular guy, but now he's harder to get along with."

"The reason for that," Dan retorts, "is not in me—I haven't changed. It's in the boys themselves. It arises from the current shortage of liquor."

Back in the 'twenties the McArthurs bought Lilac Lodge, the big old house in Weston where they have since lived. The old gentleman who sold it to them remarked casually that it was a big house, and fine for a large family. The suggestion fell upon receptive ears—there were two children when they bought the house; now there are six.

Even in this apparent madness there seems to have been method. "When I retire," Dan says, "I am going to become a dirty, tobacco-chewing old man. Then the kids will each be glad to pay me five dollars a week to stay away from them."

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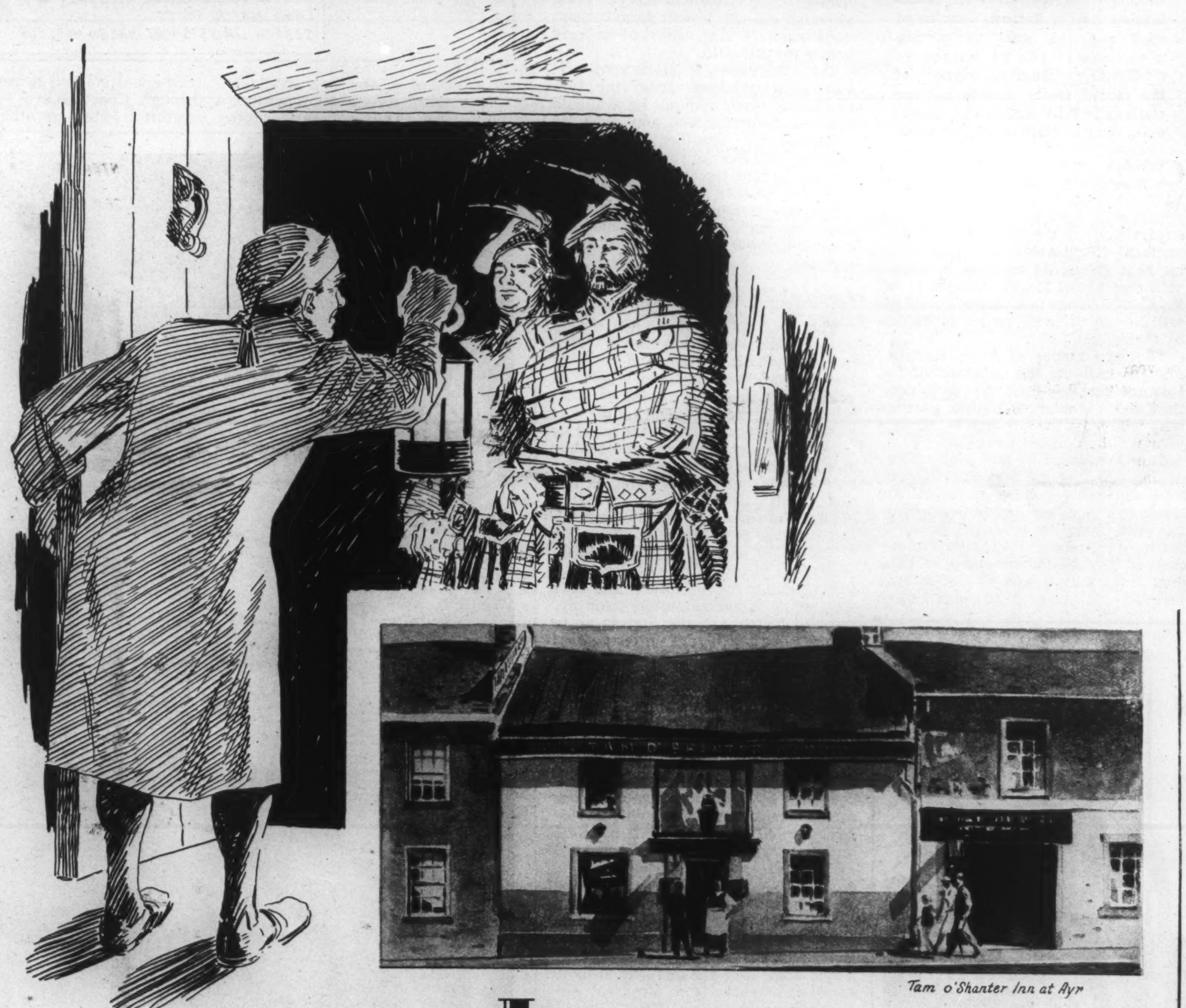

Tam o'Shanter Inn at Ayr

IN the highlands of Scotland, it is the right of any traveller who has journeyed more than twenty-five miles to arouse the innkeeper at any hour of the day or night and demand "reasonable refreshment".

Nowadays, mine host may ask you to sign the visitors' book if you arrive after closing time, but he will still make you welcome.

If perchance you visit the Old Country someday you will find a simple hospitality inherited through the ages and as much a part of tradition as the birthplace of Robbie Burns or the changing of the guard before Buckingham Palace.

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Floating Met Stations Guide Ocean Flights

By ROSS WILLMOT

During the war 20 secret weather stations, many as anchored ships in the North Atlantic, helped bring success to the essential program of ferrying thousands of bombers from Montreal airport to Great Britain. Canada helped establish them. Now only four remain. But the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization, anticipating a peacetime transatlantic traffic of 200,000 passengers annually, has recognized the need of these stations for safe ocean flying, air-sea rescue facilities, and general meteorological information. By July, 1947, it will have established 13. Canada will be financially responsible for maintaining half a station, may even man one, as well as giving meteorological service to P.I.C.A.O. Canada's signer of the recent treaty setting up the stations is P.I.C.A.O.'s vice-chairman, Anson McKim of Montreal.

CANADA has agreed to be responsible for half the cost of one of the 13 North Atlantic weather observation stations to be established under the supervision of the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization by next July. At most each station will cost about $1,000,000 a year, but P.I.C.A.O. thinks that airline operators will be saved twice as much as this by their use.

The importance of these facilities may be seen by the estimate of Dr. Edward Warner, P.I.C.A.O. president, that the number of 100,000 persons who will cross the Atlantic by air this year will be doubled next year.

Canada's share in the joint undertaking is a fair one and was dictated by a fairly large stake in North Atlantic flying. Apportioning the operating costs was the principal problem facing the recent P.I.C.A.O. conference of North Atlantic states in London, but finally it was decided that a formula of the percentage total weekly transatlantic flights should serve as a basis for the dues. The United States, which is doing about 65 per cent of North Atlantic flying, will provide and maintain eight stations, as well as the station between Labrador and Greenland which it will provide in cooperation with Canada. Great Britain will supply two and share in the operation of a third with Norway and Sweden. France will be responsible for one and Belgium and the Netherlands will operate the thirteenth jointly.

Ireland is to pay £5,000 annually as her share. Denmark and Iceland, it was generally agreed, should be exempt from payment as their participation in North Atlantic flying is small. Portugal was also exempted because of her flying facilities in the Azores. Spain also will not pay dues, although she will benefit from the stations even if she does not operate across the Atlantic.

The Canadian-U.S. station will require appropriations from the U.S. Congress, which may not be available until next summer and may delay its establishment. The form of Canadian participation has not yet been decided; but it may take the form of the operation of a weather ship, at least two of which are required for each station to relieve each other, a financial contribution, or even other meteorological services.

Critical Flying Months

The P.I.C.A.O. Council has recommended that such interested major states as Great Britain and the U.S. operate as many of their vessels as possible during the coming critical winter flying months. During the war these countries maintained as many as 20 of these highly secret stations, but this number has now dropped to four, with consequent risk to flying in the area. This winter there will probably be five in operation, four from the U.S. and one from Britain.

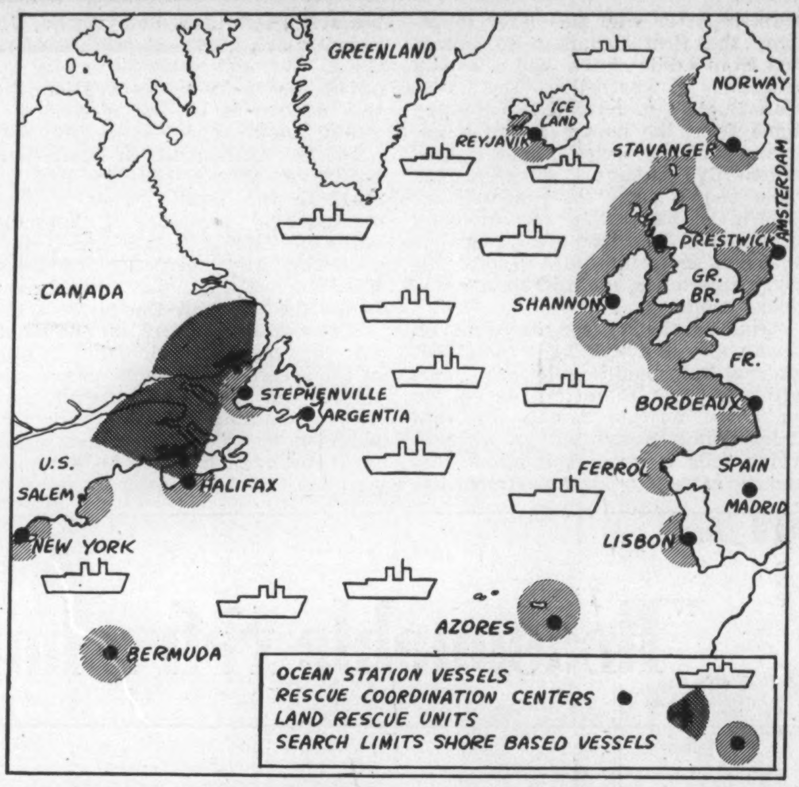
The ocean weather stations will be located at strategic points chosen by P.I.C.A.O., so as to afford the best weather forecasting services for flying the North Atlantic and so as to cover the principal international routes flown. Benefits to be derived from them, according to P.I.C.A.O., are increased regularity, economy and safety of air transport operation, as well as substantial increases in payload capacity.

The stations will also provide fixed points to which an aircraft in distress could fly with more chance of rescue of its occupants. They will provide navigational aids to aircraft by radio and there would be incidental benefits to shipping, fishing, agriculture and other non-navigation activities which are dependent on weather forecasts. Ordinary weather forecasts for Canadians were recently greatly improved as the result of wartime facilities, which made safe the ferrying of thousands of bombers from Montreal Airport during the war to Great Britain.

Vessels to be used in this work will vary according to the type available to the country conducting operation of the service. They will range from trawlers at stations nearest the shore, through Coast Guard vessels, small aircraft carriers or other naval vessels, to Liberty ships. These vessels will be at least 200 feet in length with a displacement of 1,300 tons and will combine seaworthiness with a steady platform necessary for the meteorological work being done. They will have to be large enough to carry enough fuel that it will not be necessary to relieve them at frequent intervals and provide enough space and facilities for a fairly large crew. The U.S. will probably use 2,300 ton frigates operated by the Coast Guard.

Meteorological services would include synoptic weather observations at three hour intervals, radiosonde observations twice daily and upper wind calculations four times daily, as well as special work when required. Air-sea rescue activities would include maintenance of continuous radio guard on emergency distress frequencies, homing signals for aircraft wishing to reach the vessel or get its position, and actual rescue operations.

Signer of the treaty for Canada was Anson C. McKim, of Montreal, Canadian delegate to the P.I.C.A.O. Council, who was honored at the meeting by being made its vice-chairman and chairman of the Finance Commission. Accompanying him was P. D. McTaggart Cowan, meteorologist of the Department of Transport, now at Toronto. During the war Mr. McTaggart Cowan was chief meteorologist at Montreal Airport and well knows the value of these stations.



ANSON C. McKIM

ECCO KEY CHAINS Complement TO GOOD STYLE

Sterling Silver
$4.00 to $9.00
•
Gold Filled
$6.00 to $13.50

SOLD BY LEADING JEWELLERS EVERYWHERE

INSIST ON ECCO

MANUFACTURED BY THE ELECTRIC CHAIN COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, 171 JOHN STREET, TORONTO 28, ONT.

"our fountain's gone all-out for cleanliness....we use

DIXIE CUPS and VORTEX CUPS

"No bothersome dishwashing.... service at a 'Dixie fountain' is bound to be cleaner, quicker, quieter, smoother, safer. You can't pick up another fellow's cold from a cup that's used once, then flipped into the waste can....It *tastes* better in a Dixie or Vortex Cup because you know it's *clean.*"

DIXIE CUP COMPANY (CANADA) LTD., 100 STERLING ROAD, TORONTO, CANADA

VERSE OF TODAY

Of People and Places

WHY do these people who come from the West
To live in Toronto, the Good—and the best—
Continue to sing like ecstatic canaries
The glories of Nature and men from the Prairies?

Why do these people who come from the East
To live in Vancouver, on mountains to feast,
Extol with an ardor that no one can check
A superior culture they find in Quebec?

When in the East, to it I am loyal;
Discourse on the Arts and the view from Mount Royal:
And when in the West, I am like to a fountain
In gushing forth praises of prairie and mountain.

Yet what are the mountains if lacking a friend,
And what price this culture so many defend?
The East has its something, the West has its too,
And if they be different, what difference to you?

So let's make a compact and let's sign a truce
To abandon this quibbling, dispense with abuse;
And that be it Regina or Trois Rivières,
We eulogize each — at least while we're there!

HELEN JOHNS

•

SOUND OF SCYTHES

ONCE I passed through Salem,
A quiet country flower;
A bridge, a mill and an ancient house
With a farm-bell in its tower.
And another house whose garden
Was terraced down to a road
Where the only loiterers I could see
Were groups of goldenrod.

No one stirred in the street of Salem,
But it did not seem forlorn,
Age had not dulled its dreaming—
To a dream it had been born.
Or so I thought of Salem
As the world went up in flame,
I could hear the farm-bell call the hands
And see them as they came;

And hear the green fields chanting
A promise from afar,
And the sound of scythes persisting
Against the thrust of war.
And without the faith of Salem
(Or whatever its name may be)
Some of us wouldn't have slept so sound
Whether on land or sea!

KATHERINE HALE

•

CLASSICAL SYMPHONY

("They were wedded in the chapel of the college where both bride and groom had previously attended Latin classes."—News item.)

MY HEART rather tardily knows a
Befitting reward for its pounds:
For years I have wooed you *sub rosa,*
But please don't take that as it sounds!

You are, to my positive knowledge,
(*Communi consensu, id est,*)
The loveliest girl in the college,—
You're *nulli secunda,* the best.

The Rent Board we won't have to speak to,
Nor daily the avenues roam:
Your father, *mirabile dictu,*
Already possesses a home.

We'll sprinkle libations to Hades,
Burn salt to intimidate woe,
And pester the potent *Penates*
To see that our *status* stays *quo.*

To slumber at night we shall lull us
By reading and scanning the feet
Of *libri* by Horace, Catullus,
Et hoc genus omne, my sweet.

Our talk will be *Latine dictum,*
Yes, even to answer the 'phone,—
For you are *e pluribus unum,*
And I am your *sine qua non.*

J. E. PARSONS

•

BEND YOUR HEAD

BEND your head and kiss my hand
And tell me tales of Samarkand.
Weave a web of lovely words
That I may count like singing birds,
That I may set upon my sill
When you have left me . . .
(As you will!)

MONA GOULD

•

SUN ON SEA

THE sun is king of wizardry.
When sombre seas the monarch spies,
He conjures wingèd revelry —
A host of dancing butterflies!

KATHRYN MUNRO

•

TO A FRIEND IN AUTUMN

WHAT do we care if the trees are bare,
The fields all stubbled and brown?
A lost loon cries to the brilliant skies,
And a harvest moon shines down.

The maples blaze in the purple haze,
And a splintered evening star
Stands high and still past a curving hill
Where the silver birches are.

What do we care when the very air
Is a draught of tingling wine?
And the wild geese fly next a saffron sky
In a dark unswerving line?

Oh, sweet as musk is the scented dusk,
And the harvest bins heaped high!
Oh, the harvest moon is a lavish boon
To such happy fools as I!

So take my hand in this brimming land
While a sharp wind roughs our hair;
Our Gypsy song as we trudge along
Is free as the frosted air!

Oh, life is sweet as our questing feet
Go cheerfully on, my friend!
While you are near I own no fear
Nor care where life may end!

HELEN E. MIDDLETON

TUBULAR COIN WRAPPERS ARE A "MUST"
. . . for efficient handling of quantities of silver and coppers.
Exclusive Canadian manufacturers of Tubular Coin Wrappers. Order from:
NATIONAL
PAPER GOODS LIMITED
BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST
HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT.

Which would *You* hire?
Old stuff? Sure! But well-groomed hair *still* helps you get a job or make a sale. Ogilvie Method Hair Dressing is a *better* way of making hair look well. Nice glow. Stays put. Don't undervalue neat hair. Use Ogilvie Method Hair Dressing.
Ogilvie Method Hair Preparations are obtainable at all good Drug and Department Stores.
604
Ogilvie Method
NEW YORK WASHINGTON TORONTO
Canadian Distributors LELLICO LIMITED
380 Adelaide St. West Toronto

CASTLES in Spain...

Your "Castle in Spain" may be on Main street or perhaps in a quiet place by a lake. But wherever you may have chosen to live "happily ever after" you'll find castles cannot be bought with dreams. You make a sound deposit on your future when you put your savings into Canada Savings Bonds.
We highly recommend CANADA SAVINGS BONDS
and offer our facilities for their purchase.
Telephone or telegraph us collect — WAverley 3681
DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1901
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER NEW YORK LONDON, ENG.
15 King Street West, Toronto

CHINESE ELM
Makes a Tall Dense Hedge in Two Years

During the past twelve years the Chinese Elm has become the most popular tree as material for tall hedges. Fastest growing tree known. Small leaf and dense foliage. By using Chinese Elm you get more hedge for your money than you can get with any other tree.

	Per 10	Per 100
12-15 inches	$3.50	$30.00
15-18 inches	4.50	35.00
18-24 inches	5.50	50.00
2-3 feet	6.50	60.00

5 plants of one size at the 10 rate; 25 of one size at the 100 rate.
We grow a complete line of all hardy evergreens, shrubs and trees.
The SHERIDAN NURSERIES Limited
Head Office: 4 St. Thomas Street, Toronto 5, Ont.
Nurseries: Sheridan and Clarkson, Ont.
Sales Stations: 1186 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.
Lakeshore Highway at Clarkson.

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LONDON LETTER

Conservatives Seek a New Name to Win Other Party Members

by P. O'D.

London.

WHAT'S in a name? Quite a lot perhaps, if it is the badge of a political party. So at least a good many Conservatives seem to think just now. They are racking their brains in the effort to find something in the way of a name that will smack less of devotion to the good old days and ways, and a general determination to hang on to as much as possible of ancient privilege for as long as possible. Something that will be forward-looking, inspiring, though also with a suggestion of solidity and respect for tradition.

It is a large order, if all these various meanings are to be packed into a word or two, and so far the suggestions are neither original, striking, nor popular. In a recent political address at Bromley in Kent, Mr. Harold Macmillan kept talking of the Conservatives as the "New Democratic Party". I don't know what effect the innovation had on his immediate hearers, but it has not aroused any particular enthusiasm anywhere else. Democracy may still be cherished as a political faith, but as a political label it has become rather dusty and battered.

Other suggestions have been made —"Unionist" and "Constitutional" among them—but nothing with any very high degree of inspirational power. All rather dull and colorless, in fact, and with no advantage over the old name except a vague comprehensiveness, which would permit them to cover a considerable variety of political belief, and thus perhaps win over dissatisfied members of the other parties, who might be unwilling to fight under the old Tory banner. This indeed is the chief reason for making any change.

All this will no doubt be thrashed out at Blackpool when the Conservative Conference meets there, but the innovators are likely to have a stiff fight on their hands. There are many old-fashioned Conservatives who feel that sooner or later the inevitable reaction against Socialism will set in, and that when it does it is the old flag that the harassed and disillusioned electors will wish to see flying—though perhaps not quite in the same place. Certainly not over the same ramparts of embattled privilege. But all this is a matter for the political psychologists. We had better leave it to them. They are at least very busy with the problem.

Beginning of the End

In a recent speech at a Press conference the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade stated that it is hoped to bring clothes-rationing soon to an end. But naturally a good deal depends on what is meant by "soon". People in the trade think we shall be handing out coupons to our tailors and drapers and outfitters for another two years. It would certainly be a very patient customer who would regard two years as "soon".

It may be, however, that both sides are right, and that the difference is chiefly one of emphasis. What the Secretary to the B. of T. may have meant is that a beginning would soon be made to end clothes-rationing; and this indeed is what most people expect. It is thought that the number of coupons on issue will be regularly increased, and that they will be given a higher value. We shall thus be able to get more and more for them, until the happy day when we shall no longer be asked for the infernal things at all.

In the meantime, as a sop to shabby Cerberus, more than 3,000,000 garments have already been declared surplus by the Ministry of Supply, and are being sold coupon-free. They consist mostly of underclothes from the Services. The war having been the sort of war it was, a large part of them are for woman's wear. They are things made more for use than beauty, but not many of us can afford to spurn them on that account. Compared to the precarious arrangements of shreds and patches which most of us wear next to the skin, they are almost luxurious.

Offence to the Eye

In a country the size of Canada outdoor advertising in rural areas is a minor offence to the eye, though it may be objectionable enough in special localities. But in a neat little country like England it is a very different matter. It is rather like having a poster stuck up at the end of your garden. You can't get away from the horrible thing and its boring message.

During the war these advertising posters and signs became much fewer and less noticeable—no paper to spare, for one thing. It may also be that, with so many other ugly intrusions on the beauty of the countryside, we became less aware of these unsightly proclamations of the virtues of soap and paint and toothpaste and beer. Besides what is the use of advertising something that you haven't got to sell?

Now that peace has returned—however partially and temporarily—people are dreading a new and even more flamboyant outburst of poster-enterprise. Appeals are being made to the authorities to stop or at least curb the nuisance; and that potentate, the Minister of Town and Country Planning, Mr. Silkin, has gone so far as to promise that an end will be put to it.

This should be a popular move—except with poster-companies. But special laws will have to be passed. The right of an advertiser to rent a site for a sign, and of a landowner to let it, is clear enough. But a good many rights of one sort and another are being curtailed these days, and it is high time that this one was. The beauty of the countryside—and England is still a very beautiful country—belongs to all who look at it.

A Genuine Centenary

Having persuaded Elizabeth Barrett to slip away from her home and the parental tyranny of that Victorian ogre, Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, Robert Browning took her off to St. Marylebone Church, where they were married. Now 100 years later this famous incident in literary history is the subject of a most acrimonious controversy. St. Marylebone Church is proposing to erect a memorial chapel to the Brownings, and its right to do so is being hotly contested by the nearby Congregationalist Church, Paddington Chapel, where the Brownings actually worshipped — every now and then.

Probably no one could be more surprised by this religious squabble than the Brownings themselves. So far as they belonged to any particular sect, they certainly were Congregationalists. They were married in an Anglican church only because they had to be. In those early Victorian days

FLY

Regular schedules and charter flights . . . modern planes . . . courteous service.

Montreal • Quebec • Chicoutimi
Gulf and North Shore of St. Lawrence
Roberval • Northern Quebec
Senneterre • Hudson Bay
Winnipeg • Bissett • Little Grand Rapids
Winnipeg • Red Lake • Madsen
The Pas • Sherridon • Flin Flon
Regina • Saskatoon • North Battleford
Edmonton • Fort Norman • Aklavik
Edmonton • Yellowknife
Edmonton • Whitehorse • Dawson
Vancouver • Whitehorse • Dawson
Vancouver • Victoria
Vancouver • Tofino • Zeballos • Port Alice

Connections with rail and air lines . . . bases across Canada. Information and reservations through nearest Canadian Pacific Air Lines Traffic Office or any Canadian Pacific Railway agent.

Canadian Pacific
AIR LINES

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

LONG BRANCH
OCT. 12 to 28

FIRST RACE 2 P.M. EVERY DAY

Admission (Including Tax) $1.20
CHILDREN UNDER SIXTEEN NOT ADMITTED

FREE BUS
FROM LAKESHORE STREET CARS TO RACE TRACK
Special Train Every Day Ample Parking Space

SPACIOUS MODERN RESTAURANT

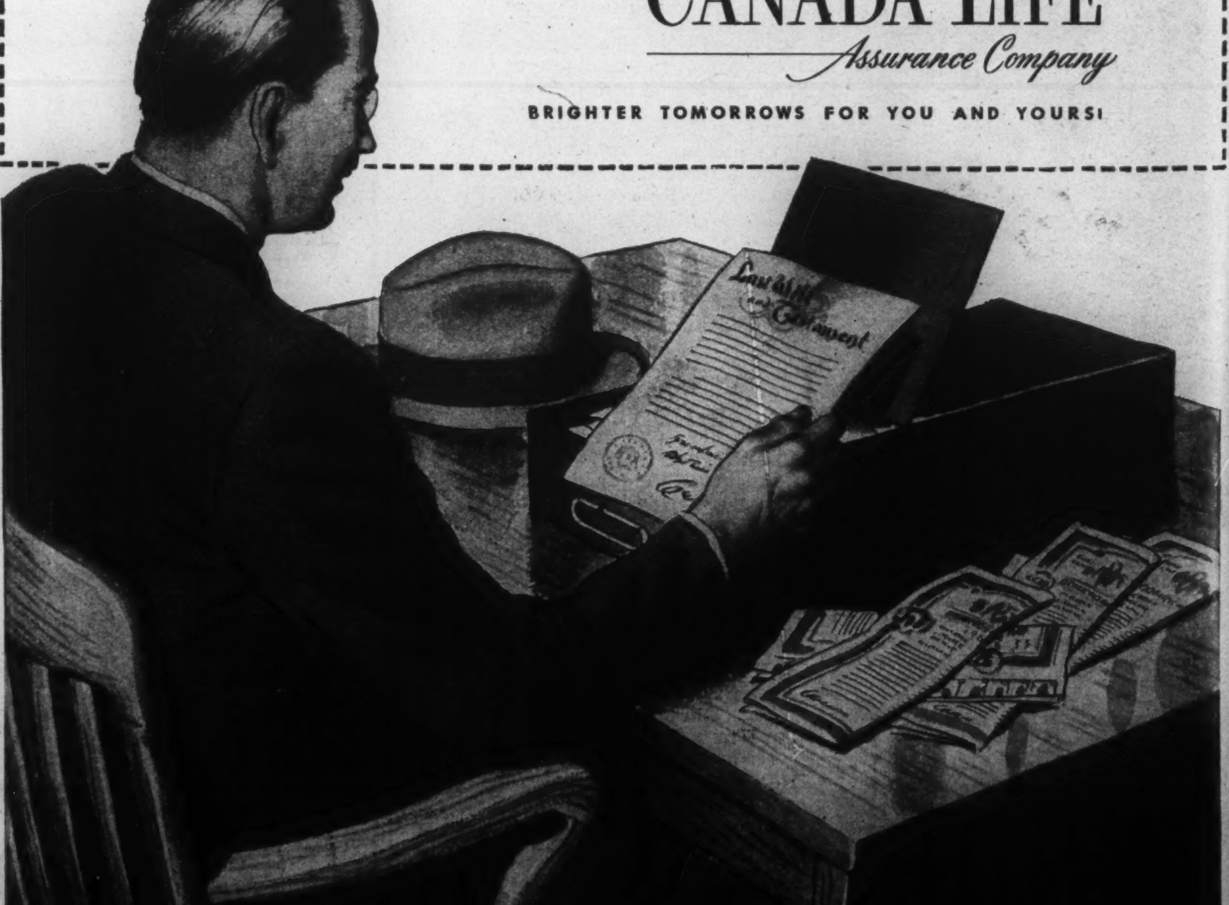
"To my family with love and blessings" —LESS 20%

You can't tell today what the costs of leaving this world may add up to for you at some future date. But you can be sure that the estate you leave to your heirs will be just what is left after seven kinds of debts have been paid. The seven are: Ordinary debts, funeral expenses, medical and hospital bills, Dominion succession duties, Provincial succession duties, unpaid income taxes, and probate costs. And qualified estate analysts at Canada Life, men who make other people's estate plans their life work, know that these prior claims frequently take away 20 to 30 per cent or more of an estate's total assets. After a detailed analysis they can tell you quite accurately the future cash position of your estate and show you how to provide for these expenses in advance. You'll be under no obligation to accept any of their suggestions—but they may indicate how worthwhile savings can be accomplished for your survivors.

Ask your Canada Life representative or write to Head Office,
330 University Avenue, Toronto.

The CANADA LIFE
Assurance Company

BRIGHTER TOMORROWS FOR YOU AND YOURS!



marriages in Nonconformist churches were not legal. But there seems very little reason for believing that they attached much importance to where they married or where they worshipped—so long as they did both. They were deeply religious, but not narrowly.

The whole argument seems rather foolish, but it is amazing how hot and bothered people can get about such matters — especially when money enters into it. The vicar of St. Marylebone is trying to raise £15,000 for the memorial, and will probably succeed. It is not surprising that the congregation of Paddington Chapel should feel that the money might better be spent elsewhere.

There is, of course, nothing to prevent Congregationalists raising a fund on their own—except that a second fund is always more difficult than a first. And the vicar of St. Marylebone has a genuine centenary to celebrate. The Brownings, whatever the reason, were actually married in his church just 100 years ago. And it is the romantic sort of story that softens the heart and loosens the purse-strings. As to their having been Congregationalists, who really cares? Who, except Congregationalists?

Press Ownership Groups

For quite a while it has been pretty obvious that sooner or later the Government would conduct some sort of enquiry into the "group system" in the ownership of newspapers in this country. Rumblings from the Back Benches have made it clear that considerable pressure was being put on the Cabinet—not all of whom needed much urging. Herbert Morrison, for one, was known to be strong for it.

It would be easy to read into this, as some earnest Tories are doing, a serious threat to the freedom of the Press. But this is one of the freedoms about which the British public is notoriously touchy. It would be a very reckless Socialist planner indeed who would start poking his little measuring-rod into that hornets' nest. The freedom of the Press is one thing, and the ownership of the Press is another; and it would be only in the name of the first that the Government would start meddling with the latter.

A great many people, including a number of eminent journalists, have before now been worried about the steady extension of the system of Press ownership by which a few men control whole chains of newspapers throughout the country, in addition to their London publications. The Kemsley group, for instance, has no less than six morning papers and nine evening in important provincial centres. The Northcliffe group has ten evening papers. And there are other groups with huge total sales.

No one can say that this is a very healthy development. It puts far too much influence into far too few hands. But neither can anyone say how it is to be stopped, so long as the publication of a newspaper is a serious financial undertaking, and the economic advantages of the group system are so obvious. If big business can control chains of shops all over the country, it can also control chains of newspapers; and there seems to be very little that the Government can do about it, whatever the enquiry may reveal.

Fortunately, there is one powerful arbiter who in this, as in most other national questions, has the final say —the public. If the power of the newspaper magnates should be seriously misused, people have only to stop reading their papers—and so frighten the lives out of them.

Perhaps that is why the group papers have generally been conducted with so careful a regard to public opinion. Perhaps that is why people are showing so much apathy to hysterical warnings about capitalist control of the Press. They know that they have always the remedy in their own hands. Besides, it may seem a little odd to them that such warnings should come from a Party that notoriously controls the most rigidly regimented Press in the country.

More Treasure Trove

Some four years ago a plowman at work in a field near Mildenhall in Suffolk felt the plow strike something solid under the surface, the plow having been set for especially deep working. He called his boss, and together they dug up a large blackened bowl, under which were a number of other dishes and spoons. The farmer removed these pewter vessels, as he thought, and cleaned and polished them. For a long time they stood as ornaments on his sideboard. Then he consulted the British Museum about them, and learned that they were antique Roman silver of the very greatest interest and value.

The other day a jury at Mildenhall decided that the silver was "treasure trove" and therefore the property of the Crown. The finders, it was stated, would be recompensed by the Treasury—though such reward is not likely to be more than a very small fraction of the value of these 34 pieces. Besides, the Treasury is not exactly famous for bigness of heart and openness of hand. It seems a little hard on the finders, but such is the law of the land.

The real beneficiaries will be the British Museum, which will no doubt add these ancient and lovely pieces to its collection of Roman remains in Britain, and the public which will have the pleasure of studying and admiring them there—and incidentally wondering how they came to be buried in that Suffolk field. Some grim old story of raiding and rapine, I suppose, the hurried concealment of the family treasures (there are the ruins of a Roman villa nearby), and then nobody left to dig them up again.

This is the sort of story we must each devise for ourselves. We can only wonder, and it is the chief charm and value of such relics that they make us wonder about the lives men lived in that Roman Britain, which vanished under the tramplings of the barbarian hordes fifteen centuries or more ago. The historian and archaeologist can tell us little about it, but such discoveries as this help to bring it close and make it real to us.

Pity the Weather Prophets

The weather prophets haven't been very good with their forecasts lately and now people are asking even in Parliament what is the good of a weather bureau anyway. Why not sack the lot and install a few old farmers and fishermen in their place, people who really know something about weather? All this scientific business, some critics insist, is merely a pompous form of humbug.

Other critics suggest that the lack of true prophetic vision in the Meteorological Office is due to its having been made part of the Air Ministry, instead of being a department entirely on its own. If you can't think of anything else, blame the Government.

My own sympathies are entirely with the weather prophets, though I have often suffered from too much faith in their prognostications. They have an almost impossible job. Weather forecasting is hard enough in the middle of a continent, where you can get some idea of what is heading your way. But what hope has the poor prophet in this climatically unpredictable island, where you never get less than six different kinds of weather in any day in any one place, and never the same kind of weather at the same time for more than about fifty miles in any direction?

The prophet is always bound to be wrong. By the same token, he is bound to be right—but then he never gets any credit for that. People remember only his mistakes.

A GOOD NAME
Longines
The world's most honored watch

We count as our most precious possession the good will of the good name—Longines, the world's most honored watch, winner of 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals
Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., New York, Montreal, Geneva

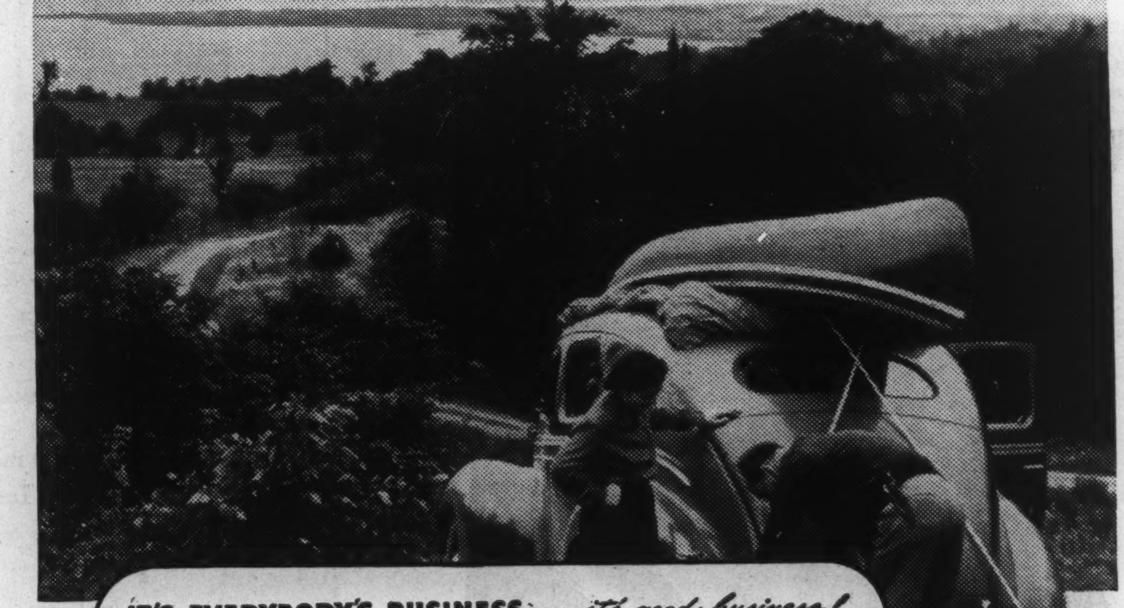
THEIR ROAD TO Enjoyment

Two million or more motorists from the States visit us each year . . . thousands for the sheer beauty of our countryside. Let's see to it that our hospitality matches the perfection of our lakes and hills.

WHAT CAN I DO?

The answer is—plenty! Here are some of the things anybody can do. The suggestions come from a well-known Ontario hotelman.

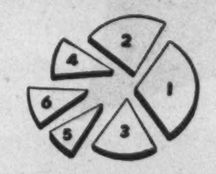
1. Find out all about what your own neighbourhood offers and become a booster.
2. Write your friends in the States about Ontario, show them when they come that you're really proud of your province.
3. Try to make all our visitors glad they came, and be really enthusiastic about it.
4. If they ask for information or directions, take time to answer them fully and graciously.
5. In any business dealings you may have with them, remember Canada's reputation for courtesy and fairness depends on you.
6. To sum it all up, just follow the "Golden Rule!"



On Sidney Bay Hill, Bruce Peninsula, Ontario.

IT'S EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS . . . it's good business!

Worth his weight in gold! Actually, the Province of Ontario, in pre-war years, profited to almost the same extent from tourist business as it did from the gold mining industry. It is up to each of us to see that this business goes on growing.



This diagram, based on figures supplied by the Hotel Association, shows how everyone benefits from the Ontario tourist income. Every tourist dollar is shared this way . . . 1. Hotels; 2. Retail stores; 3. Restaurants; 4. Taxes, etc; 5. Amusements; 6. Garages.

It works both ways! They treat us royally when we visit them . . . we can't do less than return the compliment. Remember that it costs money to take a holiday, so let's see they get a good return for every penny they spend in Canada.

"Let's make them want to come back!"

PLANNING A HOLIDAY?
Tune in "Ontario Holiday"
CFRB 10:30 p.m.
Thurs., Fri. and Sat.

Labatt's

Published in the Public Interest by John Labatt Limited

THE WEEK IN RADIO

C.B.C. Plans Special Programs to Celebrate Tenth Anniversary

By JOHN L. WATSON

IT APPEARS that the clean bill of health given the C.B.C. by the Parliamentary Committee on Radio Broadcasting was in the nature of a birthday present, for on November 2 next the Corporation will celebrate its tenth anniversary of broadcasting. It hardly seems possible that a decade has passed since we heard the precocious infant utter its first intelligible cry of "Ici Radio-Canada" over the nation's receiving sets. But a decade it is and we want to be among the first to wish the C.B.C. many happy returns of the day.

When the Corporation was founded in 1936, it comprised eight publicly owned or leased stations and fourteen private ones. It broadcast for six hours a day (8½ on Sundays) and reached less than 50 per cent of the population. Today it operates three networks — Trans-Canada, Dominion and French; it broadcasts sixteen hours a day and reaches 96 per cent of the Canadian public. This leaves only 4 per cent, or approximately 480,000 lucky people unaccounted for, but they probably have their troubles, too.

On behalf of the Dominion Government the C.B.C. operates (but does *not* own) an extremely powerful short-wave transmitter at Sackville, N.B., and four short-wave receivers at Dartmouth, Ottawa, Toronto and Vancouver.

It was only to be expected that the Corporation would indulge in some sort of high-jinks to celebrate its coming-of-age. They will take the form of special musical and dramatic programs, exchange broadcasts and tributes from the B.B.C. and American networks, and a new and daring series entitled "Box Seats" — eleven consecutive programs dramatizing the operations and achievements of the publicly owned broadcasting system.

"Box Seats" will be produced by Esse W. Ljungh and directed by J. Frank Willis, C.B.C. supervisor of feature broadcasts; scripts will be by Alan King and special music will be composed by Godfrey Ridout, John Weinzweig, Morris Surdin and Howard Cable.

"If listeners want to know how their $2.50 license fee is spent," says Mr. Willis, "'Box Seats' will give them a graphic answer. Aside from the fact that it buys more than 36 hours of entertainment a day (on three networks), 365 days a year, and provides jobs for Canadian artists and musicians from coast to coast, the shareholders of national radio in Canada have acquired a tremendous amount of physical property second to none. National radio is a partnership of the C.B.C. and the listeners. "Box Seats" is a partnership-report on ten years of progress."

So there you have it.

"Box Seats" are available on Fridays at 9.00 p.m. E.S.T.

To those interested in knowing more about the policies and administration of the C.B.C., a small booklet, entitled "C.B.C. 1946," will be mailed free of charge upon application to C.B.C. Publications Branch, Box 500, Toronto. This convenient and informative little book contains summaries of the reports made to the Parliamentary Committee by A. Davidson Dunton, Dr. Augustin Frigon, Ernest Bushnell and Jean-Marie Beaudet.

Winter Listening

At the risk of being tedious, it might be worthwhile to list briefly some of the major Canadian radio programs which will almost inevitably take up a good part of your listening time during the long, cold winter evenings. All times given are E.S.T.

Distinguished Artists Series

A weekly series of recitals by celebrated artists from all parts of the Dominion, including Guerrero, Goodman, Godden, Nelsova and many others. C.B.C.—Trans-Canada, Wednesdays at 10.30 p.m.

T. C. M. Syllabus Programs

A series of recitals by members of the faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All compositions played or sung will be selected from the Examination Syllabus Lists, which should make the programs extremely valuable to music students. CFRB Toronto and CKCO Ottawa, Sundays at 2.00 p.m.

Music for Canadians

Samuel Hersenhoren's 40-piece orchestra with Evelyn Gould, soprano. Script by Johnny Wayne, narration by J. Frank Willis. A very smooth and pleasant program of light music expertly presented. C.B.C.—Trans-Canada, Sundays at 7.30 p.m.

The Northern Electric Hour

A sprightly musical variety show with Paul Sherman's orchestra and guest artists. "Forward with Canada" narrations by John Drainie. C.B.C.—Trans-Canada, Mondays at 9.00 p.m.

New York Philharmonic

Back again for another season of fine music. Artur Rodzinsky permanent conductor, and guests. Local stations from C.B.S., Sundays at 3.00 p.m.

Vancouver Symphony

Symphonic programs by the justly celebrated West Coast orchestra, the first eight directed by Dr. Otto Klemperer. C.B.C.—Trans-Canada, Sundays at 6.38 p.m.

The Hildegarde Show

"The incomparable Hildegarde," whose extraordinary personality so many listeners find so enchanting, returns to the air in a new variety show with a long roster of guest stars and "celebrities." Incidentally, according to a publicity release, Hildegarde has had named after her 1 hat, 1 coiffure, 1 nail enamel, 1 lipstick, 1 racehorse, 1 rose, and 173 baby girls, which probably sets a record for something! C.B.C.—Dominion and CFRB from C.B.S., Sundays at 9.00 p.m.

Vancouver Theatre

A new play series originating in Vancouver and presenting fantasy, humor, satire and psychological drama by Canadian writers. Directed by Mavor Moore with special music by John Avison. C.B.C.—Trans-Canada, Thursdays at 11.00 p.m.

Citizens' Forum

A joint project of the C.B.C. and the Canadian Association for Adult Education. Representative groups of citizens discuss pleasant subjects like Broadcasting, Civil Rights and Liquor and unpleasant ones like Housing, Divorce and Atomic Energy. C.B.C.—Trans-Canada, Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m.

Capital Report

Pithy comments from Parliament Hill by Wilfrid Eggleston, Ottawa correspondent for SATURDAY NIGHT, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the London *Economist*. C.B.C. — Trans-Canada, Sundays at 2.03 p.m.

Hamilton Radio Workshop

The ideas which motivated the inception of this new dramatic series were discussed in these columns last spring when CHML invited original scripts from amateur writers throughout Canada. According to producer Earle Howard, over fifty scripts were submitted by would-be dramatists from Cape Breton to the Pacific Coast. "Although most of the scripts we have received lack polish," said Mr. Howard, "they indicate an unmistakable flair and talent by Canadian writers. . . who have had the gumption to try their hand at experimental or otherwise unorthodox scripts." CHML Hamilton, Sundays at 6.30 p.m.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Considering Some Less Notable People of English History

ENGLISH FOLK, by Wallace Notestein. (Clarke, Irwin, $3.00.)

ON the sound theory that Kings, Premiers, Admirals and the like are not the whole of a people and may, or may not, represent the spiritual common denominator, Professor Notestein here presents biographical sketches of striking personalities of English story.

He begins with a farm laborer who died in 1905, continues with Lady Frederick Cavendish, 1841-1925, and then strays back to Elizabethan days and the House of Berkeley. On the way he pauses for a glance at Thomas Bewick the engraver, Parson Woodforde and Adam Eyre, this last a Yorkshire yeoman formerly one of Cromwell's Ironsides.

Diaries and contemporary letters not generally known are his sources, and from them he draws some alluring portraits of self-assured, courageous and original men and women who met their problems with confidence and humor and had no grain of self-pity in them. The writing is excellent. The author is Sterling Professor of English History at Yale University.

•

"Some Talk of Alexander"

ALEXANDER OF MACEDON, by Harold Lamb. (McClelland & Stewart, $4.50.)

THREE hundred and twenty-three years before Christ, Alexander of Macedon died in Babylon. He was thirty-two years old and had been in command of all the known world. Contemporaries called him The Great. Other contemporaries were much less polite. But he fascinated mankind and his exploits were woven into the folk lore of all peoples.

Military science began with him though warfare was as old as the human race. The political value of victory was clear to him. Otherwise he achieved nothing but a name, though international trade followed on his travels.

Mr. Lamb, who in "The Crusades" and "The Flame of Islam" showed uncommon power in driving fact and imagination in double harness does so again, and with brilliance. Having read Arrian, Quintus Curtius, Strabo, Plutarch, Aristotle and Demosthenes, he has called forth a living personality, vivid and understandable to a psychologist as to an ordinary reader. A constructive imagination can make history as interesting as a fine novel.

In these times when knowledge of antiquity is dimming-out this book deserves close attention.

•

Striking Broadcast

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, a New Judgment, by Elizabeth Bowen. (Oxford, 75c.)

A YOUNG soldier, off to the wars, asks his bookish uncle if, by any chance, he has a novel by Anthony Trollope, and could spare it. The uncle is a little surprised that the young man's taste runs to "a picture book," and there is a friendly argument. The boy owns to an interest in the settled way of life that Trollope brought into focus. The uncle—in the manner of his generation—savors something more deeply psychological, such as Hardy, Meredith and James. And so comes to light the strange business of an author dying, and then coming to life fifty years later.

And so, in the cleverness which marks all her work, Elizabeth Bowen advances her opinion that there were two Trollopes, the anxious outcast coming by a calculated diligence to the position of a man-of-the-world, and the wistful outsider casting a glamor over the ordinary and commonplace life of the upper middle-class which he could scarcely hope to share. The pamphlet has only 24 pages but it is worthy. It is the record of a B.B.C. broadcast on May 4, 1945.

•

Where Madness Lies

THE OTHER SIDE, by Storm Jameson. (Macmillans, $2.25.)

A FRENCH girl married a German officer, soon to be killed in action, and now lives with her "in-laws," trying to convince herself that she is completely Germanized. The family, in the cold rage of defeat, is awaiting the arrival of the Allied victors, expecting that their big house will be commandeered by French officers. Meantime they turn on the girl in jealousy and hatred, and while still they insult and belittle her, are not ashamed to use her to extort concessions from the occupying officers.

The girl, in love for her late husband, tries to overlook everything, and "stick it out" but comes at last to understand that these people are insane, inhuman. She warns the French and English officers that an assassination plot is brewing and when her action is discovered by the head of the family her own life is in danger.

Storm Jameson stands high as a novelist; quick in observation, sensitive to psychological impulses. Her characters, sympathetic or otherwise, are convincing. She writes with grace and vigor. But she has lived in London during these past six years, a comrade of calamity. So, when she writes of Germans she is by no means an observant bystander, a calm neutral, and who can blame her? Nevertheless the novel is a fine bit of work, if only for the characterization.

•

Still Another

THE DEVIL IS LONELINESS, a novel, by Elma K. Lobaugh. (Ambassador, $3.00.)

A GIRL from the Tennessee hills whose only culture is in a love for the native or imported folksong of the region is married (perforce) at 16, nearly dies when her child is stillborn, gets an ill-paid job as a waitress, sees her husband drafted to the South Pacific with no great concern, goes north and gets a job in a steel mill.

Her life there is a succession of drinking bouts and sex adventures. Going to sleep momentarily at her controls she lets a white-hot ingot swirl up and shear off the head of a worker. She leaves her job and goes back to the South, to be a waitress, and, no doubt, to drink herself to death.

Detailed examination of lost souls may be excusable as case-histories in abnormal psychology, but in fiction, especially when the sex angle is stressed unduly, the result is neither worthy nor entertaining.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Pretending that Dr. Johnson is A Detective Like Holmes

DR. SAM: JOHNSON, DETECTOR, by Lillian de la Torre. (Ryerson, $3.00.)

YOU read Boswell's "Johnson" the first time, resolutely, from a sense of duty. You read it the second time with growing interest. After that you read it every now and then for fun, for both biographer and subject are comic figures, especially in their stately moments. Having come to this state, as a reader, you are eligible for admission to the exclusive, unorganized Club known as The Boswellians.

High in the counsels of this imaginary Club is Lillian de la Torre who has lived spiritually in Bolt Court for some fourteen years, not finding it at all "toedious." Being, physically, of this Century one of her humors has been the detective story. One day she wondered if there were not some vague resemblance between Sherlock Holmes and Johnson, Dr. Watson and Boswell. And that set her off.

Taking several problems hinted at in the "Life" such as "second sight" and the Cock Lane Ghost, she elaborated them and wrote them in the style and even the spelling of Boswell paying honor to the "ratiocination" of the Great Cham and quoting his actual utterances as reported in the "Life."

Nine of such stories are here collected; perhaps one or two too many, for the conceit wears thin after a while. Nevertheless the cleverness of the idea and the completeness of the style-imitation are most amusing.

Northern Wilderness

DRIFTWOOD VALLEY, by Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher. (McClelland & Stewart, $4.00.)

TWO hundred miles and more north of Hazelton, B.C. in the mountain and forest land lies Lake Tetana in a delectable valley too remote for white trappers and prospectors, and seldom visited by Indians. To this valley, under commission from the British Columbia Provincial Museum of Victoria, came Mr. and Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher, built their cabin and stayed, off and on, for four years, and through all the four seasons. They collected specimens of flora and fauna, they observed—and endured—all varieties of weather. They lived off the country.

This book, compiled from Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher's diary and illustrated by her husband's vivid and graceful sketches is a fascinating record of wilderness life which both enjoyed to the full. It is also has high scientific value.

The Inner Life

THE PROTESTANT DOCTRINE OF REVELATION, by Rev. Dr. J. Y. Mackinnon. (Ryerson, $2.25.)

THE GREAT CERTAINTY, by Canon Bertal Heeney. (Ryerson, $2.00.)

IDEAS HAVE LEGS, by Peter Howard. (Longmans, Green, $2.50.)

HERE are three aspects of religion; philosophical, professional and personal. Dr. Mackinnon, Minister of First-St. Andrew's United Church, London, Ont. examines the doctrine of Revelation, held by the Catholic and Protestant Communions. Canon Heeney and other Church leaders of varying concepts unite to declare that the person and work of Jesus are the root of the matter; saying with Job, "Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace." Peter Howard, a fiery, trigger-quick London writer who for years was Lord Beaverbrook's right hand man shows what the Oxford Group practice has done for him and, if followed, could do for the world. The last, naturally, is for general reading and has the Howard sparkle.

Summer Paradise

OJIBWAY MELODY, by Harry Symons. (Ambassador, $3.00.)

GEORGIAN BAY with its thirty thousand islands and its rocky shoreland is an ideal holiday region. Here is a collection of essays seeking to capture the glamour of the land—and water—for the benefit of folk who consider the business and social activities of the city a mere interlude to their real living. There are summer residents who have been hiking north every June for twenty years and more. This book will please them.

Famous Family

THE RUSSELLS IN BLOOMSBURY, by Gladys Scott Thomson. (McClelland & Stewart, $4.50.)

WHEN Bloomsbury was a country garden and a community of gardens some three hundred years ago it was part of the landed estate of the Duke of Bedford who was a Russell. And it continued in the family, even when voracious London swallowed it up, making the land rentals something distinctly worth considering.

The successive Dukes and Duchesses have always been notables of England and this book follows them with interest from generation to generation. Yet it is no mere family history. Rather it is a social and economic record of various periods, touching on costume for occasions, and prices current for household management. It deals with architecture, with music and painting, with the topography of Russell Square and its adjacent area, even with a public execution for treason.

The author's research has been diligent and all-embracing and her style is pleasantly conversational.

Exploring Gotham

NEW YORK! NEW YORK! By Ruth Aneny Loud and Agnes Adams Wales, with illustrations by Eileen Evans. (Collins, $1.25.)

A PLEASANT guide-book for young people visiting the big city and eager to see all the famous historic sites, modern buildings and urban oddities.

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

IT is always an event when a new Hanaud story appears, for there is no more skilful practitioner in the field of detective fiction that A. E. W. Mason. **The House in Lordship Lane** (McClelland and Stewart, $3.00) is not one of his best but it is not to be missed . . . **Deadly Weapon**, by Wade Miller (Oxford, $2.25) is a first attempt by a couple of young Americans. It belongs to the tough school, and has a surprise ending . . . **Murder Cavalcade** is an anthology by Mystery Writers of America, Inc. (Collins, $3.00) and presents representative short stories by some well known writers. One gathers that the art of the short detective story is not improving . . . We do not remember if we have noticed **Puzzle For Fiends** by Patrick Quentin (Musson, $2.50) in this column. At the risk of having already done so we must recommend it highly, probably Quentin's best . . . **Denver Murders** (Collins, $3.00) is the third of the Regional Murders series mostly by unknown writers, probably Denver newspapermen. This city does not seem to be as rich in material as either New York or Chicago, though it contains at least one classic by Brett Halliday . . . . **The Other Passenger** by John Kier Cross (Longmans, Green, $3.00) is a collection of short stories most of them sinister. It reveals some brilliant writing and three or four stories that will linger long in the reader's memory. . . . **Stranger at Home** by George Sanders (Musson, $3.00) is savage and somewhat incredible but not lacking in thrills.

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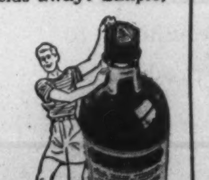

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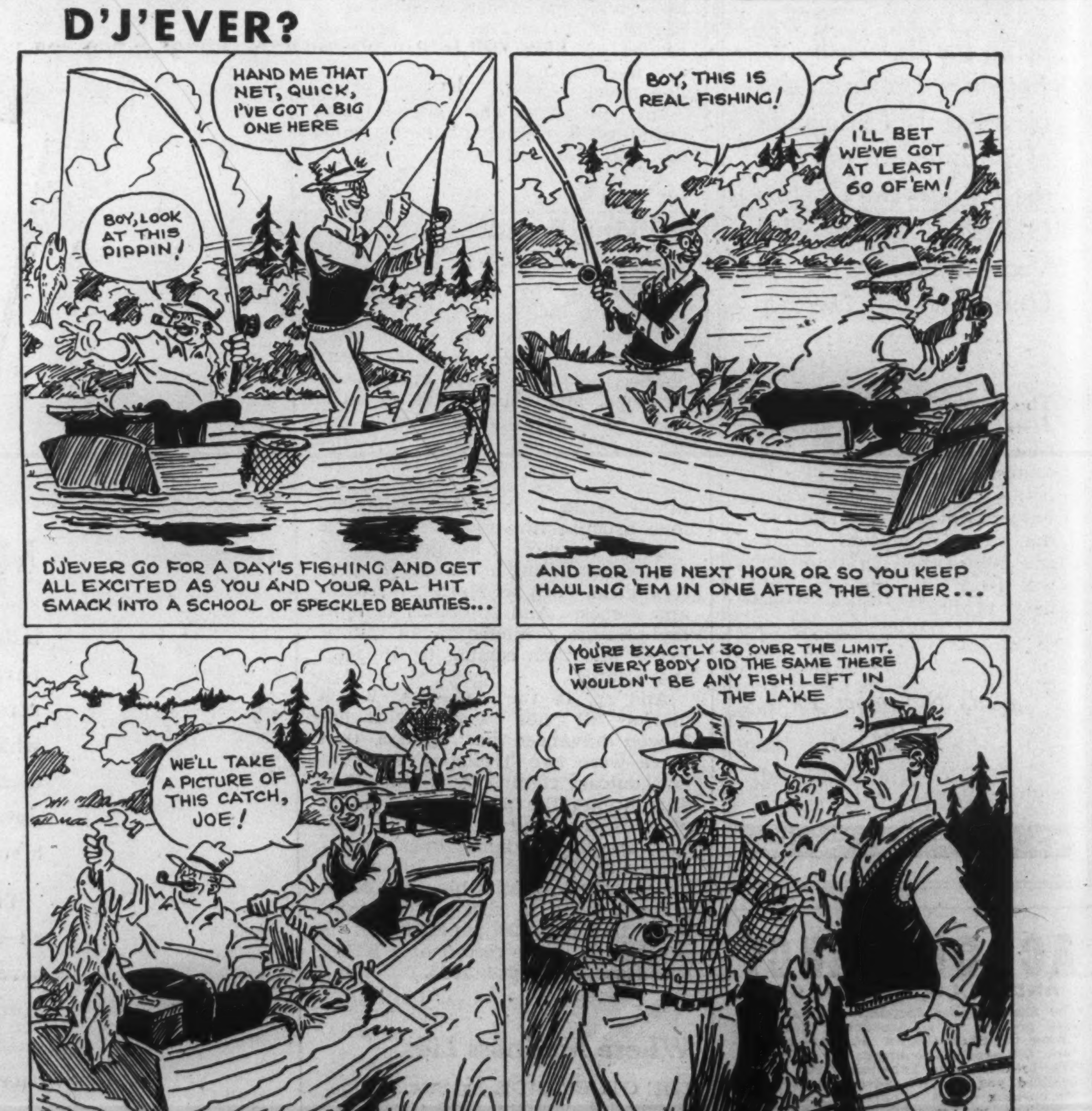
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D'J'EVER GO FOR A DAY'S FISHING AND GET ALL EXCITED AS YOU AND YOUR PAL HIT SMACK INTO A SCHOOL OF SPECKLED BEAUTIES...
BOY, THIS IS REAL FISHING!
I'LL BET WE'VE GOT AT LEAST 60 OF 'EM!
AND FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR SO YOU KEEP HAULING 'EM IN ONE AFTER THE OTHER...
WE'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF THIS CATCH, JOE!
BUT WHEN YOU JOYFULLY REACH SHORE WITH YOUR CATCH YOU FIND A GRIM-FACED WARDEN WAITING TO GREET YOU...
YOU'RE EXACTLY 30 OVER THE LIMIT. IF EVERY BODY DID THE SAME THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY FISH LEFT IN THE LAKE
D'J'EVER FEEL MIGHTY SHEEPISH AS HE TELLS YOU A THING OR TWO ABOUT SPORTSMANSHIP?

6-20W

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

THE BOOKSHELF

How Alberta and Saskatchewan Rose to Provincial Status

TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT IN CANADA, by C. Cecil Lingard. (University of Toronto Press, $3.00.)

FOR forty years Alberta and Saskatchewan have been Provinces of self-governing status within Confederation. For twenty years before that they were part of the North-West Territories, an empire in extent, mostly empty, and governed, at first, by a lieutenant-governor and a council of five. As immigration began, the law provided that as soon as any area of one thousand square miles contained one thousand people they could elect a member to a Legislative Assembly, and when twenty such members were elected the Council of Five would lose its authority.

The Assembly had no noticeable power other than the power of talk; for the public purse was held in Ottawa. But after the coming of the C.P.R. in 1885 the prairies began to fill; and with people who were accustomed to self-government. The demand for autonomy became more and more vigorous, under the leadership of F. W. G. Haultain, Premier of the Territorial Government. The Laurier Government was hesitant, and even when a tentative plan was advanced by the Government, containing a guarantee of Separate Schools, Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, resigned.

The disturbance which followed in Ontario and Quebec was not inconsiderable, and a compromise plan was necessary to still the tumult. At last, in 1905, the new Provinces came into being.

The full story is told in this careful reconstruction of past time and dead controversies. Historians and students of Constitutional law will welcome the steady diligence of the author.

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Not Enough Gusto

By W. S. MILNE

THE ROMANCE OF CASANOVA, by Richard Aldington. (Collins, $3.00.)

END OVER END, by Nelson Gidding. (Macmillan, $3.00.)

THE DARK WOOD, by Christine Weston. (Saunders, $3.00.)

THE GASCON, by J. B. Morton. Macmillan, $2.00.)

DOESN'T anybody ever write with gusto any more? Dull people, nasty people, petty, selfish people, living petty lives, and sinning meanly and without relish, creep palely through the pages of novel after novel, whining about their dirty little souls. Few modern writers seem to have any zest for living. Their brain children are rickety and anaemic, got not by creative passion, but by disillusioned introspection. When a modern author tackles a full-blooded swashbuckling theme, he does it in a manner that is by turns patronizing and apologetic when it is not merely donnish, in the manner of a professor of sociology commenting on a lurid case-history. Why Richard Aldington should have condescended to write about Casanova, I do not know. He has given us a dull and long-drawn-out tale of the notorious eighteenth century Venetian that makes us thankful that Dumas and not Henry James wrote "The Three Musketeers."

"END Over End" is the story of a young American flier parachuting from a disabled machine north of Rome in the last year of the war in Europe, and taken prisoner by the Germans. In solitary confinement, he recalls his past life and the events that led to his capture. He makes one rather messy attempt to escape by crawling down a latrine trench, but is caught. The book ends as he is being transported by truck to another camp. One suspects that the latrine episode is symbolic of the author's stream of consciousness technique, in which his hero is bogged down to the last page.

"THE Dark Wood" is better going, with some vitality in the minor characters, usually a healthy and reliable index of creative power. It is the story of a war widow who cannot believe her husband killed, and allows herself to go to seed until she meets a man who reminds her of her late husband. This man, although married, has come back from overseas to find his wife unfaithful. The story is mainly concerned with the romance of the husband and the widow, although the greatest interest centres in the character of the unfaithful wife. The people of the story are believable, reasonably civilized, and fairly interesting, but they do not awake enough sympathy in the reader to make him remember their names, even, twenty-four hours after putting the book down. The dark wood of the title is beautifully illustrated on the jacket and end papers, although I cannot see that it or they have much to do with the story itself.

J. B. Morton comes nearer real story-telling in "The Gascon," an adventure story of the French revolution, inspired, he tells us, by some figures he once saw in a Paris waxwork museum. Mr. Morton, (Beachcomber) however, is handicapped by being an authority on the history of the period, and this has led him to lecture on his theme when he should have been letting his admirably visualized characters have their heads. Only one of these, the Gascon of the title, really gets the bit between his teeth, and his scenes, all too few in number, are the best part of the book. His two escapes with the aid of the official's wife are in the best tradition of picaresque romance. One cannot help regretting that the story tells us so much about the revolution and deals so sketchily with its actors.

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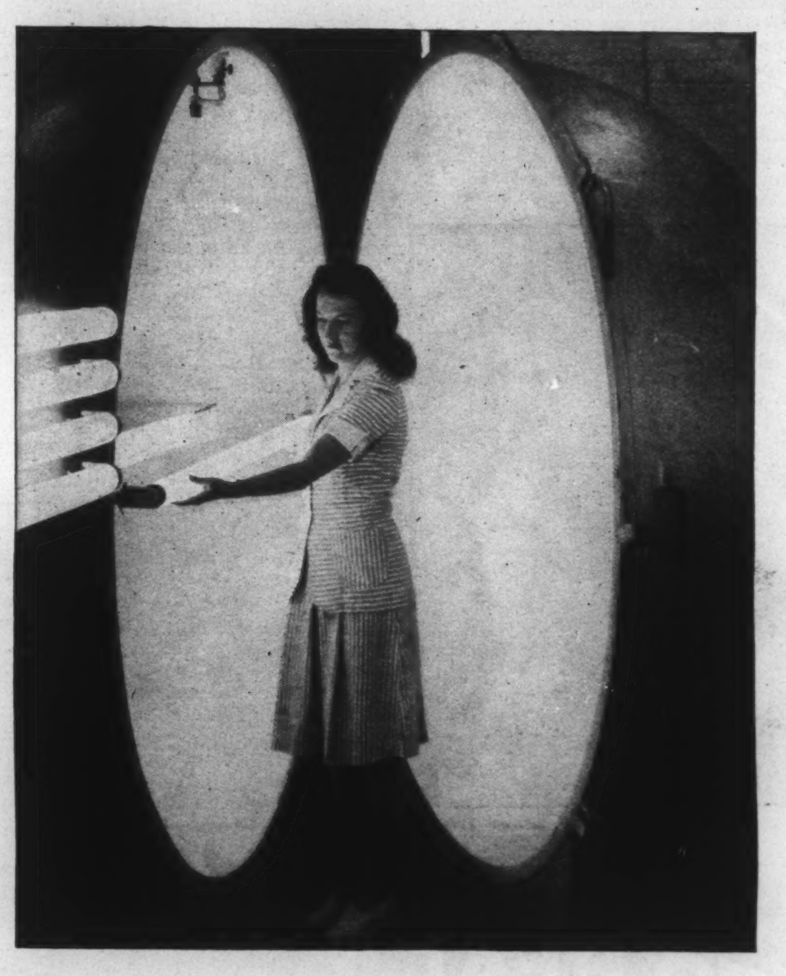

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera in Canada Given New Lift; Formula for Symphony Budgets

By JOHN H. YOCOM

OPERA in Canada last week received two separate boosts. At this early point they indicate a good possibility of sending Canadian opera to heights previously dreamed of but never reached. The Toronto Conservatory of Music announced details of the Opera Course, given by the Senior School, and the arrival of the director from New York, Nicholas Goldschmidt. Meanwhile, in Quebec City, an operatic organization to be known as "Canadian Opera" was launched.

As outlined earlier by Dr. Arnold Walter, Director of the Senior School at the Conservatory (S.N., June 29), T.C.M.'s Opera Course is designed to train singers for the operatic stage and to provide opportunity for an all-round knowledge of operatic production. Above all, it is Canada's first School of the Opera to be established on a permanent basis with staff and facilities of professional status.

NICHOLAS GOLDSCHMIDT

There remains the possibility that Canadian opera-trained students will gravitate to the U.S. However, more professional organizations such as that started in Quebec may help keep the talent in Canada, give leading Canadian singers a chance to be heard across Canada.

Organized chiefly through the efforts of a group of Montreal and Quebec businessmen, Canadian Opera, with its head office in Quebec city, already has signed a number of Canadian artists. It plans to begin by staging an opera early in 1947 to be sung successively in Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Three Rivers and later in Western Canada Cities.

Opera Course students at the Senior School will start with a thorough training in the standard classical operas in the original languages. However, it is planned to present opera in English whenever adequate translations are available.

Brentano for Production

Goldschmidt will conduct the soloists, chorus and orchestra. Associated with him will be the eminent producer, Felix Brentano. He will arrive from New York shortly to direct the dramatic work, stage deportment, and similar studies. As associate director with Max Reinhardt in this field, Brentano has achieved an enviable reputation; his coming to Toronto ensures that no detail of the dramatic aspect will be overlooked.

Born in Czechoslovakia, Nicholas Goldschmidt studied at the Vienna State Academy of Music under the celebrated composer, Josef Marx. He has conducted at opera houses throughout his own country and in Belgium, coming to the U.S. in 1937. For four years he was director of the opera chorus and orchestra at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and at the same time directed similar work at Stanford University.

Goldschmidt has presented the California premières of several modern operatic works (e.g., Aaron Copland's "Second Hurricane", Douglas Moore's "The Devil and Daniel Webster"). At Columbia University he was appointed director of the Opera School. There he was closely associated with the Met's Dr. Herbert Graf, a featured guest-lecturer in Toronto during "Symphony Week".

During the war he worked in the U.S. Office of War Information as a producer of foreign language broadcasts; at the war's close he became chorus director of the New Orleans Opera Association. In addition to his operatic achievements, Goldschmidt has established a considerable reputation for his recitals of Lieder and Czech folk-songs, providing his own accompaniment.

Both the Toronto and Quebec announcements showed observers that the ventures had two of the best ingredients for whipping up opera: (1) expert professional and executive direction; (2) some money invested in the project. Certainly, as a third ingredient, there is plenty of talent in the country awaiting operatic training. Of the fourth necessity—big enough audiences keen enough on opera to keep it out of the red—observers were less sure.

Financing symphonic music still remains a challenge to expert accountants. When one can give a foolproof formula, he will go down in cultural history as one of the greatest men since the era of wealthy bewigged patrons. The equation is simple and tough. Ticket sales—priced to come within the reach of all and still maintain high performance standards, as in the case of the T.S.O.—cover only 60 per cent of the orchestra's cost. If they were priced to meet the total cost, then only the very wealthy could attend the concerts. And since the day of musicians wearing threadbare clothes and starving and freezing in garrets is happily gone, the question of how to pay them is further complicated.

Symphonies in Blue Ink?

Some answers are ready: (1) state subsidies footing a good part of the bills; (2) patronage subscription—a gilt-edged list of wealthy persons making big donations to cover losses each year, and incidentally getting an appropriate but proper program mention; (3) a popular patronage campaign (e.g., "Symphony Week"), when smart publicity makes a whole community feel a responsibility in helping to keep *its* orchestra in the blue ink; (4) extra program series—"Pops"—that have the effect of cutting down the ratio between financially unprofitable rehearsals and profitable performances.

Last week Sir Ernest MacMillan, back from South America, said that the best solution was somewhere between no subsidy at all and full state subsidies. Brazil divides $500,000 annually among opera, ballet, a theatre and orchestra. He thought Australia, where he visited last year, relied too heavily on state subsidies and not enough on public interest. (New South Wales gives about £20,000 and the city of Sydney £10,000, a total of £30,000 to the support of the orchestra.) The state has a duty to the arts, he believes, because they have a definite public function to perform, but the public should also share. Since the day of large individual donations is past, schemes like Symphony Week—public subscriptions of smaller individual amounts—seem to be the answer. The ratio between the amounts of state subsidy and public

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subscriptions could be worked out to suit the particular community.

Down in Brazil Sir Ernest noted a good by-product of a well-heeled orchestra; the full orchestral season (10 months of 125 performances) gave considerable opportunity for the performance of the works of Brazilian composers.

Toronto's *Globe and Mail* editorially last week found that the city council's contribution of $2,500 to a total expenditure of $220,000 fell into an "insignificant perspective", looked more favorably on Buffalo's grant of $15,000 to its orchestra, Indianapolis' $25,000 which the state matched with an equal amount, and Baltimore's $50,000. Plumping solidly for state aid, the paper outlined an even larger scheme:

"This newspaper favors the establishment of a civic cultural fund, possibly based on a fixed fraction of the tax revenue, from which grants might be made to such institutions as the two symphony orchestras, the Mendelssohn Choir, the Art Gallery, and similar bodies."

At Symphony Week's end, it looked as if the T.S.O. was going to get its $60,000, after donated amounts, many of $5 and $10, had been counted.

Suzanne Sten, mezzo-soprano at last week's Prom, possesses a vivid personality and a splendid voice. After a background of operatic and concert achievement in Europe she came to the U.S. in 1938. She sang Massenet's "Pleurez Mes Yeux" with excellent tonal clarity, perhaps with too obvious sentimentality and dramatic intensity, for the first number. A wide range of interpretative ability was shown in her songs, Mozart's "Cherubino Aria", Korngold's delightful "Marietta's Song", Bizet's "Agnus Dei" with warm alto passages, Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song" in flawless German.

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FILM AND THEATRE

Maybe the Hollywood Strike Has Something to Do with This

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

NEW films during the week turned out to be as scarce as men's pyjamas, in spite of the fact that only two current pictures—"The Killers" and "Anna and the King of Siam"—have any holdover qualities, and both of these had already run for two weeks.

The holdover situation is a rather baffling one. Sometimes a picture will quietly fold while the moviegoers are still queued up eagerly clutching their admittance money. And sometimes a film will hang on interminably, like a guest who doesn't know when to go home.

My own theory is that the current entertainment shortage has the current explanation; i.e., it's caused by strikes. If the Hollywood strike continues and spreads it won't be very long before entertainment is as scarce as soapflakes; so the exhibitors, presumably, hold their pictures as long as possible, while the Industry keeps its new canned goods on the shelves, for future emergency. Hoarding is a phenomenon that always accompanies shortage; only this time it seems to be the producer instead of the consumer who is thriftily putting by.

If the situation actually becomes acute, the Hollywood strike may be the real test case of labor sympathy on this continent. When attendance drops off because film addicts feel that going to the movies amounts to crossing the picket line, then we may be sure that the continent is definitely swinging left.

Of course movie-attendance might drop away because pictures are being held over, not because of overwhelming public demand, but simply because the studios are determined to hang on to their backlog. Altogether it's a difficult time for the Industry, and it won't help it a bit if it tries passing on its worries to its public.

"On Going to the Dog"

I dodged "Courage of Lassie" the first time round, but it caught up with me the second week when there was nothing else left to see. "Courage of Lassie" turned out to be a fairly typical "Lassie" epic, except that it was longer than usual and appeared to have cost a million dollars extra, in keeping with Lassie's advanced rating as a star. Also, her sufferings have been stepped up to correspond with her promotion. I doubt if even Ann Harding at the height of her career ever suffered as much or as nobly.

I arrived a little late at "Courage of Lassie" so can't tell you how she happened to grow up wild in the forest or what accidents befell her up to the moment she was almost drowned in a whirlpool. Her puppyhood seems to have been fairly uneventful, at any rate when compared with her later years. When civilization reaches her forest home, however, things really begin to happen. First, she is accidentally filled with birdshot. She is nursed through this and has just got round to supporting herself minding sheep when she is run over by a truck. The sympathetic truck driver carries her off to a hospital in a distant city where she recovers from her accident but almost dies of heartbreak at separation from her young mistress (Elizabeth Taylor). She picks up the threads of her life again, however, joins the Army and goes off to the Aleutians.

After that things got so bad that I had to go out for a while and sit in the lobby. When I got back Lassie was wounded, shell-shocked and threatened with nervous breakdown. Shipped back home, she throws herself out of the window of a hospital train. By this time she is a dog paranoic, roaming the country looking for a kill. Before long she meets and attacks her former young mistress, at which point love works the usual Hollywood miracle and for a little while it looks as though her troubles may be over. They aren't, though. The local farmers haul her up before a magistrate for raiding their barnyards, and she has to go through a sequence almost as excruciating as the court scene from "Madam X".

Anyway I was glad I hadn't taken the children along. They suffer intolerable pity through all Lassie pictures and it's no use telling them that it isn't blood, it's only mercurochrome, and everything will turn out beautifully, just wait and see. They never wait to see. They invariably end up in the Ladies' Retiring Room, drowned in tears.

SWIFT REVIEW

HENRY V. Laurence Olivier's incomparable screen version of the Shakespearean play.

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM. Film version of the story of the British widow who went out to educate Siam's heir and ended by educating Siam. An adult theme, entertainingly handled. Irene Dunne, Rex Harrison.

THE KILLERS. Ernest Hemingway's tight and rather enigmatic short story expanded into a mystery thriller. Tough, violent and exciting. With Edmund O'Brien, Ava Gardner.

TILL THE END OF TIME. A not very convincing screen treatment of the returned soldier problem. Dorothy McGuire, Guy Madison.

A Dull Life With Jeeter Lester

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"TOBACCO ROAD" is a good deal like the first steam-engine of which it was said, first that it would never go, and second, that it would never stop. There probably never was a play which seemed, merely on its face, to have less future than Erskine Caldwell's slumming experiment with the backwoods characters of Georgia. But its shock value has kept it going for a dozen years. Apparently it will run forever.

The current version at the Royal Alexandra is played chiefly for laughs. As horror drama of a very special sort, however, it tends to fall rather flat. Deletions which have been made for the sake of local propriety probably have a good deal to do with this; but it has been further weakened by the tendency of some of its minor characters to fall out of their parts, alternating between whooping impropriety and open cue-waiting. As a result the mood of the play was never very well sustained in spite of John Barton's prodigious efforts as Jeeter Lester. It was still funny, with the grotesque and outrageous funniness that comes from inverting all human values. But because the awful world of the Lester family was never for a moment made believable it lacked the sense of intimate horror which, more than anything else, has kept "Tobacco Road" going all these years.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Society Feeds Its Children the Erotic Fare of Delinquency

By LOUISE STONE

IN A house on our street, a beautiful baby boy sleeps in his crib or toddles about his play pen. All day long his mother keeps the radio tuned to hot-platter records, crooners and soap operas. The child's mind is being saturated with a brand of neurotic emotionalism that passes for adult entertainment. His tastes are being formed today. With such a background, has this child a fair chance for emotional balance tomorrow?

A newspaper columnist writes of a movie he attended: "The theatre was filled with children who probably had wonderful nightmares after seeing the picture, a ghostly thriller. A mother in the row ahead put her overcoat over her child's head at one scene."

Not only are most children permitted to see crime, horror, and sex movies and listen to their daily counterpart on the radio, but as soon as they can read, even before, they study the so-called comic strips in which crime and horror predominate.

It has been established that the human species is so constructed that a baby's brain is his least developed organism. From birth on, the capacity of the growing brain is relatively equal between civilized and primitive peoples. The difference is in the development, for the brain develops in ratio to what new fields there are in the environment to explore and assimilate. A child's brain grows functionally, not by cell reproduction but by exercise through experience and education.

Swamped by radio, movies, and literature, children are well-schooled in the field of crime. They learn the tricks of swindle, the smart-aleck knack of making the other guy look like a sucker, gangster talk and attitudes, the technique of torrid sex situations. Young folk take their cues from the people about them, especially from the smart set of radio, screen and stage, whom they have learned to admire. They copy what they see and hear applauded.

They must, because that is their nature, their way of learning. If a child has lax moral values instilled, he will scoff at the good and identify himself with the bad. If he is exposed to glamorized demoralizing influences, these will take precedence over the humdrum jurisdiction of school and church.

In addition to crime, morbid horror, diabolic torture, superstition, psychological distortion and sex drama, the set-up is matched by a certain type of music. A newspaper disc reviewer writes: "Tops among single discs is ——. Both sides contain numerous nifty lines that make it a Must for lecherous listeners." Excepting music, all phases of a child's experiences are tagged by the conscientious parent as "good," "bad," or "all right." Music falls into the abstract category "a matter of taste." The careful parent may throw out offensive literature, exercise a certain control over his contact with radio and movies, choose paintings with care, discarding "nudes" as unsuitable. Then she allows him to listen to music that is stark naked.

On The Air

Adolescents past the age of twelve are experiencing a period of instinct-awakening. They gravitate toward the music and dramatic entertainment that will fan the flowing embers. They listen to instrumental aberration, to a voice that sounds like the love-call of the male moose, and go simply daffy.

Certain radio programs make a feature of this subnormal music. The programs are popular and hundreds of students flock to the broadcasting studios after school. The programs consist of the playing of hot-platter and crooner discs, supplemented by interviews with boys and girls in the audience. Prizes of discs are given to those who can name them.

A girl is summoned by number to the microphone. She is given the opportunity of naming the disc just played. If she names it correctly she receives it as a gift from the sponsor. The director asks her name, age, school attended. The girl is fourteen, in first form in collegiate.

"And what is your favorite subject in school?"

"Mathematics."

"Oh, figures, eh?"

"Yes,"

"We-e-ell!" (Highly facetious): "You and Charlie, here, should get together—he's fond of figures." (Loud laughter from the 'teen-age audience.)

A boy comes to the microphone. The routine questions are asked and answered. The director says: "I have a little address book here. Think you could make use of it?"

"I guess I could."

(Intimately): "You know many telephone numbers?"

"Well . . ."

"If you want any more telephone numbers, George, here, can give you some—he's got more than he needs." (Loud laughter).

Does a program of this kind belong to clear-eyed youth?

In The Movies

Consider also a movie recently reviewed in *Liberty*—a movie that will probably be seen by millions of young people. The review says:

"Here's a very good movie about some very bad people. It rides a suspenseful wave of murder, passion, and corruption by crisscrossing, with clinical detachment, the case histories of these four:

"Martha Ivers: a hard-boiled, man-crazy murderess who clubs her aunt to death and picks up other nasty habits through the years.

"Walter O'Neill: Martha's weakling rum-pot husband who stumbles along in the backwash of her crimes.

"Sam Masterson: a rugged gambler who dosn't get Martha's number until he's made a violent play for her right under Walter's red nose.

"Toni Marachek: a poker-faced (and voiced) ex-jailbird who isn't above double-crossing Sam even though she loves him. The plot is as morbidly unique as this quartet."

Is it reasonable to suppose that such heady fare has no effect whatever on young people?

"The worst criminals in Canada today are between the ages of sixteen and nineteen," says Lt.-Col. Wallace Bunton, head of the Salvation Army Prison and Police Court Services Department. "The next worst group is from nineteen to twenty-five."

Fire Chief Defields, of Windsor, Canada, told the Dominion Association of Fire Chiefs: "The international association's records show that at least fifteen serious fires during the last three weeks were lighted by youngsters who got their inspiration from a single movie."

An article in *Reader's Digest* states: "Not only has the age limit fallen; the type of crime has grown worse. Such wild and savage destruction, sadistic cruelty, vicious vandalism, were unknown ten years ago. Something has happened. . ." And: "Children today are committing 56 per cent of all crimes."

The seriousness of the problem is

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acknowledged. Those in positions of responsibility avoid the issue by placing the blame on "criminal instincts," "a recession of moral fortitude," "lowered moral standards," "a craze for money and corrupt impulses," "laxity in parental control."

The expression "criminal instinct" has no psychological basis in truth. "Recession of moral fortitude," "lowered moral standards," "a craze for money and corrupt impulses" are results, not causes. The most popular shifting of responsibility is to the shoulders of parents. Surely the onus rests, not on the parents, but on those responsible for delinquent entertainment and with society for tolerating its presentation.

A well-known clergyman says: "Obviously there is no real remedy but a deep and redeeming change in human nature, and this means a simple honest return to a vigorous and evangelic religion."

"Have you ever been to the movies?" asked a small girl who had just had her first taste of this marvelous entertainment. "If you went," she continued without waiting for an answer, "you'd never want to go to Sunday School again."

The church has always stood for moral reform, but what chance has a reactionary church against the power of modern vendors of entertainment? Ruthless commercialized minds cashing in on appeal to primitive emotions? Is it into such hands we commit our boys and girls? Can the church afford to offer negative religion in place of positive action?

By allying itself with progress the church could be a powerful means of propaganda. Shedding its creedbound and hidebound traditions it could turn its buildings into recreational centers and stage and movie theatres of high educational and cultural standards that would successfully compete with the forces of evil. Well organized, it could lay a restraining finger on the very sources of evil.

Never in history have there been so many opportunities for educational and social and other advancement. Properly employed, radio and movies could become a mighty force in moral and cultural development.

The development of children who will make or destroy the world as they come to adulthood is the most important problem of any generation.

Degeneracy stalks the youth of our land. Perhaps even greater social catastrophes are needed to shock society from apathy into action. Perhaps eyes will be opened before it is too late.

Fashion in the Arctic as Seen from the Deck of the "Nascopie"

By ELIZABETH LUKENS FLEMING

WE COUNTED fifty tents pitched on the rocky shore at Cape Dorset up in Hudson Straits. Viewed from the deck of the "Nascopie" the annual supply ship of the Hudson's Bay Company, they appeared to be unusually large tents of a distinctly modernistic, streamline design and they were made of canvas instead of the usual sealskin. This, we thought, indicated a successful winter's hunt for the cost of one of these tents at the Hudson's Bay Company trading post would be many fox skins.

Later, when we went ashore, we learned we were right in this assumption. The natives of Cape Dorset had had a splendid winter and were, for the moment, well-to-do, but the tents had not been purchased ready-made as we had thought. Only the lengths of canvas had been bought and the Eskimo women had done the rest themselves, stitching each one strongly and reinforcing it even more strongly to withstand the tugging and the pulling of the wind.

The scene they formed a part of was exotic, as is so often true up in the Arctic, and very beautiful, repeating a motif of alternating light and shade. In the foreground lay the water dark deep sapphire. Then came the strip of rocky shore with the white tents, almost dazzling as they caught the full rays of the fast setting sun, for it was already on towards ten o'clock in the evening. Behind these stretched a background of rolling green, like moorland, rising to a height crowned with a mound of rock outlined in black against the glowing, flaming colors flung across the sky. We watched and watched until the colors faded and the light grew dim.

Next morning we met the makers of the tents. They were for the most part splendid looking women, fine and healthy, some quite pretty and, with very few exceptions, clean and trim. There is no doubt about the Mongolian origin of the Eskimo. It is demonstrated beyond dispute in the high cheek bones, flat noses, and slanty eyes of those uncontaminated by white blood.

The native women at Cape Dorset are better dressed than those at some of the other trading-posts. They have the good fortune to live in one of the most prolific hunting districts with a plentiful supply of seal and walrus as well as of the foxes trapped for trading.

Pennies On Parkas

In the Arctic much, indeed most, of one's success in life, or failure, depends upon the supply of food for man and beast. Without a vigorous well-fed dog team a hunter's radius of action is tragically curtailed. Conversely with a well-fed team he can go far afield to better hunting grounds and tend more traps. This is the case at Cape Dorset where the seal and walrus give an adequate supply of food for man and dog alike. Moreover, this has been an exceptionally good year for foxes so that for the most part the people are, according to their standards, affluent. Consequently, more money is available for clothing.

The parkas of both men and women are made of duffle cloth, a material like a winter blanket only heavier which is manufactured in England by the Hudson's Bay Company especially for this purpose. The men have cotton covers over theirs to protect them from the grease and oil and general dirt inevitable in working the cargo. But the women can afford to show their finery, as indeed they do.

Their parkas are not cut like ordinary ones but have an extraordinary tail hanging down the back almost to the heel, rounded at the end and trimmed with rows and rows of rick-rack braid if not with something more elaborate. Those who are in the upper bracket financially or who are especially gifted with their needle decorate their tails with bead-work or with old fashioned large sized pennies. These are particularly nice to have as they serve a double purpose. They help to keep the tail hanging properly in place just as the weights do in the jacket of a lady's suit and they make a pleasant jingle-jangle when one walks.

The tails themselves serve a double purpose too. They keep the wind off when one is standing upright and they can be folded deftly into a small thick pad that gives protection when sitting on the damp wet racks or on the swashing decks of a Peterhead boat.

Occasionally the front of the parka is decorated too, but this is not the ordinary thing as beads are costly and the time to work them costlier still. I did, however, notice several of them here at Dorset—including one small boy with a medallion on his chest in red and blue with the letters H.B.C. in white, and an old girl who wanted to stand in well with everyone. On her front was the seal of the Hudson's Bay Company and on her back that of the Baffin Trading Company, the opposition. She will go far, that one.

The ship was only in a short time, but we left feeling that materially at least, all was well at Dorset.

JOAN RIGBY

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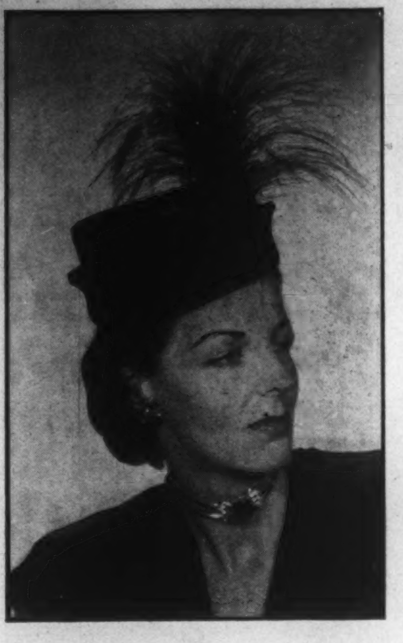

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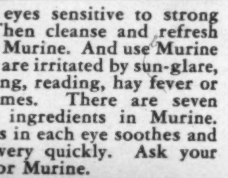

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MADE IN CANADA

WORLD OF WOMEN

Silence Is Indeed Golden When One's Social Life Is at Stake

By FREDERIC MANNING

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They have a high hedge surrounding the garden, which may have made them more venturesome, and, except for falling over a few stuffed animals, a playpen and two prams, everything was very, very smooth, including the cocktails. My hostess inquired (in a rather menacing tone, I thought) how they suited *me*? Fortunately they suited me fine and I said I thought them wonderful. Maybe a *little* too many diced cucumbers, but really quite delicious. My hostess waved the cucumbers aside and said she was delighted to hear the cocktail was to my liking because *she* had mixed them *herself*!

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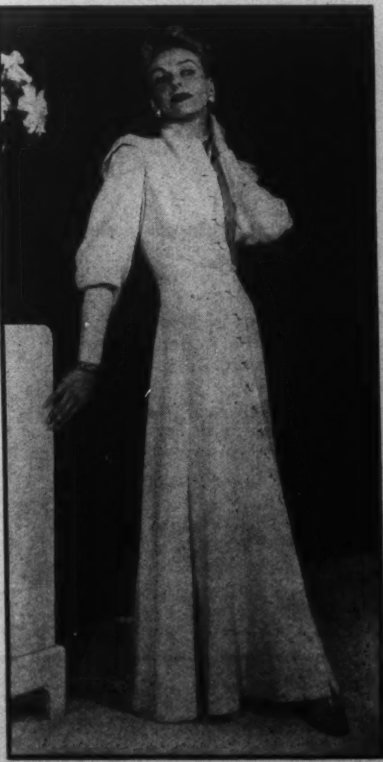

White wool shot with silver is translated into the elegance of a dinner-at-home coat by Eta, of New York.

All right, I know when I am beaten but one last wail—the furnace man hasn't turned up *yet*!

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—Paul Tabori in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Chases Dirt
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TO DISSOLVE AND CLEAN AWAY GREASE

IT TAKES

LESS TIME, LESS RUBBING

WITH

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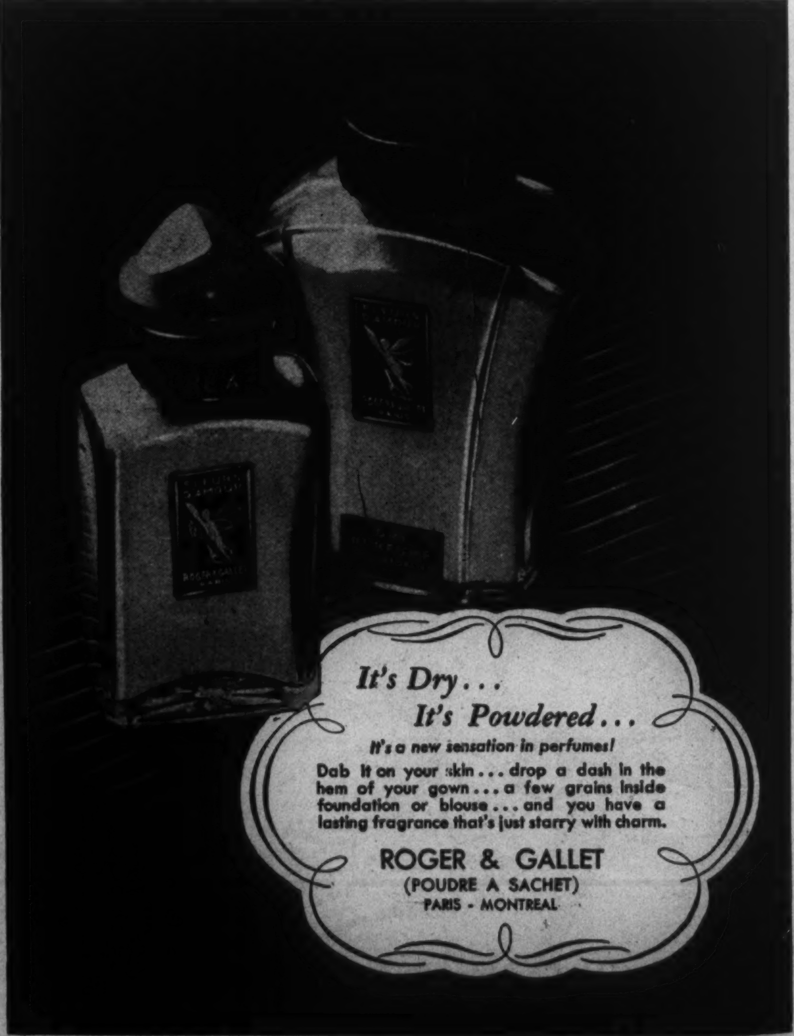

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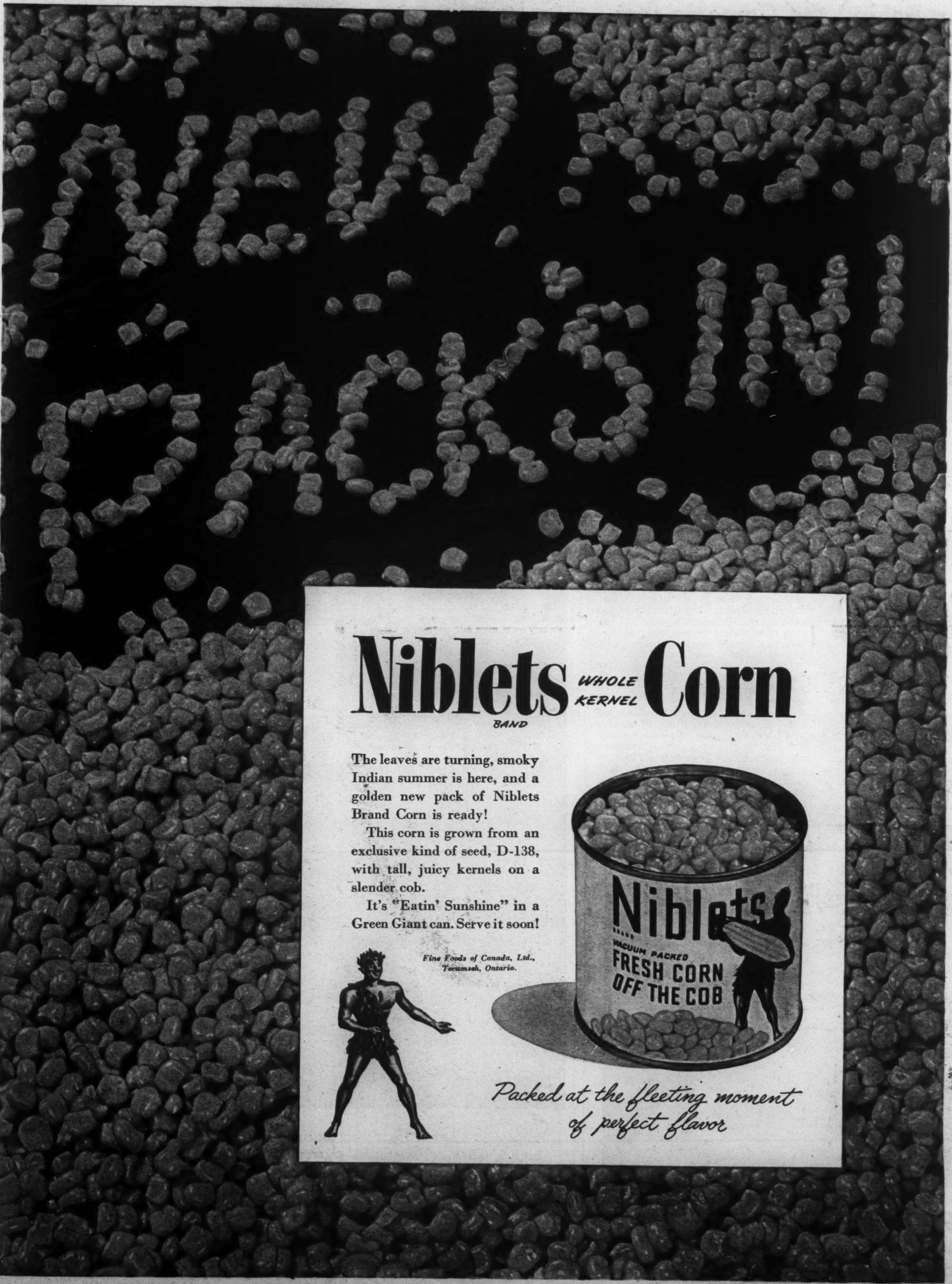
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The high, head-fitting crown of this cuffed pillbox of black velvet, by John Fredericis, is the background for sprays of simulated black egret.

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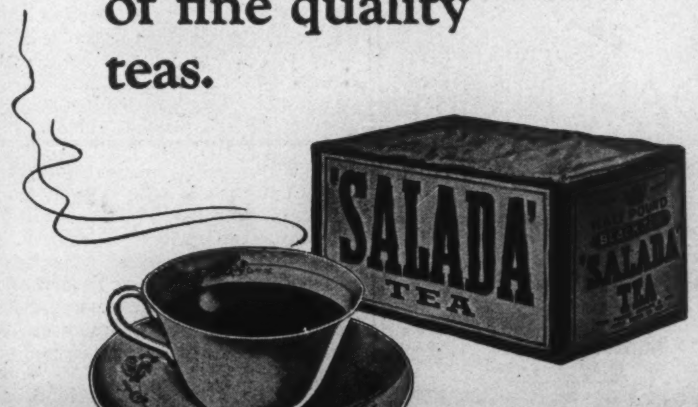

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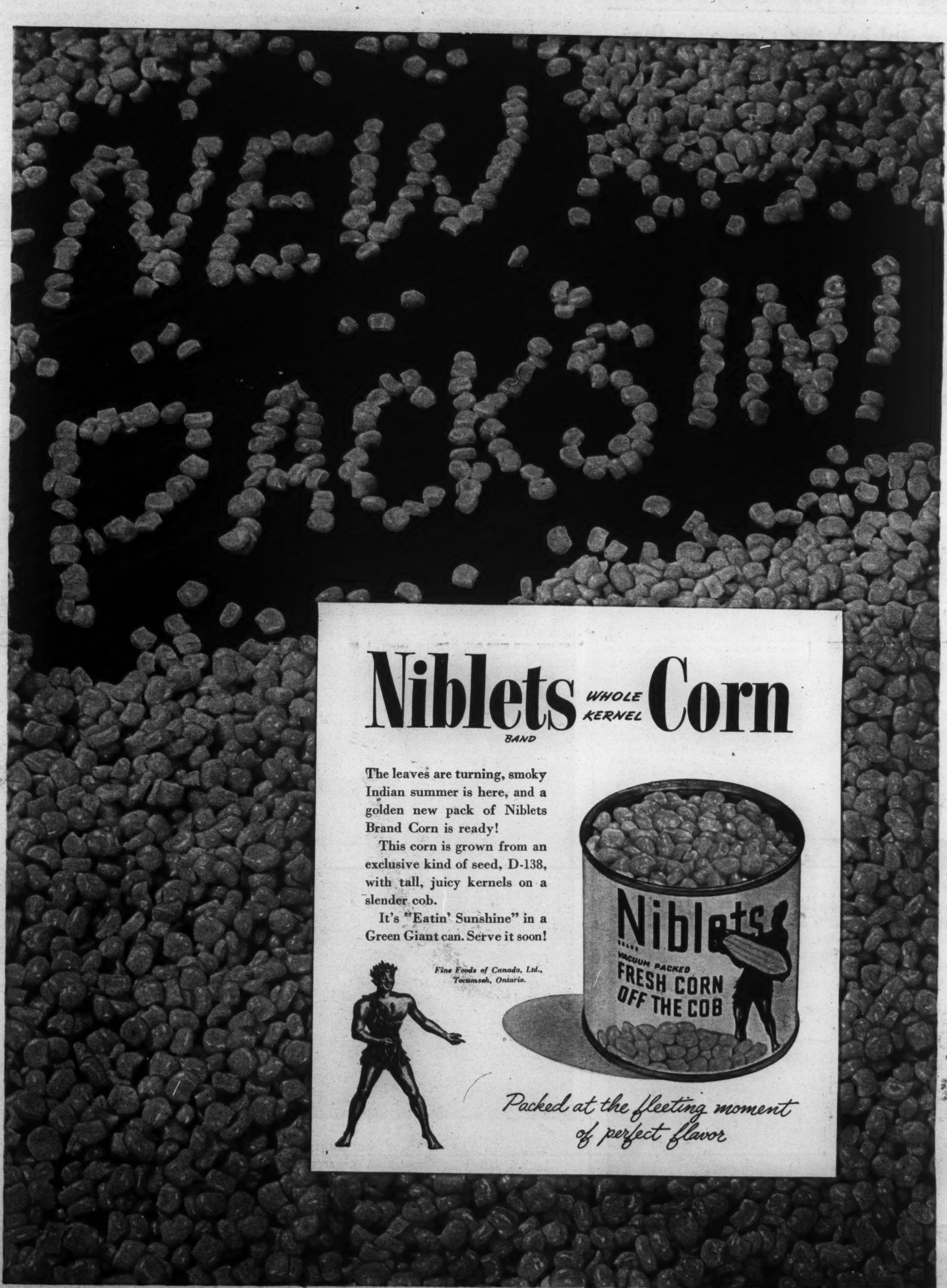
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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Women Behind the Cameras that Chronicle the Canadian Scene

By BETSY MOSBAUGH

"CAREER women and the hue and cry over equality of the sexes," writes our Chronicler of Courtesy, "have so thoroughly abolished the concept of chivalry that man, out of sheer self-protection, must throw aside all courtesy and fend for himself."

Whether such an idea is just a form of male rationalization, or whether it's justifiable, is a debatable question. But it is possible that some so-called "career women" do encounter situations that aren't exactly what Emily Post would order.

Perhaps the most unusual of all such situations are those in which some of the women at the National Film Board in Ottawa often find themselves. The women there hold down various jobs, but probably the most interesting and unusual positions are those of either Director or Location Business Manager.

The job of Location Business Manager is as varied as it is interesting and includes everything from getting material for the film to travelling around the country shooting pictures with a camera crew. In many cases situations crop up that might cause our Chronicler of Courtesy to decry the present state of chivalry, but they can't always be blamed on career women.

Consider, for example, what people think when they see six or seven Film Board men leap out of a taxi leaving one lone female to pay the bewildered cabbie. From all appearances the whole episode probably smacked of "what price popularity," but in reality it was just a matter of efficient bookkeeping. One of the duties of the business manager is to keep an eagle eye on all finances of the film unit, and consequently she travels around the country with the crew paying all National Film Board expenses, accounts and handling the budget.

Of course looking after finances isn't the only duty of a Location Business Manager. From cradle to grave she nurses along many of the films that are produced. Florence Warne, young Smith's Falls-born manager of the "Canada Carries On" unit can vouch for that. She has just returned from being out on location for the recent N.F.B. film "Small Fry," a picture on the health and welfare of Canadian children.

Her job began as soon as the idea of the film was born. She sat in on all the conferences and discussions outlining the picture and then, armed with a thorough knowledge of what was wanted, she set out for Toronto, Montreal and other places to make contacts and find suitable locations for filming.

First of all she gathered welfare material by contacting health authorities, heads of civic departments, boards of education, playground committees, nursery schools and hospitals. From them she also got information as to the most suitable places and institutions where the camera crew could "shoot" (or film) the picture. Then, to give her larynx a rest, she looked over each suggested location from a point of view of power facilities and its suitability to what was wanted in the picture.

Scene 100. Roll 5.

When the locations were decided on, she made hotel reservations and any other necessary arrangements for shooting the picture. Then, with a rough shooting script, she and the director went out to give a final check to the locations. By the time the crew arrived everything was all set for the cameras to start rolling.

Each day while the picture was being made, she sent the "daily rushes" (all the film taken during the day) to Ottawa where they were developed and edited. Accompanying these rushes was a detailed report giving the names and locations of anybody or anything that was filmed. A paragraph taken at random from one of her reports reads like this: "Scene 100. Roll 5. Locations Upper Canada College. Dolly and straight shot through entrance gates . . . " It may sound somewhat hazy to the average reader, but Florence swears that it is the King's pure English!

"Small Fry" dealt mainly with children. It was designed to point out that children of today are expected to be leaders of the more complex tomorrow, and consequently all should have equal opportunities of health and education. Thus it was necessary to round up great numbers of children for the picture. At one time Florence found herself herding some sixty youngsters through the streets of Montreal to the location sets. As the Film Board was entirely responsible for them, she had to keep running up and down the line counting her flock and seeing that they got over the intersections safely. Passersby on the street were quite amused at the sight of Florence and usually made some bantering remarks as "Good Heavens! Are they all yours?" And with a question like that, a plain "yes" or "no" answer doesn't work.

Often the crew gave these children ice cream or candy. Coming from the poorer sections of the city, these youngsters were apparently so wildly appreciative of such "treats" that they put any of the ordinary ways of saying "thank you" to shame.

Another woman who has been out on location is personable, efficient Daphne Lilly, who comes from Manitoba. She has been trained in almost every aspect of the film industry from negative cutting to directing, and is a veteran in her line. At present she edits film for the "Canada Carries On" unit.

As business manager for the production "Home to the Land", she accomplished the amazing feat of covering Canada from East to West Coast, making arrangements here and there, all within the space of one month. During this tour she found it necessary to find, at one point, some height from which the cameraman could get a panorama of the prairies in Saskatchewan. After looking over a number of possibilities, she finally selected the top of a high grain elevator as most suitable. Being "from Missouri" she went up to investigate it herself. The only way she could reach the top was on a man-lift, a small open platform about a foot by a foot and a half, operated by a spring mechanism controlled by the feet.

Rope Trick

More than a little apprehensive, Daphne got on the contraption and swayed to the top. All the way up she was afraid that she might become paralyzed with fear and be unable to take her foot off the spring mechanism. And if she hadn't done so, she would have literally "hit the roof". However, she finally stopped the lift and stepped out over the gaping space below onto the grain covered floor. After making her inspection and signalling that she was ready to go down, a voice wafted up to her, "Sorry ma'm, the lift's broken. You'll have to come down the rope hand over hand!"

As anyone who has ever seen a grain elevator can imagine, it was a long way down. Daphne was quite willing to try anything within reason, but she didn't consider herself adept at acrobatics. Informing her audience of her limitations, she finally received aid from a corpulent little man who was sent up. She clung to him while he went down the rope hand over hand. They both reached the bottom safely, but from then on Daphne was inclined to let the cameraman look over his own locations.

People may talk of getting "everything but the kitchen sink", but Daphne feels that she has come pretty

Not only are heads well covered this season, but a few hats muffle the throat prettily. This cozycap, by Sally Victor, is of white angora jersey trimmed with beige and brown pompoms, embroidered in gold thread.

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close to rounding up even that proverbial object. One time while she was out in Banff shooting "Holiday at School" she was given a list of articles needed for the sets. It included sixty-two students, two tandem bicycles, five other bicycles, a string of pack ponies and a mounted policeman!

She considers her job "lots of fun" and thoroughly enjoys the "mad, crazy" times that she has encountered. But there are dramatic situations as well as the amusing in her job. On V-E Day Daphne was shooting a film called "Headline Hunters" and was right in the midst of taking pictures of the editorial offices of the Toronto *Daily Star* when the news came through. Aside from being able to film the newspaper office in action under such a crisis, the element of drama in the arrival of peace still stands out in her memory.

Twenty-three year-old, Barbara Rowe Gordon is another business manager at the Film Board. Graduating from the University of Toronto in 1944 she joined the Board's staff and went into production. She has been out on location both as director and business manager.

Working with the educational unit in making films for rural consumption Barbara has had to shoot many street scenes. She recalls that it was necessary to exert her powers of persuasion and tact to the utmost in trying to make people agreeable to the idea of being filmed. The common failure with both adults and children alike, she says, is that they always look directly at the camera in a petrified manner so that the whole scene has to be retaken.

Barbara also follows the principle that on the telephone a woman's voice with a smile in it works wonders in getting equipment that couldn't ordinarily be procured by the rest of the crew. However, she did find that to make arrangements for power convincingly, she had to spend long hours with the crew boning up on ohms, watts, kilowatts, and amperes.

Once, Barbara recalls, she worked with an entirely female crew. Gudrun Parker was director, Margaret Perry was camerawoman and Barb was manager. They were filming the Library School on the top floor of the Ontario College of Education in Toronto. There were no elevators and they had to carry all kinds of heavy equipment up three flights of stairs. Struggling under 2 and 5 kilowatt lights, and lugging cameras around wasn't exactly a tea party but the female crew emerged with a successful take and none the worse for their exercise.

Veteran Directors

Gudrun Parker and Evelyn Cherry are two other women at the Film Board who have been out on location. They are veritable veterans of the film industry and are both directors of their own units. Although Gudrun is twenty-six years old, she has produced a number of successful films such as "A Friend for Supper", "The People's Bank", and "Listen to the Prairies", which was released theatrically as "A City Sings", concerns her native Winnipeg, and tells the story of its annual music festival. So dramatically did she produce this film that when it was seen in New Brunswick the people there decided to inaugurate a similar festival. Gudrun is married and her husband also works at the Film Board. Occasionally they work in the same unit, but usually they make separate films.

Evelyn Cherry is also married and has two children. She has been making documentary films for over fifteen years, and is rated one of the topnotchers in her line. Born in Saskatchewan she began her career on the Regina *Leader-Post*. From there she went to England where she met John Grierson, who later became Canadian Film Commissioner and head of the National Film Board. Instead of staying in England just for a holiday as she had intended, she remained five years working for Grierson. Then she came to Canada where she has been turning out innumerable pictures including the famous "Knife and Fork" series for children.

There's an old saying about "Giving to each according to his own like" and it has become evident in the last 20 or 30 years that women are taking the adage seriously. In advertising, in fashion designing and in numerous other fields they are making their mark, just as in the film industry. Perhaps the Chroniclers of Courtesy are wont to beat a hasty retreat at the thought of the changing structure of society, but after all, it's still a case of "giving to each his own like".

Daphne Lilly, out on location at St. Adele with the National Film Board, checks script of film "Fashions By Canada". One of her duties as Location Business Manager was to see that descriptions of ski fashions in script tallied with the actual costumes photographed on the hills.

• •

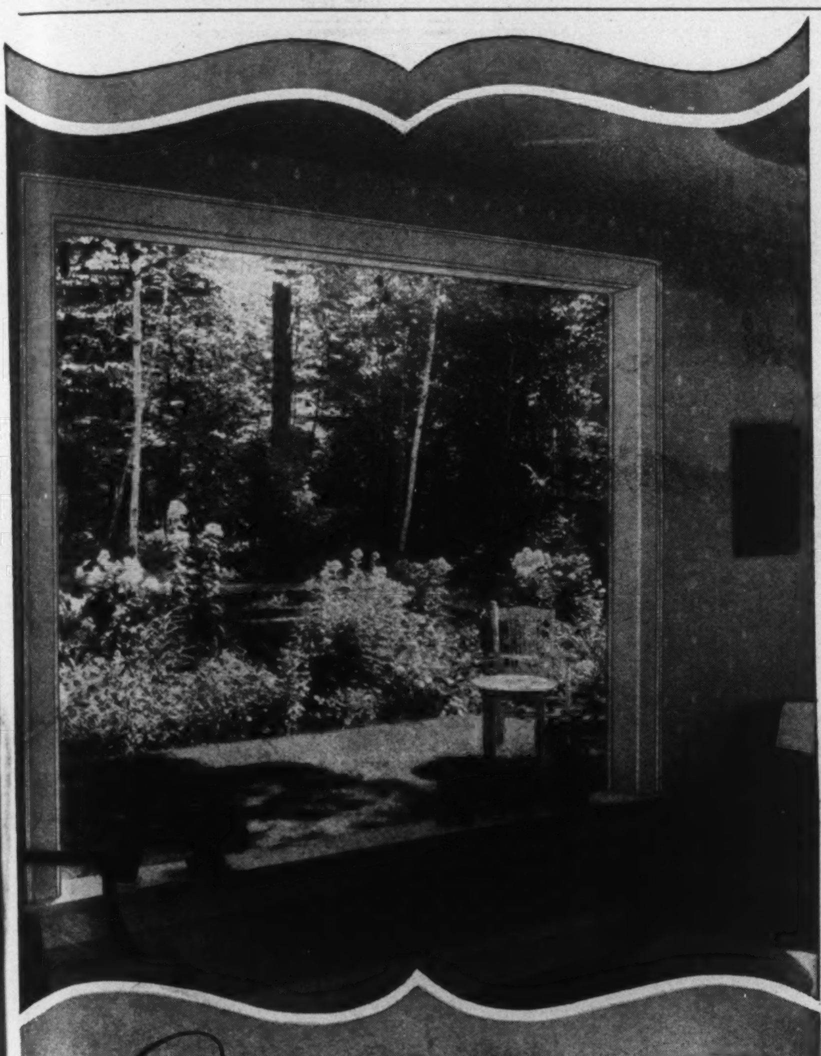
When the Scot Dances

WHEN Princess Elizabeth attended this year's Caledonian Ball in London, she danced encore foursomes to the eightsome reel. Other Scottish country dances on the program were "The Dashing Red Sergeant," "Speed The Plough," "Petronella," and "Scottish Reform."

Only true national dances of Scotland are Reels, Flings and Strathspeys (the latter slow and grandiose modifications of the reel). Traditionally, the fling is danced on one small spot which was once a shield laid flat on the ground.

Although it seems incredible, it is on record that a man once played the fiddle, played bass on the bagpipe, spoke Gaelic and explained it by means of question and answer, all the time he was dancing a strathspey. So instinctive are these dances to a Scot!

The reel is a gliding dance (would-be dancers are warned the pentatonic scale—a form of scale without semitones—is employed in Scottish music), the steps of which are called minor, single and double where two steps go to one bar, one step to one bar and one step to two bars respectively. "Hops", "gentle springs" and "smart springs" are among the instructions given by Francis Peacock, eminent Aberdeen dancing master, who died in 1807.



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More Deacon garments are now being tailored than ever before. The demand for them is so great, however, that they are still, relatively, in very short supply. We know it's difficult, but please be as patient as you can!

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Canadian Girls' Tactics Are All Wrong and I'll Tell You Why--

By DONALD WAHN

WHENEVER a girl tells me that she's cynical I gag slightly and try to refrain from remarking that, "this is where I came in." Being cynical is one of several characteristics which too many Canadian girls are currently emphasizing. I am referring, of course, to undesirable characteristics since there are more than several of the other kind, although none of them have been present in any girls I've met lately.

In saying all this I'm not trying to be unpleasant or sarcastic. I'm merely reporting a situation which might, for all I know, be entirely my own fault. But it's a situation which exists, nevertheless, and one which has been commented upon by more than one of my male friends.

This cynical business, for example, manifests itself as follows: A perfectly charming and apparently normal girl suddenly tells you that she's "the cynical type", which sounds silly anyway. It usually happens during your first luncheon date with her, or after the show, and it can creep into the conversation in a dozen different ways. The general idea seems to be to announce it as soon as possible and with a slight show of pride.

The Current Crop

In the old days, which is to say before the war took me away from Canada for three odd years, such girls were very much in the minority. I think, perhaps, the cases that did exist were genuine ones. Now, I'm not so sure.

I note that the current crop of cynical girls is never able to advance a reason for its belief that human conduct is motivated solely by self-interest, which is what the dictionary says a cynic is. The idea that it is a weakness to be chronically cynical never seems to enter their heads, neither does it seem to occur to them that it is not an attitude that adds to a girl's charm.

Also well represented is the "I'm a good girl" type. Working with equal speed they suddenly unleash a bright little account of how terribly loose-moraled the world has become, which is something with which I'm inclined to agree. However, it never stops there. Things rapidly take on a personal touch and it isn't long until they get around to the point where they recite all the things they don't do. To provide variety, some girls throw in little case histories.

Nastiest of all is the thinly-veiled warning that usually creeps into such recitations and the sort of "Now don't *you* get any funny ideas" tone which is used.

Then we have the old stand-by, so called because she's been in business for a year, but who currently seems to be a bit more in evidence. I'm referring to the girl who just loves to give the impression that she's quite a girl. Her conversations are aimed in this direction and all sorts of subtle and not-so-subtle insinuations fly about. Chief stock-in-trade is a collection of off-color jokes which she uncorks at suitable and unsuitable moments.

Mother-And-Daughter Act

She is very good at suggesting that she's quite a drinker, too, which she never is. In short, it's all talk and she hasn't the slightest reason in the world to resent the fact that someone, sooner or later, takes her seriously. But don't ever kid yourself! Her reactions at such times probably gave someone the idea for designing the atom bomb.

It wouldn't be fair to overlook the "homespun" type who invites you up to the house to meet Mother and to eat cookies made with her own small hands. On the surface this would seem to be very admirable, and indeed it is, it's just that it's carried much too far. The girl is praised by everyone in the family and it's suggested that she'd make a swell wife for someone...you lucky person! The little homemaker herself sits shyly by Mother, and at any moment you expect both of them to produce harps or mandolins.

A fairly certain way to escape is to announce that you smoke—tobacco, of course, although opium would scarcely create more consternation. If this doesn't work you can always suggest that Fidelia might drop into the local tavern with you sometime and have a beer. This is sure-fire. Homespun girls have been taught that alcohol is Evil and that the major reason millions of gallons are produced yearly is so there'll be a good supply on hand to lure girls to their Doom.

A modified version of the homespun girl would make a wonderful wife, and if you know where there is one please wire collect, but the extreme mother complex and the exaggerated moral attitudes of the current crop makes them a poor bet.

There are a few other types but maybe I've gone far enough. I won't talk about imaginary career girls who are continually on the verge of getting some unique position and who can't be bothered with any male who fails to fit an exacting list of specifications.

Neither will I mention those girls who are more than willing to go out with a man two or three dozen times, but who still think it perfectly quaint if he starts getting the notion that they're interested in him. Then there is the gushily insincere girl whose affectionate words and actions mean exactly nothing.

I don't doubt that there are all kinds of girls around who exhibit none of these tendencies and who, indeed, feature some outstandingly good characteristics. This article, as I've said, is a simple report of current, sad observations, supplemented by those of my friends. It's not intended to be a foolish and entirely automatic criticism, nor is it one of these absurd "What's wrong with Canadian girls" things. Canadian girls are better than the girls I saw in any foreign country.

Maybe I've just been unlucky lately.

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MONTREAL

Four Walls and a Roof and All Amenities Within Easy Reach

By GWEN MORTON HERBST

THE room was eleven feet square. To the very inch, for we measured it carefully. It had a bed, two armchairs that were anything but easy, a small kitchen table and three straight chairs, and a two-burner grill on a stand. Crowning glory was the Thing, a monstrous piece of furniture with dishes behind glass doors on top, a closed space below eventually divided between sweaters and canned goods.

I had chosen this room myself, to be the first home shared with my veteran husband turned university student. Chosen, that is, if taking the only room to be found could be called chosen.

"My God!" howled my husband as he caught his first glimpse. I bridled defensively, and tried to look delighted with the patched linoleum, dirty wallpaper and torn bedspread.

"What did you say we're paying for this?" he asked.

"Six-fifty a week," I said meekly.

With a glance that told plainly what he thought of my business sense, my fond husband dumped the suitcases on the floor.

"First of all," he said, "we'll take those down!"

Landlady Art

On our faded walls hung eleven pictures, each one worse than the one before. In a few minutes we had them stacked in the hall, a glaring rotogravure of the Royal Family in a four-inch frame at the bottom.

"If she says anything I'll say they give me claustrophobia," nodding in the general direction of the landlady's quarters. "Or that I'm a psychoneurotic."

Next to go was the single paper rose artfully centring the oilcloth-covered table. We also took down a huge wax flower that trailed from the curtain rod on a stem a yard long, and some crepe paper butterflies with gilded clothespin bodies.

A series of bumps ending in a loud crash interrupted us.

"Where do you want this, lady?" came the voice of a winded express man. He was glaring at my wardrobe trunk, inherited from mother and guaranteed to hold everything but the kitchen sink. (I wished it *had* held the kitchen sink—it would have been very useful).

We tugged it into the room and retreated to the bed. There was no floor space left.

"Shall we unpack right away?" I said. I was anxious to make an efficient start at housekeeping.

"Sure," obliged my husband. "But into what?"

I looked around the room. No bureau, no chest of drawers. I wormed my way to the cupboard. Nothing but a couple of bent hangers jingling on the rod.

We Entertain

"We'll have to get one of those unpainted chests of drawers," I said feebly.

Which we did. And having no other place to put it, it went into the tiny cupboard with our suitcases, clothes, shoes, hats and what-have-you. For seven months we tugged desperately to open each drawer, shoved furiously to close it. The cupboard echoed with maddened cries from my husband as he drew forth sock after sock, each a different color, from its dark interior. Rubbers disappeared for weeks, boxes tumbled down on our heads. Even shutting the cupboard door was a feat, for the laundry bag hung on the inside door knob. A sharp kick at the bag had to be followed immediately by enough push to shut the door before the bag swung back but not enough to knock down clothes hung on the door.

Most of the time the door remained ajar, but when company came it had to be shut. We had company quite often, too. Usually it was just a quiet bridge game, yet occasionally I soared to greater entertainment heights.

Chief of these were dinner parties for four. Although the greenest of cooks, I didn't hesitate to scatter invitations to dine "chez Herbst" to hungry students. Looking back on it, I am still amazed at what can be done on a two-burner grill.

It went something like this. Budget permitting, I would buy four steaks, half a pound of mushrooms, some tomatoes, canned or fresh fruit, and a bakery cake. About five o'clock I put the kettle on one burner, started frying mushrooms on the other. Meanwhile the table was set and the fourth chair stolen from the community bathroom.

When the guests arrived they tossed a coin to see which of the two would get the first steak. This settled, the boiling kettle was removed and the mushrooms put on top of it to keep warm. A steak and the coffee were then put on the burners.

The obvious disadvantage to this system was that the winner of the toss had finished his dessert before the host had started his steak. It was the only possible way, though, and I soon learned that when tucking into a T-bone steak a man doesn't notice he is alone at the table, hungrily watched by the non-eaters.

We were, as I have said, seven months in our room. Safe now in what passes for a flat, the "second floor back" has slipped into a merciful past. We are forgiving and forgetting the milk that froze on the window sill, the iron mattress, the paper-thin walls. It is fast becoming an experience remembered with amusement and even affection. After all, it *was* our first home.

TO A SAILOR'S SON

THE sailor moves by his chart—
Beacon and buoy and light;
But a lad has only his heart
To say if his course be right.

The ship has rudder and thrust
To answer her captain's skill,
But all that a lad can trust
Is the motive that moves the will.

The sailor clings to his star
And sure on his track he goes,
But surer the lad, by far,
When he holds to the truth he knows.

FREDERICK B. WATT

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CONCERNING FOOD

Mystery of Smiling Grocer Who Doesn't Come to Our Street

By JANET MARCH

WHILE we were still at war a lot of people spent time telling us how fine peace would be in material ways. I remember one very flossy colored advertisement which showed a vast truck equipped as a travelling grocery store. It had sides which let down and was complete even to the smiling grocer standing beside waiting to press anything you wanted into your hands. Rather surprisingly it turned out not to be a grocer's, but a brewer's advertisement.

I have thought of that ad quite often as I joined the game of tag you play these days. If you are quick on your feet and wear rubber soles maybe you'll get both a bar of soap and a pound of shortening, but it's not likely. Certainly the smiling grocer has not bothered to pull up on this street, and it's I who do the travelling.

A single pheasant feather curves over the crown of this sweeping brimmed casual hat by Laddie Northridge. Brown grosgrain ribbon bands the crown and forms loops at the side.

There haven't been so many of those flights of fancy lately, though these which feature model houses must drive the many house hunters insane. The magazines still tantalize us with the very latest in kitchens, while a lot of us are staggering along with our ancient equipment, and can be found listening anxiously at the door of the refrigerator if the mechanism makes any unusual sound. If you own a gas stove with a pilot lighting system pray that it won't break. Striking matches is tedious. We did it for six months and embarrassed the repair man, when he finally arrived, by our enthusiastic affection for him.

If you set out to buy a washing machine, it's hard to find one even to feast your eyes on, and when you try to add your name to a list the salesmen get a vague look in their eyes. One maker staged a demonstration of his new model "—to be in production in Canada in 1947. No, madam, we can't take orders." A thick crowd fixed their eyes longingly on the whirring water visible through a glass top. No wringer on this one, no lost buttons and, incidentally, no children with their limbs wrung out flat. Of course you will pay a little more to keep yourself buttoned than you did for the old type.

The washers' insides lift out, and if you have a good enough bank balance you can drop in a dish washer instead. This lovely machine looks like a high small square table when you are not using it, except that if you are the proud owner of both the washer and the dish washer you have to have a place in which to keep a largish tub while you are dishwashing. All this will be very fine in 1947, and in the meantime we'll just reach for the dish mop and whip through those dishes again.

In a recent *Life* there were some interesting pictures of the smaller bits of kitchen equipment. The author stated that most kitchens had a lot more things than they needed and that it is the big husband rather than the little wife who is responsible usually for cluttering up the drawers with fancy potato peelers and sure-fire ways of not hard-boiling the eggs. Of course there are lots of gadgets which are endlessly useful, but the best thing to have is an array of good sharp knives.

If people gave as much thought to time-saving recipes as they do to time-saving equipment we would have the time saved for us in spite of shortages. A lemon soufflé which takes a grater, an orange squeezer, a sieve, a plate, one saucepan, three bowls, two spoons and an egg beater to make, is not the dessert to pick out on the night you are in a hurry. Better make it baked custard which only takes a saucepan in which to heat the milk and the baking dish you cook it in.

Then those people who speak of a stew as if you just dropped everything straight from the shop into a pot and then went out till dinner time leaving the stew simmering, make me tired. Ever wrestled with the fat and gristle on stewing beef? It's at least a fifteen minute job with a sharp knife and a sharpener to keep it that way; not to mention the time which goes into peeling the vegetables. And then when the thing is cooking you have to allow some hovering time with a spoon. "Yes, I think a little marjoram — or is it basil it needs? Try pepping it up with some vinegar and a bit of brown sugar." A steak is easy beside a stew.

Think Twice

The cook books these days are getting better and better about telling how long certain dishes take to prepare as well as the cooking time, but still a lot of us eat things which don't taste good enough to justify the time put into them.

If it's a question of currying the meat that is left over think twice. Rice—if you have any—is tiresome to boil and wash and dry on brown paper in the oven. Chances are you won't have all the things you need waiting in the refrigerator and you'll have to peel some apples, cut the meat up very carefully, and brown the gravy a good dark brown so that the curry isn't that rather unpleasant mustard yellow, curry powder alone makes it.

Probably the finished curry will be fine but wouldn't the family have been almost as well pleased if you had put the meat through the meat grinder, cut up the cold potatoes you found in the refrigerator, added some salt and pepper and browned the mixture in a frying pan?

Of course there are times when you want to go in for slow and expert cookery. Often it isn't when you are having a party at all, but just when the time is there and turning out good food is one of the finest ways in which to spend time; but when the time isn't there you can still eat well and not have to imitate a chased deer while preparing dinner.

Let's hope that soon we shall be able to let the machines do more of the duller things for us so that we can taste and flavor and experiment while the dishwasher whirls.

Beige felt softly draped in accordion-like pleats, has the new backward slant. It is by Sally Victor.

I Wonder What Became of that Inoffensive Little Mr. Norton

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

MR. NORTON expected smooth sailing after the war. In fact he had almost become accustomed to comparatively smooth sailing, thanks to rationing. The store which he had started during the boom days of the late 'twenties had more than fulfilled the dreams of a lifetime. Norton's—Meats and Groceries had become an institution on Uptown Street. And so had Mr. Norton.

There wasn't a grocery for a mile when providence led him to the new little store. But on one side there was the also new and much advertised residential district of Uptown Hills, rigidly restricted as to the minimum cost of house which could be built. On the other side there was Uptown Flats where rows and rows of small houses looked like rows of vegetables in a garden and sprung up as quickly.

Mr. Norton became accustomed to a limousine at his door and a chauffeur in his store. During the depression he became equally accustomed to dealing with relief vouchers. And whether it was eight T-bone steaks for an Uptown Hills resident or a pound of hamburger for a small boy from the Flats, he gave them all the same Golden Rule service. Life was wonderful. He was so satisfied with his incredible success that he actually forgot that he was undersized and undistinguished looking and that people must know it was because he had often been hungry as a boy.

When chauffeurs went out of fashion and into war the Hills customers dropped into Norton's on their way home from the Red Cross or the Active Service Canteen. Mr. Norton got to know them all. He already knew the women who did their shopping when they were out with the children in the afternoon or hurrying home from work for which they were paid. It was only after the war that changes occurred. Mr. Norton found that he could no longer tell whether a customer from the Hills would order sausage instead of porterhouse or one of the Flats children be sent for a honey dew. And why not? It was a good sign. But it was poor protection against shock.

Salad dressing started it.

Mr. Norton delighted to survey neat rows of merchandise. He liked to

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NAUSEA caused by sudden changes when flying, relieved with
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MOTHERSILL'S AIRSICK REMEDY
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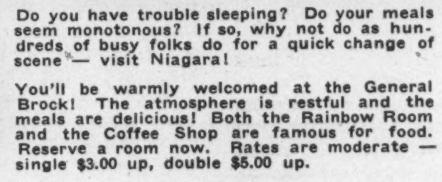

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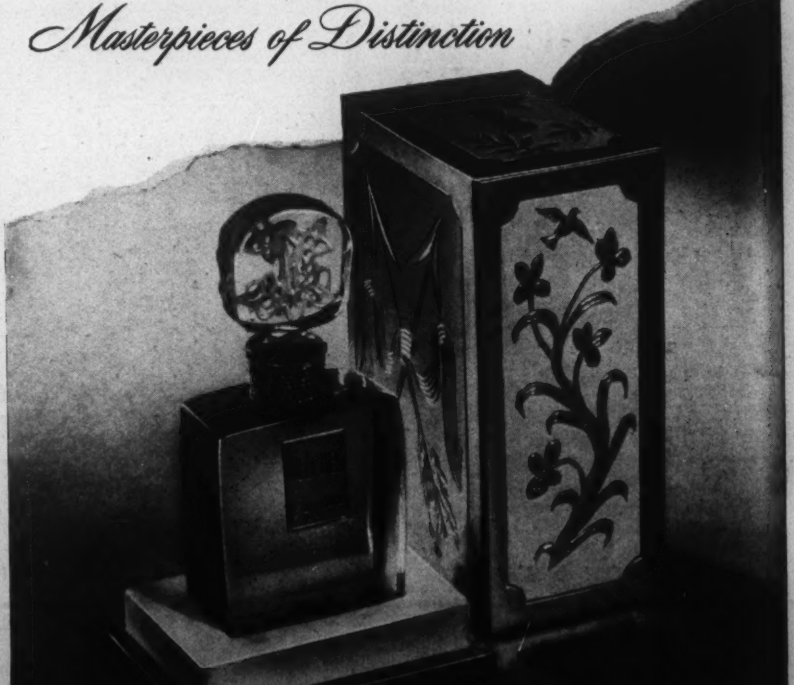


PACKAGED AND SEALED IN PARIS, FRANCE

see items always on the same shelf, carefully priced, labels to the front. They had just opened a carton of salad dressing that morning and were about to price stamp the jars when a customer came in.

"Whee-ee, salad dressing!" she shrieked. "May I have two, please?"

"Only one to a customer," said Mr. Norton firmly. "We've got to be fair."

The customer paid for her purchases and went out. The stamp was still dry when another woman came in.

"I hear you've got salad dressing," she exclaimed breathlessly.

It started like that. Easy and natural at first. One customer. Then another. Then two or three more. In no time there were a dozen people in the store at once, all clamoring for salad dressing. A broadcasting truck might have been outside telling everyone that Norton's had salad dressing. They reached for it, stretched for it, pushed each other out of place, and one woman actually took a jar out of a child's hand. Not a jar reached the shelf, freshly dusted and empty. Mr. Norton was shocked. He felt as uncomfortable as if he had appeared in the store without his collar on or his trousers properly buttoned.

Jungle Telegraph

The incident disturbed his sleep. He thought of rationing the next lot on his own. But suppose there wasn't enough to go round. He wouldn't hide groceries under the counter. No, first-come-first-serve seemed the fairest way. Wrestling with the problem for hours made him tired and irritable next morning. He was in no condition to cope with a case of bar soap and so many Flats women coming in the morning instead of the afternoon as they usually did.

They were all there, it seemed, customers from Uptown Hills and customers he'd never seen before. Like spilt milk the news spread that Norton's had bar soap, reminding Mr. Norton of crowds he had seen from the safe outside of a chain store window. He almost thought he was inside a chain store when one of his wealthiest customers snatched a bar of soap from another woman's shopping basket. Stiffly Mr. Norton asked her to put it back. The woman laughed, quite pleasantly.

"It's every woman for herself these days, Mr. Norton," she said.

Did they expect him to police his own store? Things certainly were getting harder since the war ended. And it was all on account of the people. He didn't know what was coming over them. They wanted everything he was short of—prunes, raisins, corn starch, rice. And the underhand methods they were using. Sending in the children, separately, when he had said "one to a customer". Coming in while he was at lunch and asking the delivery boy or Mrs. Norton. He couldn't help regarding it as a personal affront. It upset his digestion.

And their manners. He could recall when ladies were modest about asking for toilet tissue. Now his most important customer called across the store:

"Got any toilet paper for me, Mr. Norton?"

What happened when a couple of women saw salt being delivered at Norton's side door was all but incredible. The carton never got two feet inside the store. And it all happened so quickly. Where they all came from he didn't know.

They poured through the front door. They were around the carton as thick as flies on a bit of uncovered meat. Each one was bending over, reaching for the carton before it was open. It embarassed Mr. Norton, all the large bent-over backs of so many women. Their skirts all looked too short. The backs of their knees . . . Really, they reminded him of quarters of beef or mutton in that brief moment when every women was intent on grabbing. If only the carton was up off the floor!

Salt Rush

And then he saw the boy. Primed like all the children to get what he could when he was sent shopping the little fellow was under the mass, tensed to get a package of salt for his mom. Mr. Norton thought he heard him cry out, but he couldn't be sure for the din of women's voices. Just as he was contemplating a rescue, the youngster scrambled out, bruised and breathless. He still clutched his salt.

The women talked unashamedly while they waited to pay for theirs.

"This is my second this morning," said one. "I've got another at home, but you never know . . ."

Mr. Norton longed to take the package away from her. He would have, too, last year. Now he felt shaken and worried about his stomach. He didn't want to be laid up with ulcers. And he had become afraid of what would happen to him if he got under one of those rushes. More than once his wife woke him up because he was trying to push her out of bed.

Norton's—Meats and Groceries had a red-letter day when four cartons were dumped at the side door, two each of soap flakes and shortening. Mr. Norton looked wistfully at his bare shelves and the glass case whose emptiness was camouflaged by canned tomato juice and half a cheddar cheese.

Fortunately they had time to open the cartons before a single customer arrived. Mr. Norton took hope. If they were quick they might get them up, just for once. But he had forgotten the open door.

"Why Mr. Norton, soap flakes! And shortening! If this isn't my lucky day!"

Curtain For Mr. Norton

Perhaps she had radar equipment concealed on her person. Or perhaps it was the usual morning foray to see what could be had. Three women came in, almost at once. And then four more. And two children.

"You take the soap flakes," Mr. Norton called to his boy. "I'll take the shortening."

Perhaps he could cope with these situations, after all. With the cartons between him and his customers he felt fairly safe. But he was no master strategist. There was the cash register, several yards away. He had to leave his fortified position to ring up change.

"Only one to a customer." He tried to raise his voice above the ohs and ahs inspired by shortening and soap flakes. The rushes threatened to merge. His heart was cold and his knees buckled.

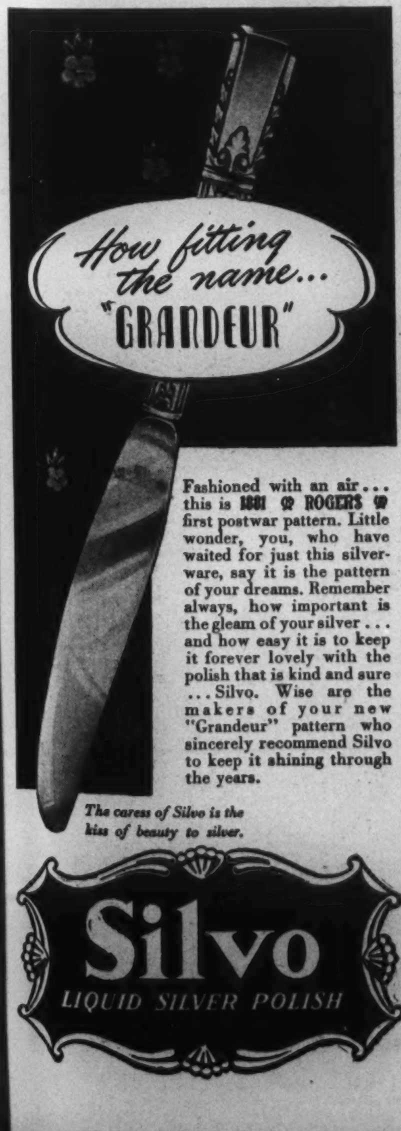
"Ladies! Ladies!" Mr. Norton's voice had never been strong. Now it reminded him of the silent movies. But he had to persist. "Quietly, please. Quietly. Take your turn. I'll cut them in two. Or four . . ."

But they didn't hear him. Or else they preferred to take a chance on a pound or nothing. They were reaching for him, those long arms with the red pointed fingers. They were clutching for him like demons in a nightmare. The store was filled with grasping, reaching women, all talking at once, their voices shrill and excited. Inevitably a package of shortening was squashed, its smooth, ingratiating contents spreading like oil. Mr. Norton tried to scoop it up, and the gesture was his undoing. In no time he was down. They were all around the carton as he lay gasping, pushed against the lower shelves. No one seemed to know he was there. They had forgotten everything but the lust for shortening. Heels bruised his body, his lungs struggled for air. And then he started to sneeze, terribly, as if he had hay fever.

But it wasn't hay. Nor ragweed. Soap flakes were in his nostrils. Soap flakes were in his eyes. They filled his mouth as the women battled. Mr. Norton knew a package of soap flakes had been broken. But he was powerless to do anything about it. He couldn't rescue his delivery boy if he, too, were under those terrifying heels. A woman slipped and slumped down beside him. Her body gave him some slight protection until, being a strong woman, she forced her way up through the knees and swirling skirts. Mr. Norton's ears buzzed. His head ached. His bony hips were bruised and the tattooing of heels had mashed his ribs. Far, far away he thought he heard his wife calling the police . . .

They took him away this morning—for observation. But the psychiatrist doesn't give Mrs. Norton much hope. Not that Mr. Norton was violent. On the contrary he seemed to have quit every effort. He was completely deranged. Only his lips kept mumbling something about a rule; perhaps it was a Golden Rule. No one could be sure.

Great Britain again is sending to Canada clothes of outstanding distinction. "London Cabby", a suit in hunting pink Barathea cloth, trimmed with black velvet, is by Olive Todd of London, England. Joan Rigby.



Fashioned with an air . . . this is 1881 ⚜ ROGERS ⚜ first postwar pattern. Little wonder, you, who have waited for just this silverware, say it is the pattern of your dreams. Remember always, how important is the gleam of your silver . . . and how easy it is to keep it forever lovely with the polish that is kind and sure . . . Silvo. Wise are the makers of your new "Grandeur" pattern who sincerely recommend Silvo to keep it shining through the years.

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THE OTHER PAGE

You'll Certainly Get the Axe

By HORACE BROWN

MY citified friends sometimes complain to me about the incivility and ungenerousness of country folk. While there are about the same proportions of grouches in the country per square mile as there are in the city per square rod, and there is nothing worse in the way of unfriendliness than a bachelor farmer who has lived on the same fifty acres all his life and who thinks that other persons were created by God especially to be avoided by him, I shall rise in my wrath (a garment worn by politicians and prophets) and smite the city Philistines hip and thigh and maybe throw in a bloody nose or two in defence of my country friends.

This anger of mine is occasioned by a recent midnight visit. Now midnight in the country is only an hour for witches and hobgoblins to be abroad and authors to be up at their typewriters. I call it the "country", although I am but an hour's bus-ride from Toronto. At a half-hour after midnight, I was startled out of a neat bit of dialogue by a deep-toned growl from "Jet", my perfectly harmless Newfoundland who looks as though two bites of any visitor might make a satisfactory snack. Then the knocker on the door went bangety-bang-bang, and I heard two men's voices. As the nearest human habitation is two hundred yards, nocturnal acquaintances are not made with relish. However, past experience has taught that to every potential hold-up man there are a hundred emergency cases, and I was a marksman on two rifle teams, .303 and .22, which makes me confident, even when my wife won't allow a gun on the place. So I switched on the verandah light and, looking through the fanlight, beheld two unprepossessing individuals, with Jet eying their legs with anxiety mixed with a certain amount of hunger.

"Yes?" I asked, in the way one asks "yes" when one has just been writing a murder mystery and the police are closing in on the snarling suspect. I wonder how my detective creation, Squire Adams (advt.), would act in this case. If I knew Squire, he would "cover" both with his trusty Colts (plural), and arrest them at sight as wanted for murder in Madawaska, wherever that is. But I was not Squire, only his amanuensis, so to speak, and my opening gambit was the interlocutory affirmative noted above.

"Have you any tools for fixing a flat?" enquired one, the one with a hat, in a voice that was a cross between Gravel Gertie and Boris Karloff drinking a zombie.

I said no, I hadn't and that all the garages were closed. The spokesman said their truck was stuck down the road (I could see the lights, he averred, and so I could), and when was the next bus to town? I said the last bus had gone, and with that I opened the door. You only live once, and that's bad enough without being a Levite.

AFTER considerable colloquy, during which I was suspicious enough to ask the name of the owner of the truck and where the young men were working at the summer colony down the road from us, they said that if I loaned them our axe they would knock off the wheel and replace it with a spare. I didn't know how they figured to work it, but I told them where our axe was located.

Now, our axe is not necessarily a thing of beauty, but it is a very handy tool, impossible to come by in these days of shortages of good things. It is vintage 1941, before Canada found out there was a war on, and it really cuts the wood we use in our wood-stove for baking. So my last words to the young men were, "Be sure to leave it on our verandah. We couldn't very well get along without it." They gave me their solemn assurances, colorfully embroidered, that the axe would be returned when mission was completed. I went back to the vicissitudes of Squire Adams, and believe me that guy can get into more trouble than Superman, especially with my New York publisher.

The next morning, there was no axe on the verandah. There was no axe, period. My wife quite logically pointed out, in a way to raise a husband's hair, that she had told me never to loan things. I replied in a husbandly manner that what the blank was I going to do, leave the men stranded all night? Trying to be charitable, we decided the men had broken the haft of the axe and were having it replaced.

Several days went by, and still no axe. My wife asked me if she was supposed to chop the wood with her teeth. I found her the hatchet. She needs the exercise.

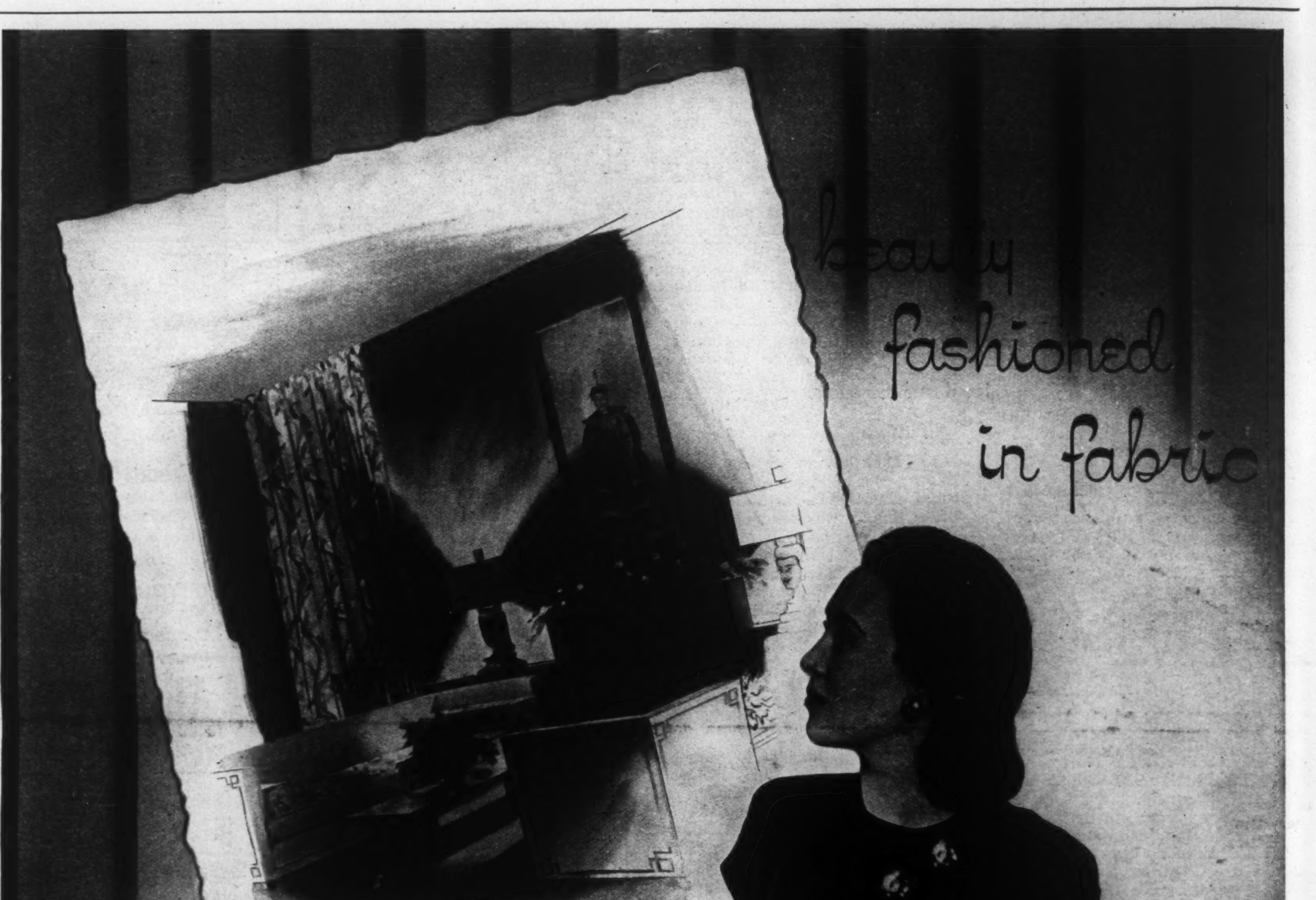
On Sunday, I went down to visit the cottage where the men had said they were sodding. They had told the truth about that much. The owner of the cottage was an Italian. I told him my story.

"Some are always spoiling it for others," he said, nodding his head sagely. "Those fellows have been doin' some bum work for me. I'll get your axe back. I'll see they bring it tomorrow."

A whole week went by. No axe. My wife and I swore eternal vows that we would not loan another thing, no matter if someone were perishing. We considered putting up signs reading, "Beware of the Dog", and tying Jet's tail down so he could not wag it so promiscuously. We thought another sign, "People Here Vicious" might help, or one reading, "The Only Thing You Can Borrow Here Is Trouble".

I was in the kitchen cutting up potatoes for planting (I like to cut them up in the kitchen; it makes my wife mad), when I heard my wife in conversation at the front door. Presently she came back, bearing our long-lost axe. Our Italian neighbor had returned what we had loaned to a couple of Anglo-Saxons from the city. He told my wife that the young men had absolutely refused to bring it back, and that finally he had to do so himself when coming out to his cottage. It was a courteous gesture, and only adds one point to what I have said all along: that this business of our Beach being barred to all but Anglo-Saxons is an undemocratic and unwholesome procedure.

But you should have seen our axe! What had happened to the head of our unoffending utensil should not have happened to the fasces of Il Duce. It was as battered as an opponent of Joe Louis. The word for our axe is "mess". It is usable, but it should be



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retired for humanitarian reasons from active duty.

These two thoughtless, inconsiderate, selfish (these are the only adjectives I am allowed to use in this great family journal) young city men have cooked the goose for all you city folk, as far as the Browns are concerned. Poke your nose into "Voyageur's Rest" and see if you don't get it poked right back. Drive into our driveway, sit in your cars, and honk your horns because you want directions, and see how fast your discourtesy will be returned. Come in and ask if you can buy our vegetables, and see how we break the ceiling prices because you won't believe what we tell you in the first place, that our vegetables are not for sale. Just *try* to borrow something. Let us catch you throwing the remains of your picnic lunches on our front lawn as your car drives by, and you'll have a policeman at your door the next day. Pick a flower, when you think we're not looking, and we'll sic our dog on you (he'll scare you to death if nothing else). Do any one of a half-hundred things that have been untethering our nannies for the past five years, and by the Lord Harry, we'll have our revenge! You'll get the axe — but definitely!

Hold it a moment!

There was a time those nice folk from the city went through the ice of Frenchman's Bay with their car, and were nearly drowned, and were rushed shivering to our place, and went home in all the heavy clothing we had. They were back the next week-end with flowers for the wife and profuse thanks, and we liked them very much and said it was nothing.

There have been nice polite persons who don't sit in their automobiles and honk for your attention when they want a favor from you, but climb out of their cars and come to your door and ask you in a friendly way for information. There have been those mistaken but honest persons who have offered you money because you have done them a kindness and they want to repay you, when all you want is their thanks, which they have given you, anyway. There are all the drivers for the bakery and the dairy and the laundry and Eaton's and Simpson's and so on, who have done you so many unsolicited favors and without any eye on the Christmas box, either.

I guess when you balance the bad against the good, the results are pretty well equal, and good always outweighs the bad even when there is more bad than there is good. That's because the bad slips out of your mind so easily, and you finish up by remembering the good.

What's that? You'd like to borrow our axe? Why neighbor, I'll gladly loan you anything but my shirt!

Our Motion Is Low

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

A WOMAN who did not bake her own bread, a man who did not weed his garden, my school friends who chewed gum, played with boys and never studied their spelling, these had no ambition. The word "ambition" cracked like a whip lash through my childhood. Even Ruth, my special friend, turned out to have none.

When I went home with her one afternoon she pointed to a piece of music and remarked carelessly, "When I can play that my father's going to send me to Europe."

"Is it hard?" I asked, almost in a whisper.

"Not so very," she answered indifferently. "Come on, let's swing."

This worried me for I would have practised day and night till I learned the piece and claimed the reward. My own father, when I told him, said easily, "She knows her father doesn't mean it." Being used to my father's cynicism I paid no attention to this; there was only one conclusion to be drawn, Ruth had no ambition.

This lack of serious purpose was not, unfortunately, confined to young people; my elders showed painful lapses from their own standards. The Sunday School superintendent who on Sunday morning assured us that it was the most important thing in the world to bring other children to Sunday School, appeared on Monday not gathering in children but stacking coins in the bank of which he was cashier. My Sunday School teacher, Miss Foster, who was noted for her sweet way with girls, would not let us in class express so much as a mild dislike for dish-washing. "We love to help our mothers, don't we, girls?" she would say, her voice tender and murmurous as a pigeon's. "We always help our dear mothers cheerfully, like little sunbeams." But when Ruth came late to her music lesson on Wednesday, I was astonished to hear Miss Foster's voice raised, harsh and scolding, like any teacher's.

And when I had really listened to the minister on Sunday, really felt the force and gravity of his words, I was a good deal disconcerted to see him in his garden in shirt sleeves talking across the fence, not about religion but about fertilizer.

Older people seemed not to mean what they said, but I meant what I said, and the chance to read the class essay at eighth grade graduation was an opening for which I had waited. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, I thought, in my white dress on the peony-bordered platform, hot with tension, still achieving, still pursuing, not failure but low aim is crime. Dear God, don't let me forget that last part. We can rise no higher than the level of our ambition.

THE class sang "Out on the Deep", the Methodist minister prayed. The buzzing in my ears prevented me from hearing what the principal said but when he turned and nodded to me, I stood up. The audience clapped, it was oppressively silent. "Ambition", I announced loudly and brought my voice down a little. "We can rise no higher than the level of our ambition. If our ambition is low we cannot serve nobly our fellow men." I was off.

"Splendid!" my parents' friends said on the steps as I floated out in a mist of relief and applause. "She did just fine." A stranger stopped my father.

"I'm the editor of the *Chronicle*," he said. "I wonder if this little lady would let me print her essay in next week's paper."

I stopped breathing in the middle of a breath and was surprised that my father could find voice to answer, "Well, that's up to her. Like to see your essay in print?"

I could not speak but as the editor held out his hand mine offered the rumpled pages.

"Hadn't she better copy it over?" my mother asked, for the manuscript had suffered while I corrected and later memorized it.

"Oh no, this looks as good as a lot of copy we get. Watch for next Friday's *Chronicle*, little lady."

On Friday my fingers shook on the sticky, ink-smelling sheets. I shouldn't, I saw at once, have expected to see my essay on the front page. But it was not there at all—he had left it out—here it was—oh no!

"Mother" I called wildly. Instead of "Ambition" the title stood "A Motion" and the essay incredibly, began, "We can rise no higher than the level of a motion. If our motion is low we cannot serve nobly our fellow men."

"Mother, it's ruined." I was crying, "It's just silly, it doesn't make sense. What will people think?"

"I guess the printer made a mistake," my mother said gently. "Don't worry, dear, nobody will notice."

"Notice! Why, it doesn't make sense." My mother's comfort made me feel worse than ever for I had not expected cynicism from her.

"Can't we make them print it right?" I demanded to my father.

"It's too bad," he said kindly, "but just forget it. People won't know the difference."

I was afraid to meet my own friends and the friends of my parents, though they must be incensed at so appaling a mistake and perhaps even demand editorial apology and a corrected reprint. "A motion!" People might be lax and careless but they could surely not put up with such a perversion as this.

"I saw your essay in the *Chronicle*, dear," Miss Foster said. "I know your dear mother must be proud." She was not being kind, she meant it.

"Think of breaking into print at your age!" the Sunday School superintendent exclaimed. "And just fine too. I read every word."

My mother and father were right. No one noticed.

• •

THE DANGER

UNDER any and all forms of collectivism (fascism, nazism and communism) complete subservience of the individual to the state is the basic law. People are not permitted to think their own thoughts, make their own judgments or act as they themselves wish. And people who are not allowed to think their own thoughts, make their own judgments or act as they themselves wish soon lose the capacity to do so. Thus there is involved in the battle for the maintenance of capitalism not only our economic well-being but our personal liberty and, to a devastating degree, our opportunity for growth and development.

—Paul G. Hoffman in N.Y. *Times*.

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THE MARKET
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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 12, 1946

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Britons Queueing Up To See British Products

By J. L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The "Britain Can Make It" exhibition now on display in London is not a trade fair but an indication of the trend of design. Everything is included from toy balloons to an inter-planetary space ship. The public hunger for new consumer goods was shown by the mile-long queue. Many industrialists are slow in putting in new machinery so it is difficult to judge British products by foreign standards. There are some very tasteful ideas, especially in the modernized pottery but the furniture is heavy and uninteresting. The exhibition gives fresh hope that British manufacturers are taking their motto "fitness for purpose" seriously at last.

London.

IN A few introductory remarks before the opening of the "Britain Can Make It" exhibition which is on display here until November, Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, said that in more than half of the goods which Britain exported before the war, design played a large selling part.

The exhibition is organized by the Council of Industrial Design and is a rather strange phenomenon. It is not intended ostensibly to boost trade, because more than half of the goods are not available at all, and none are available in unlimited quantities.

The following figures are an unusual feature of a trade exhibition. Of the 6,000 exhibits, 36 per cent are available for the home market now and 14 per cent more will be available by the end of the year; 41½ per cent are available now for export, and a further 20½ per cent will be so available by the end of the year.

Such detailed information is to be commended. It does at least stress for the benefit of potential customers that this is an exhibition to show the trend of design and not a trade fair.

Anything is included in the display, from toy balloons to an inter-planetary space ship. There is design pure and simple, as in furniture, jewellery and clothes; and there is industrial technique, demonstrated, for instance, in a saucepan of long life evolved from a Spitfire exhaust-stub processed to last 2,000 flying hours instead of 10.

One has varied thoughts on an exhibition of this kind at this time. Essentially, of course, as its title implies, it is trade propaganda; which is a good thing in the export field, though at a time when people are exhorted to save it is a doubtful proposition for the home trade. (There was a queue—slightly disorderly—a mile long for the opening, which indicates the public's hunger for new consumer goods.)

It may be significant that the sponsors should have chosen a time when a sellers' market is still in full force to display the taste and ingenuity of British industry.

Goodwill for Future

There must be an idea that it is best to prepare goodwill beforehand for the slackening of world demand which will inevitably occur when more urgent needs are satisfied—or before, if the mechanism of exchange suffers from overstrain.

Not much has been seen here of foreign postwar products, so it is difficult to judge how the design of British industry compares with that of its competitors. The matter has been receiving a good deal of attention, but many industrialists are too conservative to adopt modern styles especially if, as in the distressingly backward carpet industry, they involve capital re-equipment on a big scale.

A general impression of the display is somewhat confused. Some very

(*Continued on Next Page*)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Futile Behavior Patterns

By P. M. RICHARDS

WILLIAM Henry Chamberlin, lately returned from Europe, writes in the *Wall Street Journal* that it is somewhat depressing, although not surprising, to find in the United States the same futile behavior patterns in the face of postwar economic difficulties which are so marked in European countries. The two futile behavior patterns are (a) a continuous succession of sporadic strikes, and (b) the maintenance of a cumbersome system of largely unenforced and unenforceable government controls over the economic life of the country. Both in France and Germany, Chamberlin says, one could see the same process repeating itself with a kind of dreary fatalism. There would be a strike, on a national or local scale, or a threat of a strike, to enforce some wage demand. Prices would immediately and almost automatically rise to an extent which would offset, sometimes more than offset, the wage increase. After a short interval of time there would be new wage demands, followed just as surely by new price increases.

Of course none, in the long run, benefitted by this process. People who could not strike—recipients of fixed incomes, holders of government bonds, pensioners, etc.—suffered from it appreciably. The national currency was brought more and more into disrepute. Return to normal conditions of free and abundant supply was retarded, not advanced.

The other approach to the problem was through government attempts to fix prices. But there, Chamberlin says, the failure has been just as marked, except in England where a very low standard of living is assured all around by a severe system of combined rationing and price control, and he goes on: "One can understand and sympathize with the discontent of wage-workers in the face of postwar rising prices and still understand that neither the direct action remedy, through strikes, nor the administrative remedy, through price-fixing, offers the slightest reasonable hope of improving conditions. There is one cure, and only one cure for shortage and the rise in prices which shortage, under every economic system and in every period of history, brings as a consequence. This cure is, of course, abundant production. It would be difficult to make out a plausible case for the proposition that either strikes or bureaucratic controls are an aid to such production . . ."

Only Answer, More Production

The ending of Canada's big steel strike is a particularly good time to take notice of Mr. Chamberlin's remarks. Today the great need is for a large and sustained increase in production; our own people and the rest of the world urgently need the goods we can produce; we must produce more to check the trend to price inflation and to provide industry itself with the materials and supplies needed to avert widespread work stoppages. Furthermore, only out of increased and maintained production can come the earnings to make possible labor's higher wages. If it should turn out that management has been compelled to concede more than the traffic will really stand, obviously the long-term result can only be lessened production and lessened employment.

The point is not that labor's income must not be high, but rather that wage rates per hour must not be so high as to bring the law of diminishing returns into operation. It is a matter of factual record, not of mere theory, that when labor's hour rates become uneconomically high, fewer hours are worked; labor's annual income then is less than it would have been had hour rates been lower. And because the volume of production is less, there are fewer goods for all the people to use and enjoy.

The Truth Labor Never Admits

This is the simple truth which labor has always refused to recognize, to its own detriment as well as the public's. Labor has always concerned itself only with winning as high an hourly wage rate as possible and not at all with the effects of this course on its annual income. It has never seen or admitted the connection between wage rates and the number of jobs available.

The money which any manufacturer pays out for wages and other costs must come from the conversion of raw materials into finished goods; there is nowhere else it can come from. U.S. economist Allen W. Rucker recently showed in SATURDAY NIGHT that year after year, unfailingly, the annual wage income of workers is actually determined, not by wage rates at all, but by the marketable value of the goods they produce. When the marketable value goes up as a result of greater efficiency and productivity, so does the annual wage income. All through Canada's history, whether years of boom or depression and whatever the political administration, the yearly incomes of workers have risen or fallen according to the marketable value of their output, nothing else.

Thus, Rucker said, "the way to get higher wage incomes is very simple; all that has to be done is to increase efficiency and productivity, and thus enable businessmen to sell more to customers. In the final analysis, the workers get what they produce, no more and no less. But if they produce more, they will automatically get more. It doesn't make any difference whether the level of wage 'rates' is changed; that is not the important factor. The only thing that really counts is 'how much marketable output value can be added to the raw materials supplied for making the product?' That is what makes higher wages."

Strike settlements always sound like good news, but that news is really not so good if the terms of settlement are such that they are likely to make for lessened production as the result of higher costs. The point is that only increased production can support the new higher wages.

Savings Bonds Will Maintain Canadians' Wartime Thrift

The ancient craft of precision is used to make Canada Savings Bonds, which go on sale on October 15th for what will probably be a two weeks opportunity for Canadians to continue the thrift habit learned during the Victory Loans. Bert Lloyd of Ottawa (above) started in the engraving trade 47 years ago in his native England. Since 1909 he has been engraving the plates from which our bonds and folding money are made at two bank-note plants in Ottawa. Working from the artists' original drawings, Lloyd expertly cuts letters, script and vignettes into the plate.

Equally fine craftsmanship is done by the etchers. George Gunderson, working always under a magnifying glass, etches his lines in a steel plate using a strong but delicately thin blade, or etcher, of alloyed steel. During the 20 years that Gunderson has been engaged at this work in Ottawa he has taken a total of six years leave of absence to study his craft in Paris, Washington and the Ontario College of Art, Toronto. In the above picture, Gunderson shows fellow worker Helen Christoff how proportions of the artist's sketch are reduced with the aid of a reducing glass.

Hundred-dollar bonds roll off the presses; 60,000 bonds a day are printed, checked and placed in Bank of Canada vaults before distribution to banks, investment dealers, trust companies, etc. throughout Canada.

(*Continued from Page* 50)

tasteful ideas are put into utilitarian articles such as kitchen utensils. Pottery, even where mass-produced, shows some sign of its craftsmen's origin. The much-publicized bicycle of revolutionary design is a bold piece of modern engineering. But ornaments pure and simple, such as jewellery, seem to have made depressingly little progress from the time when ornate display was all that was required of them.

Furniture, despite its fine craftsman's origin, and although it is not uninfluenced by the clean functional trends of Continental design, is inclined to be heavy and uninteresting.

Even textiles, which are intended to rank high on the export list,—and in some woollens particularly, Britain can really claim a high standard of taste—make a very mixed showing at this exhibition, alongside of the more discreet designs being some that strike a rather crude note.

This is a transitional phase in industry for the war diverted attention to more urgent matters than industrial design and technique, and in the reconversion to peace the tendency has been first to get pre-war models into production for the sake of quickness and to develop new designs at leisure. Thus the British motor industry, ignoring the great technical advances of the war, started in 1945 to reproduce its 1939 models with hardly even minor adaptations.

This tendency has been much more marked in Britain than in the U.S.A., on account of the fact that Britain's war effort was more total.

The "Britain Can Make It" exhibition gives fresh hope. It is clear that British manufacturers are at last taking design seriously, and that the healthy maxim "fitness for purpose" is the guide of most designers of goods produced for use and not for show.

But the exhibition also shows up the faults of British industrial design; faults which arise from uneasy balance of our industrial structure between individual craftsmanship and full-blooded factory production.

Working Party plans to modernize the pottery and the footwear industries have been published in the past few months, indicating, if perhaps a little cautiously, the way forward. It is an excellent thing that the craft origins should not be brushed aside and forgotten.

But it is equally important that factory production, once established, should be clean and efficient and incorporate all appropriate modern technique. There is, as the King said at the opening, deep enjoyment to be found in the possession and use of rightly designed, rightly made goods.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Old Lightning River Gold Finds Centre of Promising Activity

By JOHN M. GRANT

NEARLY four decades ago, even before the great Porcupine field was discovered, gold had been found in the Lightning River district of northeastern Ontario, where a revival of interest is currently being witnessed. While efforts in the past failed to establish profitable mines the renewed endeavors are a real source of satisfaction to oldtimers, prospectors and developers, who never lost confidence in the possibilities of the area which they considered a continuation of the so-called Porcupine break. Except for the recurrence at intervals of some prospecting and promotional activity the district suffered a long period of quiescence. Today however, those who retained faith in the early gold discoveries in Holloway, Harker and neighboring townships believe the long neglected section is headed for a new lease of life. Encouragement for this belief is found in the highly promising drill hole results secured by Dome Mines under conditions similar to those in the Porcupine field, some 70 miles to the west.

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Two subsidiary companies were formed earlier this year by Dome Exploration (Canada) Limited, to take over property interests in Garrison township, Lightning River district. It is on one of these, Newfield Mines, that drilling results have provided the best indications to date of the extension eastward to the Lightning River section of structural conditions which have long made the Porcupine camp the leader in tonnage and value of gold produced. In years past numerous companies have endeavored to trace the definite extension of the Porcupine break but it remained for Dome Mines to cut under heavy overburden ore that was practically the same as if the drilling was being done on the parent property. As previously commented on in this column four good ore sections were intersected in 130 feet of core that gave values throughout. Dome has for neighbors on the east Wright-Hargreaves and Consolidated Mining and Smelting, and the hole which gave the important results was 250 feet east of the line with Wright-Hargreaves, which is reported to have a length of 500 feet of ore, of commercial grade over widths of seven or eight feet, and this is said to be on strike with the discovery on Newfield ground.

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Extensive holdings stretching along the Lightning River break, across five townships, are controlled by Hoyle Mining Company, and promising results have been secured on two of the properties. Excellent widths of good grade ore material are reported from diamond drilling at Kelwren Gold Mines in Hislop township, while at Marchaud Mines, some miles to the east, the ore zone has been lengthened out to 1,200 feet. Hoyle has accumulated interests in groups in the district totalling over 300 claims. Nine drills are operating at present on various groups. A geophysical survey has just been completed on the 12-claim group of Greenlee Mines located in Harker township. An exceptionally strong break is reported outlined by J. J. Byrne, president, traversing the property from east to west with a subsidiary break angling across from northwest to southeast. Also active in the Lightning River area is Lobanor Gold Mines which has moved a heavy

(*Continued on Page* 55)

CHARLES E. REA

President of Community Associates Limited, which Company has been appointed Mortgage Loan Correspondent for the Occidental Life Insurance Company.

*

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ROBERT LYNCH STAILING,
Manager.

IMPERIAL BANK
OF CANADA
DIVIDEND No. 225

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Twenty-Five cents (25c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1946, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Friday, the 1st day of November next, to shareholders of record of 30th September, 1946.

By Order of the Board.

W. G. MORE,
General Manager.

Toronto, 11th September, 1946.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
DIVIDEND NO. 239

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1946 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1946. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. WEDD
General Manager

Toronto, 13th September, 1946

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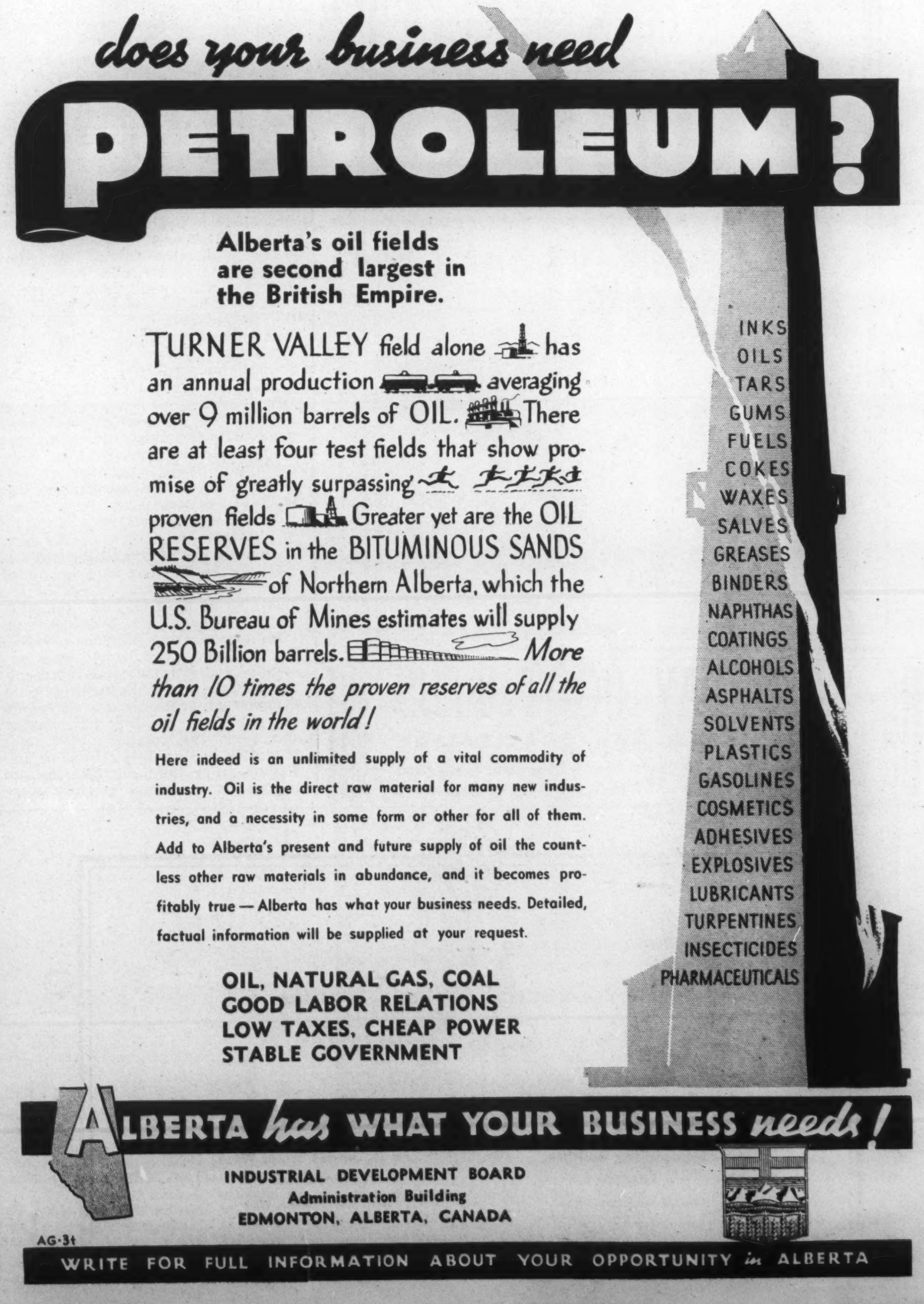

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

M. A. B., Dunnville, Ont.—I understand HEVA GOLD MINES expects to reach the shaft objective of 580 feet by November 1, the present depth being below 500 feet. It is planned to immediately commence lateral development of the ore zone simultaneously on 275 and 400-foot levels. A length of 2,325 feet of the Cadillac shear zone was drilled systematically, prior to sinking of the three-compartment incline shaft, along all of which numerous gold-carrying intersections of economical width and value occurred. The company's consulting engineer, A. W. Jeckell, estimates 267,000 tons of probable ore grading $10 gold per ton, the bulk of which may be mined above the lower level and it is possible this tonnage will be revised upward. The shares traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange are Heva Gold Mines. Your HEVA-CADILLAC GOLD MINES shares are exchangeable on the basis of one new for each two old, the re-organization having been effected to provide new financing.

R. H. D., Moncton, N.B.—The program of expansion of CANADIAN BAKERIES LTD. necessitated heavy capital expenditures during the past fiscal year resulting in working capital being reduced to $99,275 at Aug. 31, 1946, compared with $123,186 at Aug. 31, 1945. Value of buildings and plant, reflecting purchase of a plant at Regina, Sask., and opening of a depot at Alberni, B.C. are carried at a cost of $2,739,723, an increase of $210,425 over $2,529,298 at Aug. 31, 1945, while value of land was increased to $136,037 from $133,177.

A. M. S., Welland, Ont.—Arrangements are now being completed for an amalgamation of the LARDERLOO and LARDERMINT PROSPECTING SYNDICATES and two other contiguous properties. I understand application for a new company charter is to be made shortly, and that a financial group is ready to underwrite the treasury shares of the new company. A thorough surface stripping campaign has been completed on the Larderloo and Lardermint properties which are located to the northeast of the Chesterville Larder Lake property. Some 15 surface gold discoveries have been made, with the most interesting find a mineralized zone, 70 feet wide, containing large quantities of dolomite. Gold assays on surface ran up to $7 per ton.

T.L.S., Winnipeg, Man. — In spite of shortages in many lines of merchandise, sales of STANLEY BROCK LTD. for the first six months of 1946 were substantially in excess of the same period of 1945. This company which, through its branches and sales organization handles a varied line of laundry and dry cleaning machinery and supplies, also representing a number of manufacturers on a commission basis, issued shares to the public for the first time earlier this year. The company also owns laundries in Winnipeg, Brandon and Regina. For the year 1945 the net profits on the Class B stock were equivalent to 70 cents a share after all prior charges, including taxes. It would appear from the results to date that profits this year will be somewhat higher, and since taxes will be less, the expectation is that Class B shareholders will be pleased with the results for the year. A dividend at the rate of 40 cents per annum is being paid on this stock, and at current prices the yield is close to 6 per cent.

W. A. R., Kenora, Ont.—I understand that underground work is proposed this fall and during the coming winter at the FROND LAKE MINING COMPANY'S property in the Fort Hope area of Northern Ontario. The results of diamond drilling and surface work are reported to have been sufficiently encouraging to warrant such a program. The property is located 85 miles east of the Central Patricia Gold Mines' camp, and that company and Conwest Exploration Company, also a Connell enterprise, have acquired a substantial interest in Frond Lake.

R. S. M., Waterloo, Ont.—In April, shareholders of MANITOBA BASIN MINING CO. authorized the sale and transfer of assets to an Ontario-chartered company to be called Manitoba Basin Consolidated Mines Ltd. Shareholders are to receive one pooled share in the new company for each share held in the old. The new company assumed all debts and liabilities and has an authorized capitalization of 5,000,000 shares. A gold prospect is held in the Red Lake area, adjoining Heath and also a base metal prospect in Manitoba.

J. A. D., East Angus, Ont.—The high this year for NORANDA MINES was $72.75 and the low $45.50. In 1945, the peak was $63.50 and the low $50 and in the previous year $60.50 and $48.25, respectively. INTERNATIONAL NICKEL common sold up to $47 this year and touched a bottom of $30.25. In 1945 the peak was $43 and the low $31.50, while in 1944 the high and low were $35.25 and $28 respectively. I am, however, unable to offer an opinion as to which of the two would provide you with the greatest capital appreciation over a period of six to twelve months. The labor situation at Noranda Mines at present is the worst it has yet experienced and for the time being this obviously is reflected in the output of gold and copper. However, it is hoped the recent cut of 500 tons per day in mill production will be of short duration. The company has a very large cash position, numerous excellent subsidiaries and is active in the search for new properties of promise. The combined total of marketable bonds and shares at cost and shares in controlled mining subsidiaries at market value at the end of 1945 were equal to almost $20 a share on issued capital. If it were not for the strikes upsetting various industries, International Nickel could be expected to increase its operating rate from about half to around three-quarters of capacity. The situation in respect to

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Market Break -- Significance

By HARUSPEX

Stock prices, in their more decided swings, have often preceded important swings in business. The market, for instance, moved forward long ahead of business in 1921, 1932 and 1938, just as, in 1919, 1929 and 1937, its downward swings presaged the subsequent business deflations.

It follows that the market decline of the past two months, which was fairly drastic even though it leaves the price level still relatively high, has raised questions among business men, investors, economists, and politicians, as to whether the postwar replenishment boom has ended. Emphasis has been lent the matter when it is noted that about one year after the end of World War I the stock market experienced a sharp decline, just as has been the case about one year after the end of World War II, and that, in the earlier instance, a severe business depression then got under way some three or four months later.

In weighing the implications, on business, of the recent market decline, it is necessary to examine the economic background. There follows a discussion of the factors that seem dominant in the current economic picture.

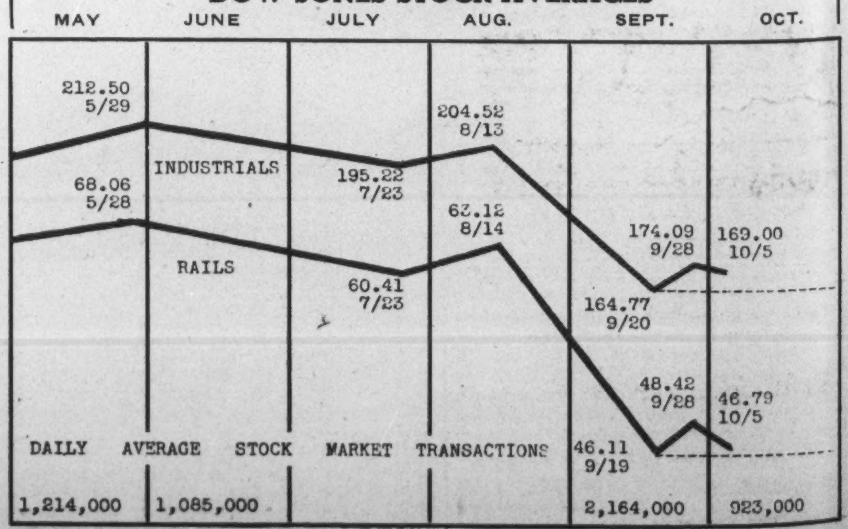
Business depressions follow periods of business expansion as night follows day. The economic background contributing to one deflation is never exactly identical with that contributing to another. In each instance, certain relationships get out of balance, or distorted, following which readjustment occurs until a state of general equilibrium is reached — from which recovery again proceeds. Basic factors in recoveries and depressions, however, are (1) the need for goods, (2) the ability of the consumer to finance purchases, (3) incentive to the producer to turn out goods and his freedom to do so.

After over five years of war, with its destruction of capital assets and its diversion of production from normal consumer demands to military implements, a vast need of goods throughout the world is present. One year of postwar manufacture has not sufficed United States, Canada or other industrial countries to fill this need. Perhaps, during the last half of 1947, as concerns the United States, non and semi-durable articles will come into fairly good supply. This cannot be anticipated, however, for durable articles such as residential units, automobiles, railway equipment and industrial plant and equipment. These important heavy industries are operating at subnormal levels because of shortages of various minerals, such as lead, copper, tin and zinc, and because of lack of iron and steel, yet such last mentioned industries will themselves probably not be able to meet the demand for another six months.

Altogether, it is to be reiterated that, on balance, the need for goods — particularly in the economically strategic industries — will be strongly present for more than the six to twelve-month period over

(*Continued on Page* 56)

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Britain's largest aircraft exhibition just held at Radlett, Herts., attracted visitors from all over the world. Highlight was the helicopter in view of its recent service in rescuing air-crash survivors. Above is the Cierva W.9. or "Flying Drainpipe" demonstrating manoeuvrability at the show.

materials and supplies is causing the company worry and it has been necessary to postpone the seven million dollar extension program to plant and equipment at the Copper Cliff smelter. Just what effect dollar parity will have will be known by Canadian shareholders when they receive the statement of results for the quarter ending September 30. The annual statement earlier in the year made known the fact that ore reserves were greater than they were prior to the outbreak of war despite the tremendous demand caused by the war. The management is confident that the business of this great metal enterprise will resume its upward trend, much time and study have been given to postwar plans, and new applications were created as the result of technical developments during the war.

H.V.D., Oakville, Ont. — Earnings of MONARCH KNITTING CO. LTD., after depreciation and income and excess profits taxes, for the eight months ended Aug. 31 are reported at $249,500, equal after preferred dividend requirements to $2.35 a share on the common. In addition, nonrecurring profit of $170,000, equal to $1.66 a share on the common, was realized on the sale of machinery during the period under review. Output was curtailed for seven weeks while the two Toronto plants were strike-bound. Working capital is higher, with net current assets of $1,308,000 at Aug. 31 registering a gain of 44 per cent over $902,447 at Dec. 31, 1945.

D. G. L., St. Hyacinthe, Que.—AUMAQUE GOLD MINES is reported meeting with considerable improvement in structure, mineralization and values in recent development to the west on the "A" vein at both the 250 and 500-foot horizons. The property consists of 38 claims in Bourlamaque township, Quebec, adjoining east of Lamaque Gold Mines and north of East Sullivan Mines. Some short shoots of ore have been opened up in recent development and officials consider the prospects good of opening up major ore conditions in this section, extending east and west for 2,000 feet. The west drift on the 250-foot level is nearing the granodiorite mass which may have a favorable influence. In drifting west on this horizon one new ore shoot 78 feet long was exposed, averaging $8.40 across four feet and at last report the heading was advancing in a second lens, 100 feet farther west, with the first 51 feet averaging $9.10 gold and approximately $2.30 in silver across a width of two feet. Diamond drilling below the 500-foot level is said to have proved the extension of favorable structure to approximately 1,000 feet of depth and several sections carrying important gold values were encountered in the two holes put down.

B.G.H., Aurora, Ont.—I understand that the annual statement of MARCUS LOEW'S THEATRES LTD. for the year ended Aug. 31, 1946, will be issued toward the end of November and that it will show little change in operating results and profits from the previous fiscal year. Attendance held up well and all-in-all the period can be considered satisfactory. The land on which the Toronto theatre is built and which is held under leasehold, has not yet been purchased and with negotiations still continuing it is unlikely consideration will be given to the redemption of the preference stock. The 7 per cent $100 par preference stock, of which 6,539 shares are outstanding, is callable at 115 and accrued dividends. Earnings for the year ended Aug. 31, 1945 totalled $67,216 and after preferred dividends, were equal to $2.86 a share on the common, which received 4 per cent or $4 a share in dividends.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things:—(1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

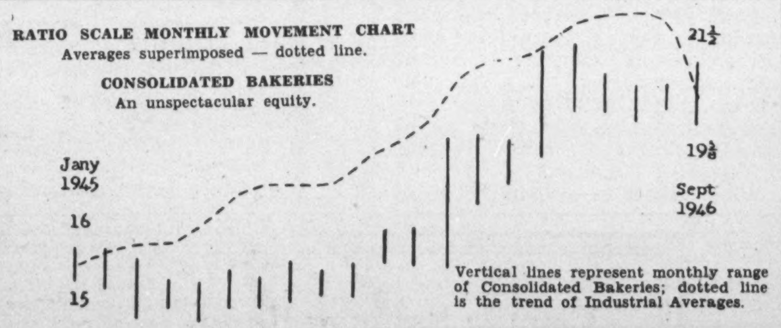
1. FAVORABLE
2. NEUTRAL or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

Consolidated Bakeries of Canada, Ltd.

				Averages		Cons. Bakeries	
PRICE 27 Sept., 46	— $ 19.50						
YIELD	— 4.1%	Last 12 months		Up	12.7%	Up	28.3%
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 105	Last 1 month		Down	10.1%	Down	7.1%
GROUP	— "B"	1942-1946 range		Up	160.0%	Up	141.2%
FACTORS	— Neutral.	Max. 1946 decline		Down	18.9%	Down	10.8%



SUMMARY: When stocks are in a buying zone the average yield of all stocks is usually quite high. For instance, at the end of April 1942 the average yield of all stocks that we analyzed was 7.5%. A few months ago the average yield had receded to 3.6%, and it was therefore not surprising that the market sold off from that point. Today the average yield is about 4.3%.

Consolidated Bakeries is selling on a slightly lower yield basis than the average stock but its Investment Index has been gradually rising, which is a good sign, denoting confidence in the dividend, at least.

Consolidated Bakeries, Ltd. shares the advances and declines of the general list as may be seen from the figures presented above. It provides moderate speculative appeal and fair income, and is a stock that investors will keep in mind in the event that it becomes available at lower prices.

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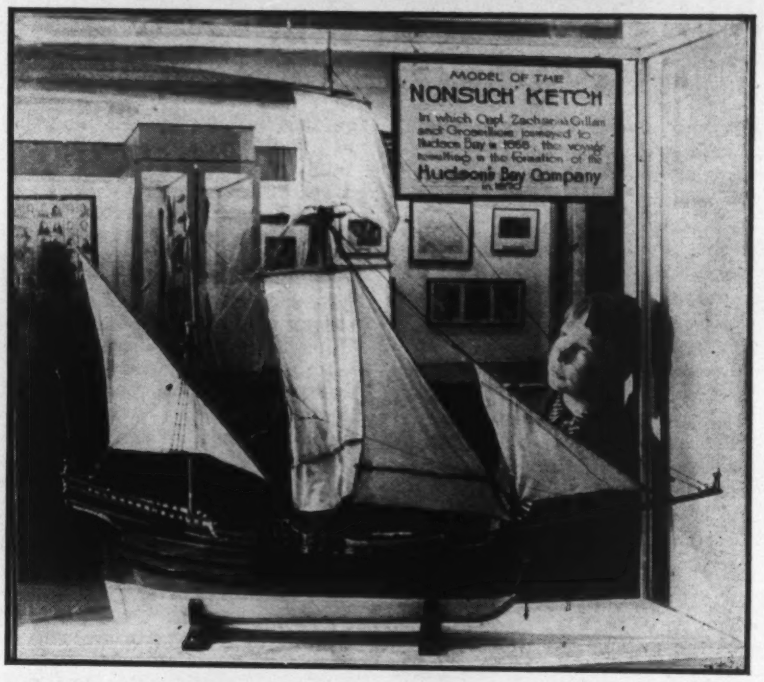
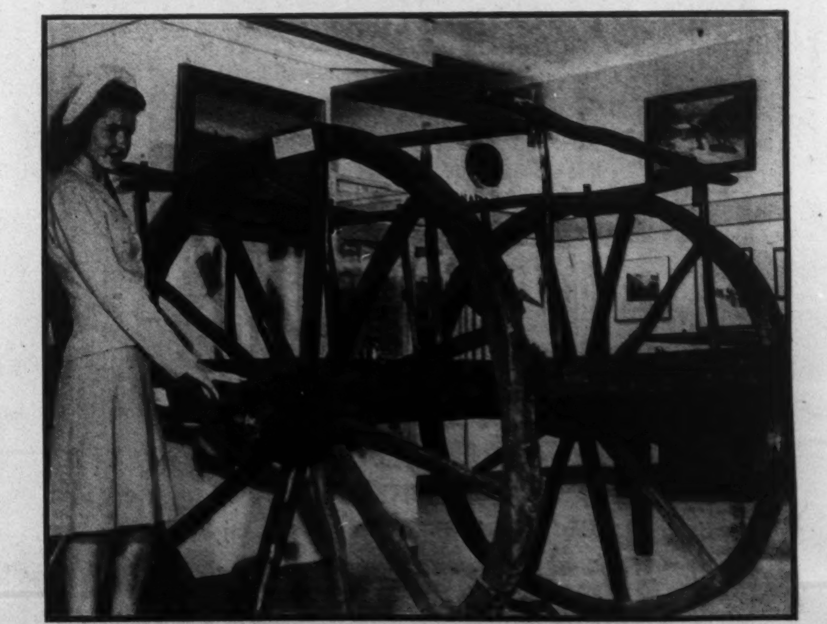
Hudson's Bay Company's History Has Smart New Setting



The history of the oldest trading company in the world has been on view in a unique fur-trade museum in the Hudson's Bay Company store in Winnipeg since 1922 and drew 150,000 visitors each year to its cramped quarters. Now, however, it has a smart new background in the modern retail shop on Portage Avenue. The items present a vivid picture of the Company's history from 1670 to the present day and, in order to maintain interest, the museum displays only a part of its treasures at any time. The ship section is a place of unbelievable magic to small boys. Here the exhibits range from full-size Eskimo kayaks and Indian birch-bark canoes, models of Haida canoes, of scows and York boats, sailing vessels and steamships used by the Company in its long career.

Above, an art student studies a Chilkat ceremonial blanket of remarkable design made from white goat hair and the core of red cedar. Vegetable dyes were used to produce the wide range of colors in it.



—Photos by Richard Harrington

Rickety, squeaky Red River carts played a great part in the colonization of the West. They were made entirely of wood, and the axles were never greased. Furs and trade goods are side by side with irreplaceable treasures such as ceremonial masks, argillite carvings, deerskin clothing, elaborate beaded headbands, sealskin kayaks, walrus harpoons, and others too numerous to mention. The Hudson's Bay Company is proud of its past.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Bringing Existing Coverage in Line With Present-Day Requirements

By GEORGE GILBERT

Business men and other property owners, while giving consideration to the need of increasing the amount of their fire insurance to correspond with today's higher values, should also give some thought as to the kind of coverage which will best meet their requirements.

Under the ordinary fire insurance policy, the insured may find himself heavily out of pocket after a fire, as he is entitled to recover only the value of the property at the time of the fire and not its value when new. To close this gap Replacement Cost cover is now available for certain classes of property.

BECAUSE of present increased property values, inflated or otherwise, the question of what additional insurance and what kind of insurance coverage is necessary to properly protect their interests has become of importance to business firms and other property owners. Often, however, the need of bringing insurance coverage into line with existing values and modern requirements is overlooked until after a loss occurs.

Even property owners who are anxious to fully protect their interests are frequently at a loss to determine just what amount and what form of coverage they should have to meet their requirements. While they would be well advised to seek the advice of their insurance agent, particularly if he is a well-qualified one, and be guided largely by his recommendations, it should be kept in mind that the responsibility for the adequacy or inadequacy of their insurance protection rests with themselves.

In the case of the insurance of buildings, the basis for the computation of the amount of insurance to be carried is the cost which would be involved in replacing the structure should it be destroyed or damaged by fire or other insured perils. If a building is destroyed or damaged, the essential consideration is the cost of reinstatement, and, as it would be virtually impossible to rebuild or repair the damage with second-hand materials, the cost must be based on labor and building materials at today's prices.

Under the ordinary fire insurance policy, when any serious loss or destruction of property occurs, the matter of depreciation is usually involved in the settlement of the claim. In many such cases, the claimants feel that deductions for depreciation are unjustifiable, because had there been no fire they would not have to purchase new materials and that as the fire has compelled them to do so they have sustained a loss equal to the amount they will have to spend and are therefore entitled to be indemnified for such loss.

As a matter of fact, the ordinary fire insurance policy does not contract to furnish new for old, nor does it cover destruction or deterioration which has taken place before the fire. The policy does not contract to make him any better off after the fire than he was before the fire. In the case of an old or dilapidated building, some allowance must naturally be made, in the event of its damage or destruction by fire, for depreciation if the principle of indemnity is to be followed.

Heavy Loss Possible

There is no doubt that this basis of settlement of claims often puts the insured in the position of having to meet out of his own pocket the difference between the depreciated value of the property destroyed and the actual amount which has to be spent to rebuild, repair or reequip his premises. Thus he may suffer a heavy pecuniary loss over and above the amount he receives in settlement of his insurance claim.

It would seem to be reasonable that some method of insuring against such losses should be provided in this country, as it has been on the market in Great Britain and the United States for a considerable period. It is now obtainable also in Canada under the name of Replacement Cost Insurance. Towards the close of last year, the Canadian Underwriters Association authorized the sale of this type of coverage by companies belonging to the Association.

As this form of insurance provides for the replacement in a new condition of property which has been destroyed by fire, it has been claimed in some quarters that any policy agreeing to furnish "new for old" violates the fundamental principle of fire insurance, which is indemnity. One insurance Commissioner across the line barred the issuance of this type of insurance in his State on the ground that it would permit over-insurance, would violate a basic principle of fire insurance, would be a wagering contract, and, in case of loss, would place the insured in a better position than he was before the fire. He claimed that it could have a tendency to create a moral hazard and incite arson.

Broadening of Coverage

But "time marches on", and the broadening of fire insurance coverage to include replacement cost is in keeping with the modern trend of the business to extend and liberalize insurance protection in order to meet present-day requirements of the insuring public. It is recognized by companies which have been issuing this form of insurance for years with satisfactory results that certain safeguards are necessary. For one thing, this type of cover is available only for the protection of carefully selected risks. In the case of buildings, the following may be covered under the "building" item: 1. Sprinklered risks of brick, stone, concrete or hollow tile construction; 2. Churches, schools, public buildings, public utilities, and non-business risks (other than dwellings) not run for profit; 3. Fireproof buildings.

With respect to machinery, furniture and fixtures and other contents, excluding merchandise, stock-in-trade, these may be covered as to the following classes of risks, providing the "building" is also insured on the replacement cost basis in the same policy; 1. Sprinklered risks in single occupancy (no other tenants) of brick, stone or hollow tile: 2. Public utilities of the same construction; 3. Fireproof factory buildings in single occupancy.

This replacement cost insurance is not issued on machinery, furniture and fixtures alone, but is only available as an endorsement on the ordinary fire insurance policy (either with or without the supplemental contract) and is not furnished by a separate policy. And the policy is also subject to at least the 80 per cent co-insurance requirement, or the equivalent of the 80, 90 or 100 per cent co-insurance clause in those cases where under the C.U.A. rules a guaranteed amount is permitted. The co-insurance clause or the guaranteed amount clause must operate on the

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same basis as the replacement cost endorsement.

This replacement cost endorsement covers replacement costs without deduction for depreciation, subject to the following provisions: "(a) Repairs or replacements must be completed within twelve months after the destruction or damage; (b) Until repair or replacement is effected the amount of the liability under the policy in respect to the loss shall be limited to that which would have existed without the endorsement; (c) If repair and replacement with materials of like kind and quality is restricted by circumstances beyond control, any increased cost caused by this will not be covered; (d) If replacement is necessary it must be on the same site or an adjacent site; (e) If the policy is subject to a co-insurance clause requiring a stated percentage of insurance to value to be maintained, the actual cash value for the purpose of applying the co-insurance clause to the property to which the endorsement is applicable will be calculated on 'replacement cost without deduction for depreciation'."

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 51)

drill, capable of 2,500 feet, to its 36-claim group in Holloway township.

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Anglo-Huronian, Limited, a holding and operating company, active in the financing of mining projects throughout Canada, reports a total net profit in the year ending July 31, 1946, of $871,921, equal to 58 cents per share. Revenue from dividends and interest amounted to $361,348 or 24 cents per share, while the profit on sale of investments was $510,572. The total profit compared with $1,045,069, of which $648,148 was profit on sales of securities, or 68.7 cents per share in the previous 12 months. The net aggregate value of assets at that time, taking securities at market value or less, was $19,407,497, equal to $12.94 per share, as against $12.20 per share a year previous. The main shareholdings include Kerr-Addison, Proprietary Mines, and Omega Gold Mines. The company is carrying on extensive prospecting and field exploration at the present time and holds participations in various groups of claims in Ontario and Quebec, on which no companies have been formed as yet.

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A new listing on the Toronto Stock Exchange is that of the shares of El Sol Gold Mines, a company which recently commenced exploration of a block of 320 acres of ground adjacent to Louvicourt Goldfield Corporation on the west. Of the 3,000,000 share authorized capitalization 1,544,905 shares are issued. El Sol was financed by Bryan Newkirk and associates, with exploration under the direction of Frederick Reid, the interests which were responsible for successfully bringing the Louvicourt Goldfield property to the stage where production is expected early in 1947. The No. 1 diamond drill hole is reported to have encountered the same highly mineralized diorite structure, carrying commercial ore indications, as is under development by Louvicourt Goldfield. A second drilling rig is now on the property and the No. 3 hole was commenced last week.

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It is estimated the total 1946 profit of Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines will be some $334,000 less than would have accrued under the favorable exchange conditions of last year, J. R. Timmins, president, advises shareholders in a statement accompanying current dividend cheques. Mr. Timmins also stresses the need for experienced miners, or labor that is willing to learn mining and work efficiently. Net profit for the six months ending June 30, 1946, was $904,508, compared with $1,093,354 in the like period of last year. This was equal to 18.3 cents a share against 22.2 cents a year ago.

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A contract has been signed by Maylac Gold Mines formerly the old Hutchison Lake property, three miles north of Geraldton in the Little Long Lac Area, with Hard Rock Gold Mines to mill test runs of ore. Mining and development work are now proceeding at Maylac and shipments of ore commenced on September 21 to the Hard Rock storage bins. A considerable amount of high grade ore, containing coarse free gold, is reported sorted and bagged, and between 1,000 to 1,500 tons is expected to be milled this month. Two levels were opened by the former operators of the property and three possible ore shoots were outlined. The grade of ore is difficult to estimate because of the distribution of coarse pockets of gold.

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An increase in the authorized capitalization of 1,000,000 shares to 5,000,000 has been approved by shareholders of Senator-Rouyn Limited to enable the company to take advantage of favorable market conditions to raise funds for capital expenditures and, when necessary, other expenditures. The results at Quemont, it is pointed out in the annual report, accentuate the desirability of seriously exploring the wide copper mineralization found in drilling near the Noranda boundary as soon as funds are available, as well as exploring the Noranda diabase dike. For the first time in its history the company has substantial ore reserves ahead of it. Ore reserves as at December 31, 1945, were 371,346 tons, having an average grade of $5.75, as compared with 147,073 tons a year previous, grading slightly over $6. Net loss, after all provisions, totalled $124,225 last year.

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Lack of labor is still preventing the full development of many of the province's gold mines, according to the Ontario Department of Mines in reporting production of $5,267,175 from 41 mines during August. Output for the first eight months of 1946 totalled $44,056,238. Grade of ore which dropped to $8.55 in July rose to $8.77 in August. A comparison of August 1946 production with that of the comparable period of 1945 indicates an increase of 24.56% in tonnage handled, 25.56% in gold recovered, a decrease of 25.99% in silver recovered and an increase of 14.31% in value.

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A complete new mining and cyanidation milling plant is expected to be in full operation in November at Cuyuni Goldfields Limited, in British Guiana, South America. The new cyanide plant will have a capacity of 125 tons daily and the crushing and grinding capacity has been increased to 300 tons a day. Profit, before write-offs, aggregated $51,219 in the year ending March 31, 1946. Exploration to date, Matthew Sutton, president, states, has proven at least three definite commercial ore zones. The major work has been concentrated on the Aleck Hill ore zone, which has been exposed on surface for several thousand feet in length, and has been opened up underground by 5,000 feet of tunnels, crosscuts, raises and shaft sinking. Diamond drilling is stated to have proven the downward extension of the values into the primary ores in this zone to a depth of at least 500 feet, with every hole encountering commercial values.

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VINCENT APPOINTMENT

G. C. CHATAWAY

Norman Vincent, president of Vincent Mining Corp. and Fleet Manufacturing and Aircraft Ltd., announces the appointment of G. C. Chataway, C.A., as secretary-treasurer and comptroller of Fleet Manufacturing and Aircraft Limited. Formerly secretary-treasurer and comptroller of Fleet Aircraft, Mr. Chataway remains in a similar capacity with the new company. Member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Manitoba, Mr. Chataway received his chartered accountant training with the Winnipeg office of the widely-known firm of Riddell, Stead, Graham and Hutchinson. He later became associated with the audit branch of the comptroller-general's department of the Government of Manitoba, moving East in 1936 to serve as assistant treasurer and comptroller of Fleet Aircraft. He was appointed treasurer and comptroller in 1940 and secretary-treasurer and comptroller two years later. Assumption of control of Fleet Aircraft brings to eight the number of industrial companies now under Vincent Corp. control. Others include Mica Co. of Canada, Canadian Anodized Products, Universal Insulations, Continental Coal Corp., Mason Food Systems, Bickle-Seagrave and Rollins Gears. •

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Market Break -- Significance

(*Continued from Page* 52)

which the stock market generally deals.

To maintain an even or increasing volume of purchases the consumer, whether his demand be for capital goods or more perishable articles, must have the wherewithal — credit — in even or increasing volume. One measure of consumer buying at this time is the large fund of liquid assets in his hands developed out of war savings, plus savings that are even now evident in income-expenditure relationships. Another measure is the high level of national income. Substantially screening the 1929 and the 1940 rate.

Let us grant that an advance in prices (to August peaks) since 1939-40 has cancelled out some of the savings as well as the current income. Yet, from the savings approach, the consumer is still many billions of dollars ahead of pre-war position. From the standpoint of current national income, even after allowing for the higher level of taxes, his spendable total is well up from 1940 compared with the price rise. Without digging into his savings, in other words, the consumer, at today's price level, can buy more articles than he could in 1940. This does not look like the price squeeze that is universally feared has yet arrived. Furthermore, there is a probability that prices are now at their peak, from which decline within the six months ahead is anticipated.

Another element in consumer purchasing is debt—whether it be the loans of corporations to finance expansion or of individuals to purchase homes, household articles, clothing and automobiles. While some loan expansion has been witnessed over the past several years for commercial, industrial and agricultural purposes, the figure is small relative to the increase over the period in the dollar volume of trade. Consumer credit of various kinds incurred in retail trade in the U.S.A. was $7.8 billion for July 1946, compared with $9.2 billion in 1940. Altogether, the consumer, rather than being in a precarious position as concerns debt, would seem capable of expanding purchases by such device if he so wills.

Freedom to Produce

Production has been impeded by labor disturbances, shortages of raw and semi-finished goods, and various governmental regulations, including that of prices. At the same time, profits have been available to those who have been able to achieve near-capacity operations, with the result that the incentive to management of overcoming the various obstacles to full production has not been removed. As to these obstacles, the labor situation, while bad, is getting no worse, and may be improving because of the gradual change in public attitude toward the excesses of union leadership. Shortages, in turn, are gradually being reduced with material improvement anticipated when price controls go out of existence in 1947 or some earlier date. U.S.A. election results, believed to favor the conservatives, could have favorable bearing on both the labor and price control factors.

There are, unquestionably, elements of disequilibrium in the current economic background. Foremost, in our opinion, is the insistence by organized labor on a wage rate out of proportion to productivity. This tends to push up the purchasing power of a minority segment of the community at the expense of the remaining segments. Today's relatively high agricultural prices fall in the same category. Third, is the very high cost of construction, which is unquestionably holding back business in this important industry. Again, there is evidence that prices at which urban real estate has been turning over—some on a loan basis—are in excess of long-term values. There has been some worry as to excessive inventories in the hands of manufacturers. When these inventories are related to the level of sales, however, the inventory total is appreciably under the 1939 ratio. Furthermore, because of labor difficulties and other factors that are causing shortages in raw material and semi-finished goods, it is evident that the total of current inventories might well be carried at somewhat above pre-war relationships to cope with the existent situation and yet not be out of line.

As against the distortions mentioned above, there appears to be absent one factor that has been present at the initiation of most of our severe depressions. This is an overall total of debt erected through speculative purchases, as for corporations in 1920, individuals in 1929, that was subject to major deflation, once a downspiral got under way.

Depressions of the past have generally been characterized by a large letdown in durable goods activity as against a much smaller recession in output of the more perishable non-durable goods. Unemployment in the durable goods industries resulting therefrom has sufficiently distorted purchasing power as to kick back to non-durable goods and minerals production, thereby engendering some unemployment in these groups also, with cumulative effects.

Of the factors outlined in preceding paragraphs, the present need for durable goods, combined with credit considerations ample to support a heavy demand, would appear the major influence. Because of this consideration, it would seem most improbable that the stock market decline forecasts anything of the intense and protracted nature of the 1929-1932 readjustment.

Weaknesses in Picture

Weaknesses in the current picture are the price distortions alluded to in earlier paragraphs and the assumption that by mid-1947 many less heavy goods will be in fairly full supply. Price decline, of which there are already some evidences in agricultural commodities, may be a general phenomenon before first half of 1947 has elapsed, with recession in non-durable goods industries coming during the last half. This background, particularly as concerns prices, smacks somewhat of the 1920-21 recession. There are two factors, however, that should mitigate such an early postwar readjustment as compared with the 1920-21 affair. One is the relative absence of private debt, as previously alluded to; the other is the degree to which rigidity has crept into the price structure via subsidized prices for agricultural products and strong unionization for wage rates. Combined, these factors should contribute to a much smaller price decline than occurred in 1920-21, with lessened adverse impact on the entire economy.

Out of the above considerations, it might be logical to anticipate continued good business well into the first half of 1947, with business recession not to be ruled out as a probability at some point from mid-1947 on. It would seem most improbable, however, that such recession would prove nearly as severe as the 1920-21 experience. Furthermore, after a relatively brief interval of setback, during which (1) price inequalities should lessen, (2) labor develop greater productivity, (3) governmental war controls over wages, prices and commodity rationing be relinquished, and (4) various raw and semi-finished goods now in short supply reach a point of fairly liberal supply, the groundwork would be laid for resumption, say, some time in 1948, of the postwar replenishment movement on a more profitable annd expansive scale than that attained to date.

War, in an economic society, is an anachronism. It is chronologically out of time and out of place. The above remarks with respect to the business outlook do not take war into consideration. Its outbreak—regarded as improbable over the one to three years ahead—would call for a revision in the economic picture.

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